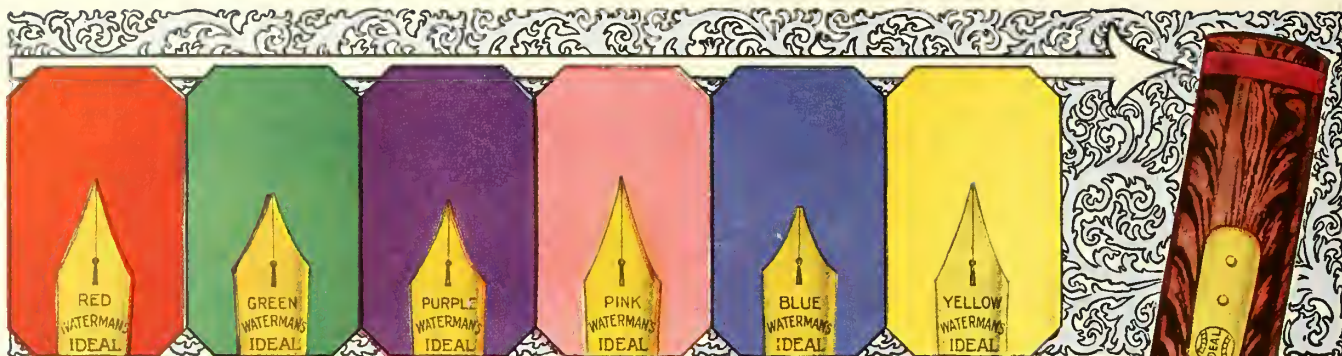


The **A** MERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



Arthur Somers Roche - Richard Washburn Child
✦ *and a New Serial by* HUGH WILEY ✦



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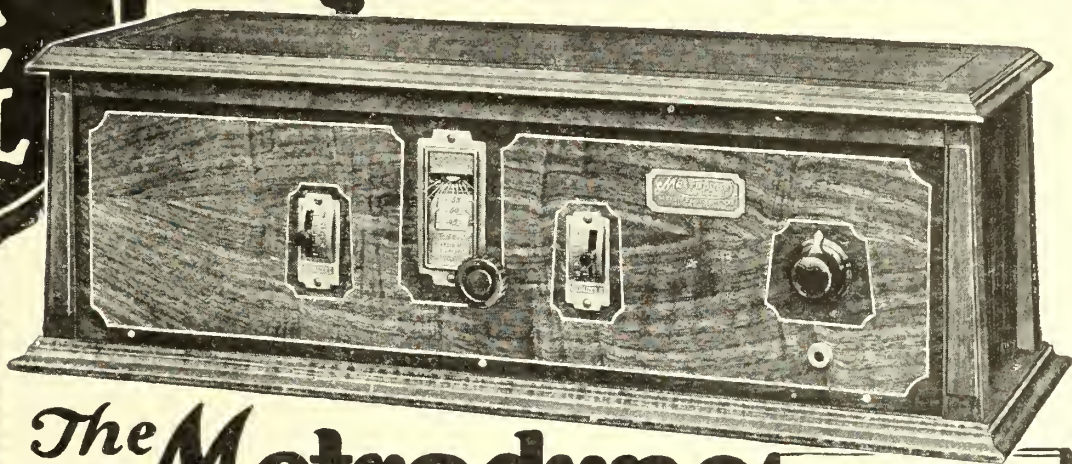
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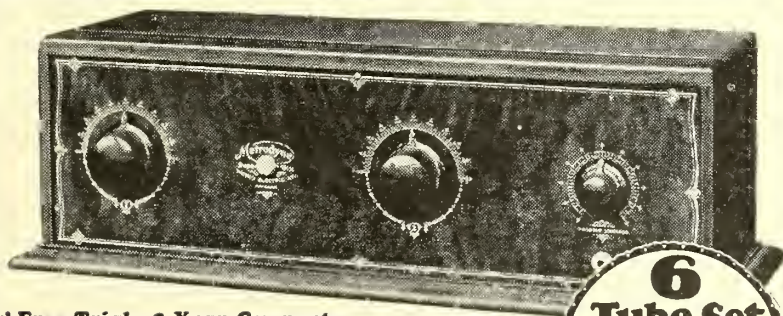
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We will send you hundreds of similar letters from owners who acclaim the Metrodyne as the greatest radio set in the world. A postal, letter or the coupon brings complete information, testimonials, wholesale prices, and our liberal 30 days' free trial offer.

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Chicago, Illinois

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If you are interested in AGENT'S proposition, place an "X" in the square ➡ ☐

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The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly

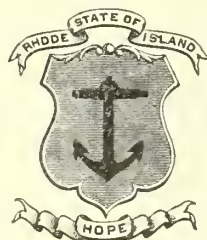


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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

RHODE ISLAND: One of the thirteen original colonies. Some historians assert that Lief Ericsson and his Norse followers visited the land which later became Rhode Island about the year 1000. It is also believed that Verrazano visited the region in 1502. Block Island, off the coast, and now a part of the State, was discovered by the Dutch navigator Adrian Block in 1597. Originally a part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, Rhode Island was settled in 1636 by Roger Williams and other religious exiles from Boston and its vicinity, with the first settlements at Providence and Newport. Religious freedom was the key policy of the new colony. It became a separate colony in 1644, known as "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," which is still the official name of the State. Population, 1790, 68,825; 1926 (U. S. Census Bureau), 602,794. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 95.1; 1910, 96.7; 1920, 97.5. Area, 1,248 sq. miles. Density of population, 566.4 per sq. mile. Rank among States, 38th in population, 48th in area,



first in density of population. Capital, Providence, 279,918 (1926 census). Three largest cities, Providence, Pawtucket, 69,760; Woonsocket, 49,681. Estimated wealth, (1923 census), \$1,024,326,000. Principal manufactured products (U. S. Census 1923), woolen and worsted goods, \$148,647,777; cotton goods, \$126,701,356; dyeing and finishing textiles, \$46,239,182. Only two and one-half percent of the population work on farms. They raised crops that were valued in 1920 at \$5,340,378 with garden truck and hay leading. Rhode Island had 27,809 men in the services during the World War. The State motto is "Hope." The origin of the name of Rhode Island is a disputed point. The most likely theory is that the island of Rhode Island, at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, from which the State received its name, was itself named after the Island of Rhodes from a supposed similarity in contour. The nickname of the State is "Little Rhody," owing to its being the smallest State in the Union in area. At that, with only five counties, it has more than Delaware's three.

ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

T. H. LAINE, Advertising Manager

JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor

The American Legion Monthly is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1927, by the Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents; yearly subscription, in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



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THE MESSAGE CENTER



HUGH WILEY has the shortest entry we have yet found in "Who's Who in America." It records, in four and a half lines, the fact that he was born in Zanesville, Ohio, that he was "ed. pub. schs.," that he is the "author of various short stories," and lives in California. That's the Wiley modesty. Nothing about his prowess as a construction engineer—while he isn't doing it now, he could, if necessary, build you as neat a bridge as you could want to roll over twenty miles faster than the sign says you ought to. Nothing about his service with the Eighteenth Engineers, Railway, A. E. F. Nothing about the Wildcat and Lady Luck and two or three books.

THERE is, we surmise, more truth than poetry in "Here's Luck!" A good many of the things that happened in the war need no embellishment when set down in print to make excellent reading, and we have a powerful suspicion that at many points in his serial Mr. Wiley will be merely recording instead of inventing. That business of the ninety-foot sticks, for instance, which is described in Part One. We have Mr. Wiley's own word for the sober truth of this incident, and the fact was corroborated for us the other day by a Legionnaire who has never met Mr. Wiley and hadn't seen the first instalment of "Here's Luck!"

HENRY D. LINDSLEY is a Past National Commander of The American Legion, having served as permanent chairman of the St. Louis caucus in 1919, the first Legion meeting ever held in America. "Jerusalem" is the fruit of a recent visit to the Holy Land. "Europe Takes Wing," which appeared in the March Monthly, was the result of an earlier semi-official survey of the status of civil aviation overseas. During the past year Mr. Lindsley, who is a former mayor of Dallas, Texas, former chief of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, A. E. F., and at present an investment banker in New York City, served as American vice-president of FIDAC, the inter-Allied veteran organization.

SUNDRY ex-members of the A. E. F. may recall an assorted lot of captains in the Engineer Corps who went around France, from base ports to front-line trenches, armed with nothing more formidable than a sketch pad and an occasional easel. These captains would have been the first to admit that they knew as little about military engineering as most

army cooks knew about cooking. Just why they were made captains of Engineers, instead of captains of something else, is a secret that is locked away in the files of the War Department. That, however, as the man said in the story about the piccolo player, is not the question. The only thing that concerns us here is that they performed their task with fidelity and competence, which is all one should ask of a soldier, be his weapon crayon or Stokes mortar. Two of these Engineer artists have already been represented in the pages of the Monthly—Wallace Morgan, whose work last appeared with Hugh Wiley's story, "Barefoot," and W. J. Aylward, who illustrated George S. Brooks's "Able Seamen," both in the August issue. Two more will be represented in the January number—Harry Townsend, who will illustrate a short story by Charles Divine, and Harvey Dunn, who will present the first of a series of the most striking war covers that have yet appeared on an American publication. Next year, be it remembered, will be a year of great anniversaries. 'Twill be ten years since.

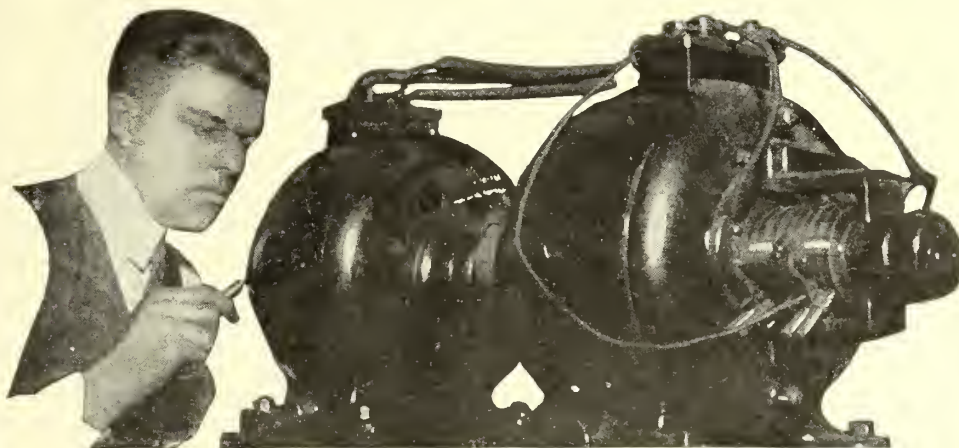
FROM the host of communications inspired by Richard Washburn Child's series of articles on the problems of national defense, which concludes in this issue, we are glad to select for publication an interesting letter of comment by Dr. Philip C. Means, a member of Post 49, Santa Barbara, California, and president of the California Department of the Reserve Officers' Association. He sets forth: "I have been reading the fine, logical articles of Richard Washburn Child and wish to thank you for them. I have been wondering how many Legionnaires are taking the time to read them and not skipping them for the stories. And I want to make this plea that we all read them carefully and think about them. Our Congressmen do what they think the voters want. Some of the big taxpayers, the 'pacifist partisans' and the radical propagandists, urged on by those who wish to see America disarmed, are ever active in their howl to cut appropriations and hamstringing our meagre preparedness program. Unless those who know better say so, why blame Congress for thinking these the voice of the people? And what does this paring of appropriations do? Takes the heart out of the personnel of the Army and Navy by giving them less than they deserve in food, housing, equipment and training. Makes enlistment and commissions less desirable to the type of men we need and slows up the interest and incentive of those we

have. Has the same effect on the National Guard. Almost makes a joke of the Reserves. Prevents the training at camps of those who would like it, those in our civilian life who have an aptitude and liking for things military and would be willing to spend the time and the money loss of a term at camp. Thousands of willing applicants turned down for lack of funds! Will they apply next year? Discouraged at the start, not many of them. The same thing happens with our school boys. Not enough funds to care for willing R. O. T. C. units and a large number refused a vacation at camp. As the veterans of the war drop out who is to recruit the numbers of the Guards and the Reserves? Graduates of the C. M. T. C. would do so if it was not for this short-sighted policy. The Reserves will soon be almost as skeletonized as the Regular Army. Today they need you who through training, natural aptitude, an education in special fields and a patriotism that is willing to do something in return for the benefits of citizenship should seek a commission. Then see that your neighbors, your post and above all your Congressmen know what you stand for: your country, as in 1918, with justice and freedom for all. And as for the pacifists, 'They shall not pass', for they are not real pacifists as you and I, for we have seen and know that war is hell."

IN THE October issue J. B. Priestley discussed America from the point of view of an educated Englishman who has never been here. There was nothing presumptuous in his so doing; Mr. Priestley was, in fact, invited to discuss America for the very reason that he had never seen it. In the January issue will appear the first of two articles on America by another Englishman—Hugh Walpole. Mr. Walpole, however, will write from quite another point of view. Few Englishmen have spent more time in America over a longer period of years than Mr. Walpole; few (and few Americans, for that matter) have journeyed so extensively up and down and around and through the territorial United States. His conclusions are of absorbing interest. There will be short stories by Samuel Scoville, Jr., and Charles Divine, and Robert Ginsburgh will recall an amusing incident in American history by narrating the rise and fall of the Camel Corps, U. S. A.

The Editor

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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JERUSALEM

By HENRY D. LINDSLEY

JERUSALEM—"a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid"—for three thousand recorded years has been battle ground for Persian and Assyrian and Babylonian and Egyptian and Greek and Roman and Arab and Turk and the Holy Roman Empire and English and French and German and Jew and Christian and Mohammedan.

Before Jerusalem was a city, the tribes of the desert contended for its fields, and over them swept in turn the conqueror and the conquered.

Sacred to three of the great world religions, the immediate vicinity in which two of these had birth, fanaticism in the name of God has with strong and ruthless hand destroyed it; and in the name of God it has been rebuilt upon its ashes. Seventeen times in whole or part has it been destroyed, and in fifty sieges has it withstood the foe or fallen to his might.

Its conquerors have done all that man can do to make forever a wilderness of its sacred shrines, or they have entered its gates with unshod feet, unworthy to tread its sacred streets.

In its defense, the sons of the house of David have at times displayed a heroism unsurpassed in history. At other times these sons have supinely truckled to the power of the new day. Against Rome at its mightiest one thousand Jews retreated to the gigantic rock fortress of Masada, on the west side of the Dead Sea, built in part by Herod the Great. For months these Jews withstood the battering rams of the world's greatest conquerors. When finally their outer walls were broken and their inner walls were burned, that man nor woman nor child should fall into Roman hands, each man killed his own wife and children, first kissing them with tears, and then, by lot, ten of the men were chosen who slew the others. Of these ten one was chosen to slay the other nine, and this survivor fell upon his own sword. And so the Romans took the citadel of the dead.

The walls that circle Jerusalem have been enlarged and contracted, as those who possessed it have grown or dwindled in the power to hold. Through their gates have ridden those who represented all the splendor of victorious war, and through one gate there also rode Jesus Christ.

On this dramatic stage recent times have played their part. Twenty years before the greatest war burst into flames

the War Lord of Europe visited the Holy Land. For him a suppliant Sultan of another faith paved a golden way. To him was given homage never before extended to a prince who came in peace.

For his eyes the holies of holies were opened, and his hand touched relics that would have been profaned by other Christian contact.

William the Second enters Jerusalem. For him its ancient gates have not the width for the pageant in which as hero he has cast his part. For him by King David's Tower and beside the Jaffa Gate the wall is widely breached, that through it a broad road may be laid.

On the body of the Kaiser is the mantle and on his head the steel hood of the Knight Templar of the Crusades. Clad exactly as was Godfrey of Boulogne, first Christian king of Jerusalem, William the Second sits on his snow-white battle steed. In hand he holds his sword, and behind him floats the cloak of the Lord of War.

The sands of time run on. From the greatest battlefield in all the world the Kaiser flees. For him the dream of world conquest passes forever.

Another conqueror enters the walls of Jerusalem. Allenby of the British Army has won Jerusalem's fiftieth siege.

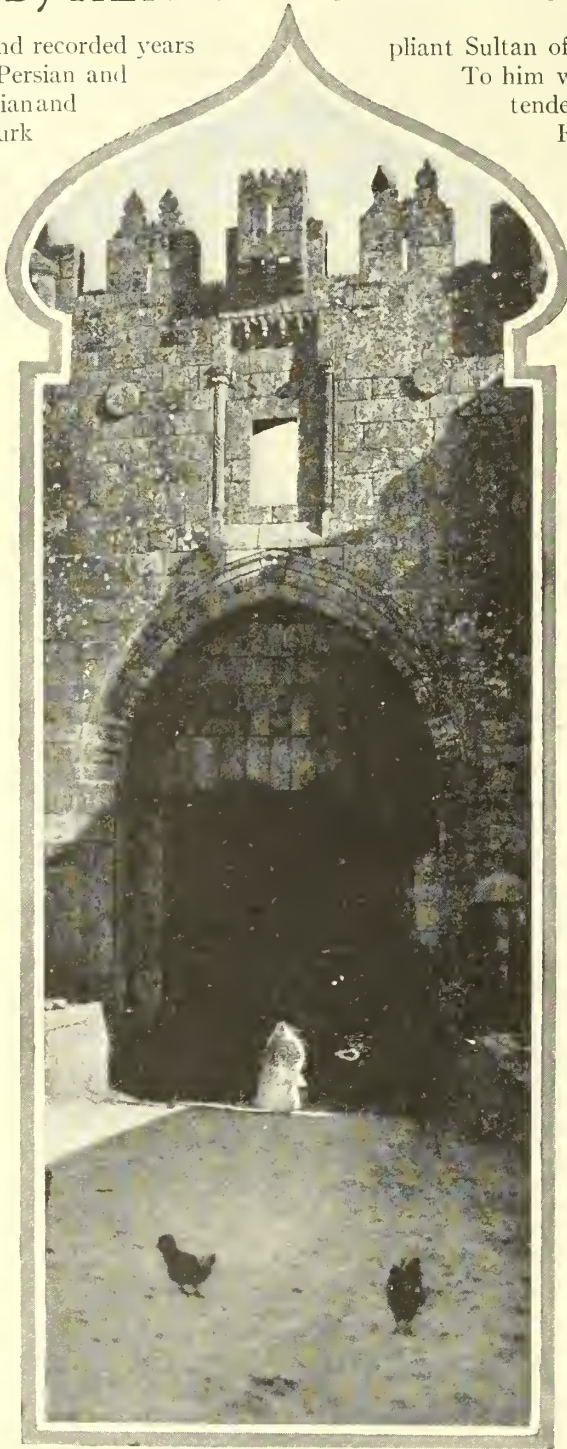
By the Jaffa Gate crowd those who would witness the incoming of this new hero. Close by the gate is the breached wall through which the Kaiser came.

But through this wide expanse this conqueror does not pass. For him the gate toward Jaffa has sufficient breadth. From balconies that overlook the street of David and see this gate lean eager faces. All eyes seek Allenby. Ten men all clad in the simple field uniform of the Brit-

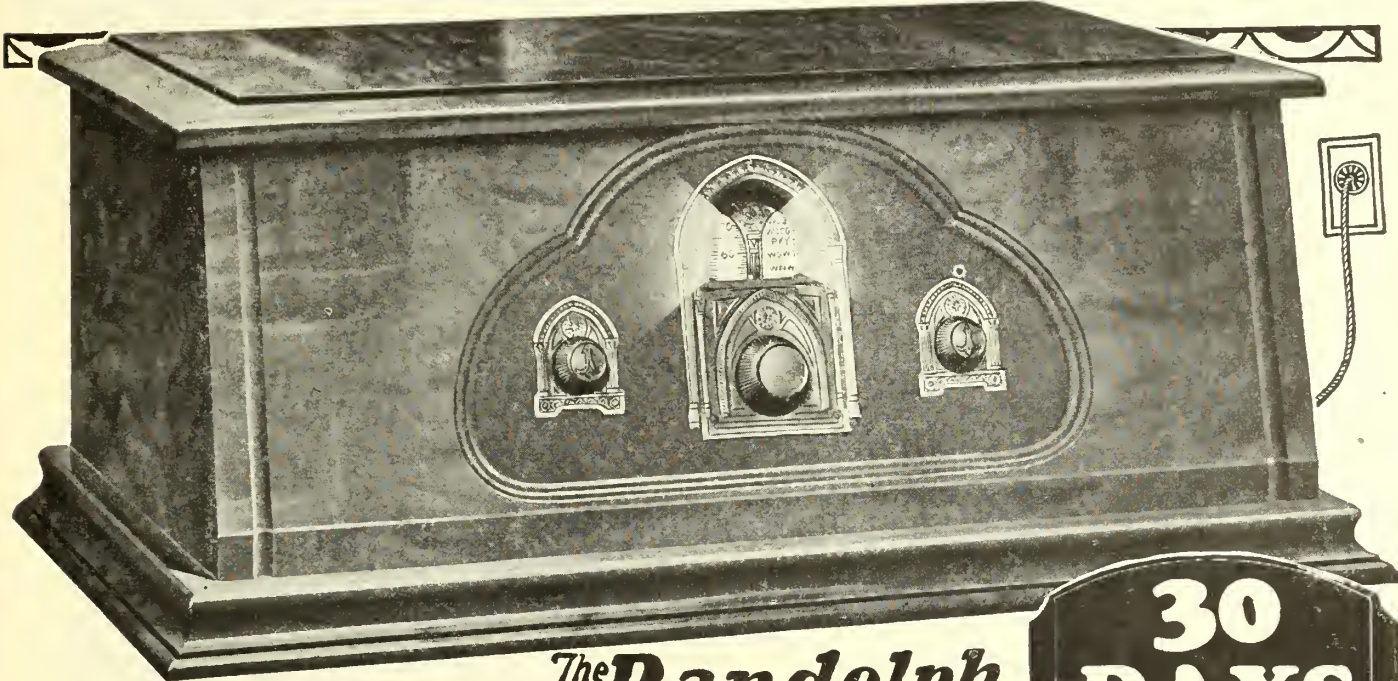
ish officer pass through the gate; and these men do not march—they simply walk. They have no leader, and Allenby in their midst is as inconspicuous as the least among them.

Under him there is no horse of war. On him there is no garb suggesting glories of the past. There are with him no emblems of the pomp of war, no resurrected frumpieries of the Crusades.

Thus Allenby, Jerusalem's latest conqueror, enters the sacred city.



All Electric Radio

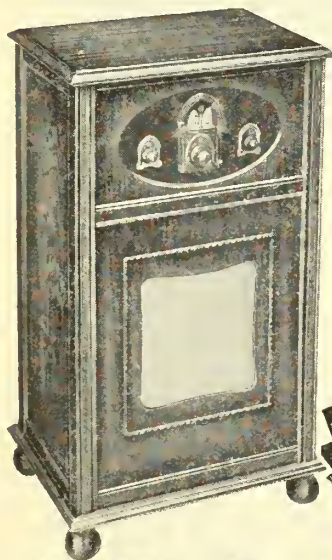


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JUST plug this Randolph Radio into the electric light socket—and tune in. A powerful, selective radio that gives dependable coast to coast reception. **No batteries, chargers, eliminators, acids or liquids.** Here is complete radio satisfaction whenever you want it. The easy tuning with one control brings on all stations. Illuminated drum allows you to operate the radio in the dark and has space for logging stations. Every detail of the Randolph is modern and perfected—it is the utmost in radio—unsurpassed regardless of price. It is this wonderful radio that you test and try for 30 days **FREE** before you buy. Listen to it in your own home. When it convinces you by actual performance it is the ideal radio—the one you have always hoped for—you can buy it direct at factory prices. Be sure you write for free descriptive literature today.

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Illustrated here is one of the beautiful Randolph Seven Console Models—made of the finest carefully selected heavy solid walnut, hand-rubbed and with burl finish. Has built-in genuine large cone speaker that compares with any on the market. Assures unlimited reception of high notes and low notes clear as a bell. Completely electric—**uses no batteries of any kind.** Be sure you send for fully illustrated, full color folder giving complete details.



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6-Tube Radio

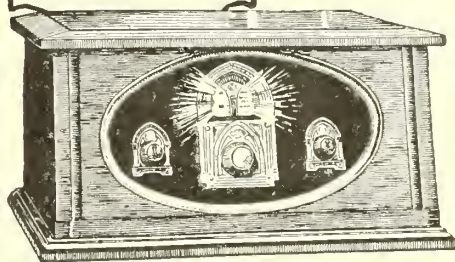
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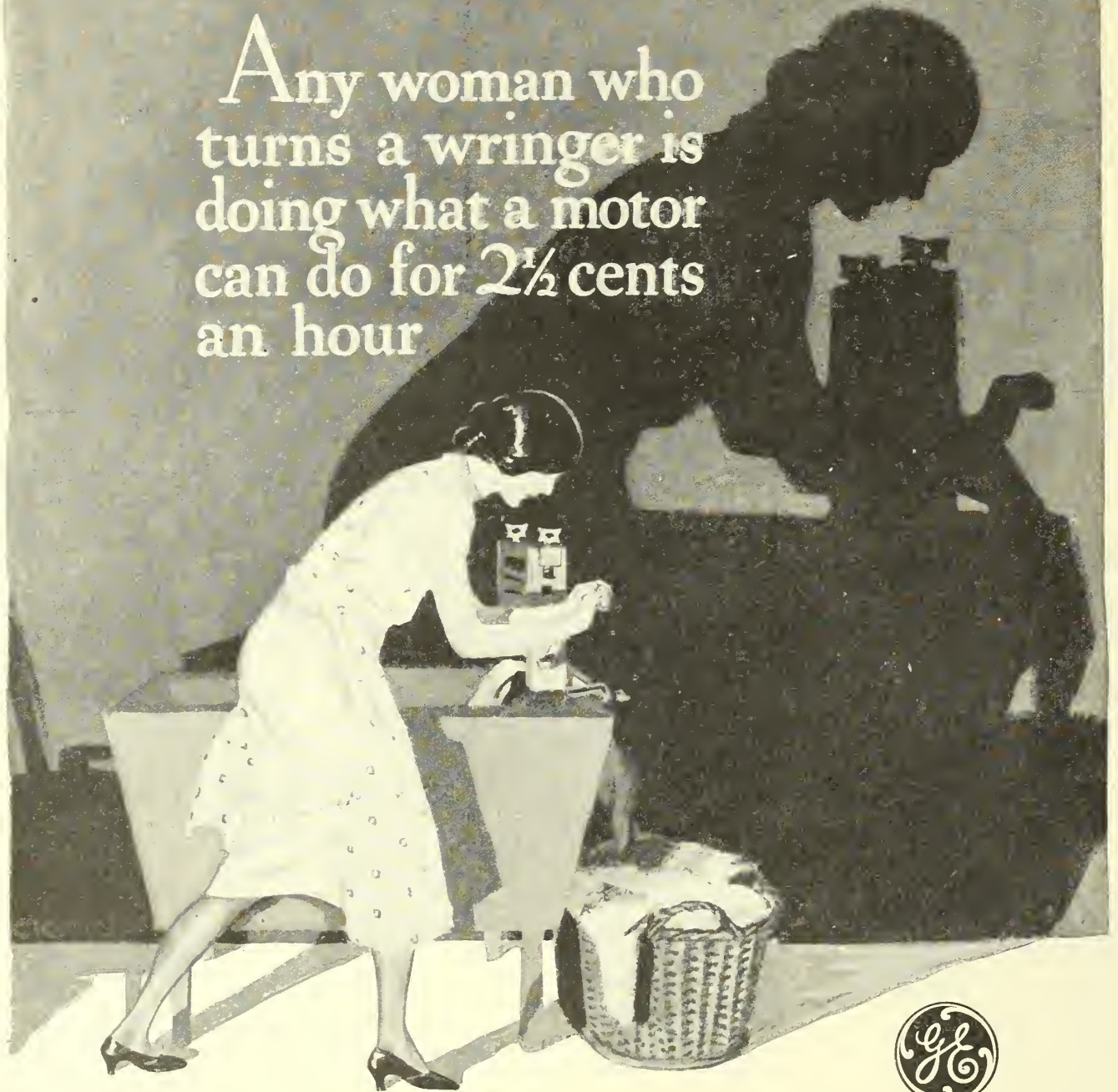
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*Working with system and energy,
Skyline Camp made the grade*

HERE'S LUCK!

PART I

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

WAY deep in the Douglas fir, Jimmy the Ink laid down four spades and answered the telephone.

He listened carelessly for a moment, and then, forgetting his four spades and the interrupted two-bit game, he wrapped his ear around the receiver and concentrated on the message that was coming in. He muffled the transmitter with the palm of his hand and turned to a player who was bearing up under three jacks: "Old King-Pin wants to talk to you, Spike. Git on the line here. He seems all steamed up about something."

Spike Randall, roving grief-eater of King Timber, Inc., took the telephone from the camp timekeeper's hands and listened to the kindly voice of Phineas (Finish) King, czar of the local empire of industry. "Hello. Yes. Hello. Spike Randall speaking, Mr. King . . ."

"Twenty-four sticks, twenty by twenty, ninety feet long. Got it?"

Finish King's voice, filtering through a hundred miles of copper, seemed to vibrate with a resonance deeper than the occasion demanded.

"Twenty-four sticks, twenty by twenty, ninety feet," Spike Randall repeated.

"Listen, Spike. This stuff goes to the Atlantic coast on a silk-train schedule. Give it right-of-way over everything. The N. P. will spot your cars tomorrow. Get 'em loaded by tomorrow night if it takes a thousand men. Win or lose, we're in the game now to the finish!"

"What game?" Spike asked, thinking of his neglected three jacks.

"The Big Game, boy—the war with Germany. Washington just had me on the wire and I pledged my word this stuff would start East tomorrow night and catch a ship that sails Friday. Need it for some crane rigs to unload ships with in France. Million men to feed. Hit the ball."

Relaxing slightly with a sense of duty nobly performed, Finish King returned to his heavy poker at his club in Seattle. The two-bit game at Sky Timber into which he had telephoned was, however, busted wide open.

"This country's in the war on its own," Spike Randall explained, forgetting his three jacks. "Washington got the Old Man on long distance and yelled for some long stuff to use in France. Got to get it out by tomorrow. Twenty-four sticks,

twenty by twenty, ninety feet long. Get Buck in here, Jimmy, and then roust out

Jimmy the Ink put on his coat. "Damn them damn four spades! That hand might of been the first straight flush I ever held in my life, and here a damn war comes along and busts it up!"

"You win the ante—grab it and run. Wake up those cooks. They'll never get rich asleep at the switch—they're in the Army now!"

Working with the system and energy that had made King Timber the biggest outfit of its kind in the world, Skyline Camp made the grade, and on Friday morning the special timber train which had raced across the continent ahead of the passenger schedules reached the Atlantic seaboard.

Here, suiting the purposes of the Finnegan Construction Company, who needed some good heavy timber for shoring a subway shaft, it was snaked out from under the eyes of a quartermaster sergeant nominally on duty in the interests of the U. S. A. Thereafter, lost to mortal view, it became one of a myriad Matters of Record.

Efficiency, an fired by a slow fuse, finally blew up and King Timber cut an end.

The second shipment, a duplicate of the first rush order, started East nine weeks later. This time, riding the train to guard it from further accidental detours, were Spike Randall and Jimmy the Ink.

Spike was equipped with a roll of banknotes for emergencies, but no emergencies were encountered until, in the clearing yards at Chicago, a hard-boiled young yardmaster attempted to clear a trainload of structural steel ahead of the timber special.

"Where the hell do you get that stuff!" the vigilant Spike inquired, hearing the railroad man yell a clearance to the waiting crew of the steel train.

The yardmaster flagged Spike with a clenched fist from which fluttered the flimsy tissue documents from the dispatcher's office.

"You'll run second section, Extry 76," the railroad man barked.

"I'm running Extry 76, and if there's any second section to the drag it don't interest me a damn bit. Hand that 76 stuff to my train crew and git the hell out of my way!"

"Git calm, big boy, git calm!" The railroader backed up his polite request by reaching 'way back and low for a hay-maker, which, delivered on time, staggered Spike to the roots of his back teeth.

"You son of a wreck!" Bam! Spike signed a receipt for the

first wallop and dished out an encore before he felt a warm gush of blood spurting from the remains of his nose which seemed to have skidded up under his left eyelid.

Round one, a draw.

Round two, a draw. Not so much footwork.

In round three, detecting a flock of fowls, Jimmy the Ink stepped in with a short section of air hose. The assassin rapped the railroader once for the Honor of the Flag. He opened the inert man's clenched fist and retrieved the shredded train orders. He handed one of the yellow slips to the engineer of the timber train.

"Read it," he ordered. "Read it and hit the ball!"

He turned to the crew of the steel train. "You birds heard what this louse said"—indicating the inert yardmaster—"well, tag along as the second section of Extry 76 if you crave to." Then, to Spike, "Pick up this mule's hind legs. We better take him along and doctor him up. I got so excited I might of socked him too hard. Let's go!"

Thirty minutes out of Chicago the battling yardmaster opened his eyes. "What time is it?" he asked. "Where are we?"

"This week, and headed East," Spike Randall answered through his battered and swollen lips.

"I remember now." The rail-road man peered at Spike and in the dim light of the caboose Spike saw a smile on his adversary's lips. "We runnin' second section?"

"Your pet steel train is flyin' that flag."

"Fair enough. I know when I'm licked."

"Git to sleep, old timer." Jimmy the Ink smoothed the folded coat under the yardmaster's head. "It took blackjack earthquake to lick you."

"Orders is orders. Wake me up somewhere up the line soon enough for me to get back to Chicago by tomorrow night. That wallop gave me the first sleep I've had for five days, and I might as well get plenty while I'm at it. This war traffic has the train service all shot to hell anyhow, and another little shot won't do it any harm."

"Speaking of shots"—Spike pulled a bottle of rich red likker out of his valise—"I've been saving this for emergencies. How about bustin' Rule G in the nose with a peace treaty?" He held out his right hand to the recumbent railroader. "Wild man, I'm sorry we had to mingle so violently."

"So am I. Forget it . . . Here's luck!"

LONG before S. O. S. meant Sick of Salmon, a few civilian brains figured that the Army was none too long on its supply of construction talent.

It is a fine thing to have a million men spring to arms overnight provided they have the arms to spring to, plus ammunition.

It is gratifying to hungry men to hear a blister-lip bugler chortling through the first few verses of the Mess Call, provided the cooks can begin where the bugler leaves off. An army craves its groceries.

Sunny France is a beautiful land now and then, but in the moist and frigid intervals between sunspots a dash of wearing apparel, be it ever so porous and sketchy, is not to be scorned by those who prefer to retain their health and strength until they can shoot the works and spend it in a bunch.

Not long after the United States dashed in, after due deliberation, to draw cards in the Big Game, it became apparent that food and clothing and shelter might be desirable equipment for the millions who had, overnight, sprung to their phantom arms. Presently it appeared that time was the essence of America's contract with victory, and it was then that High Command began to question the ability of some of the penny-ante professionals who had drawn cards in the Big Game.

Members of the military nobility who had encountered some

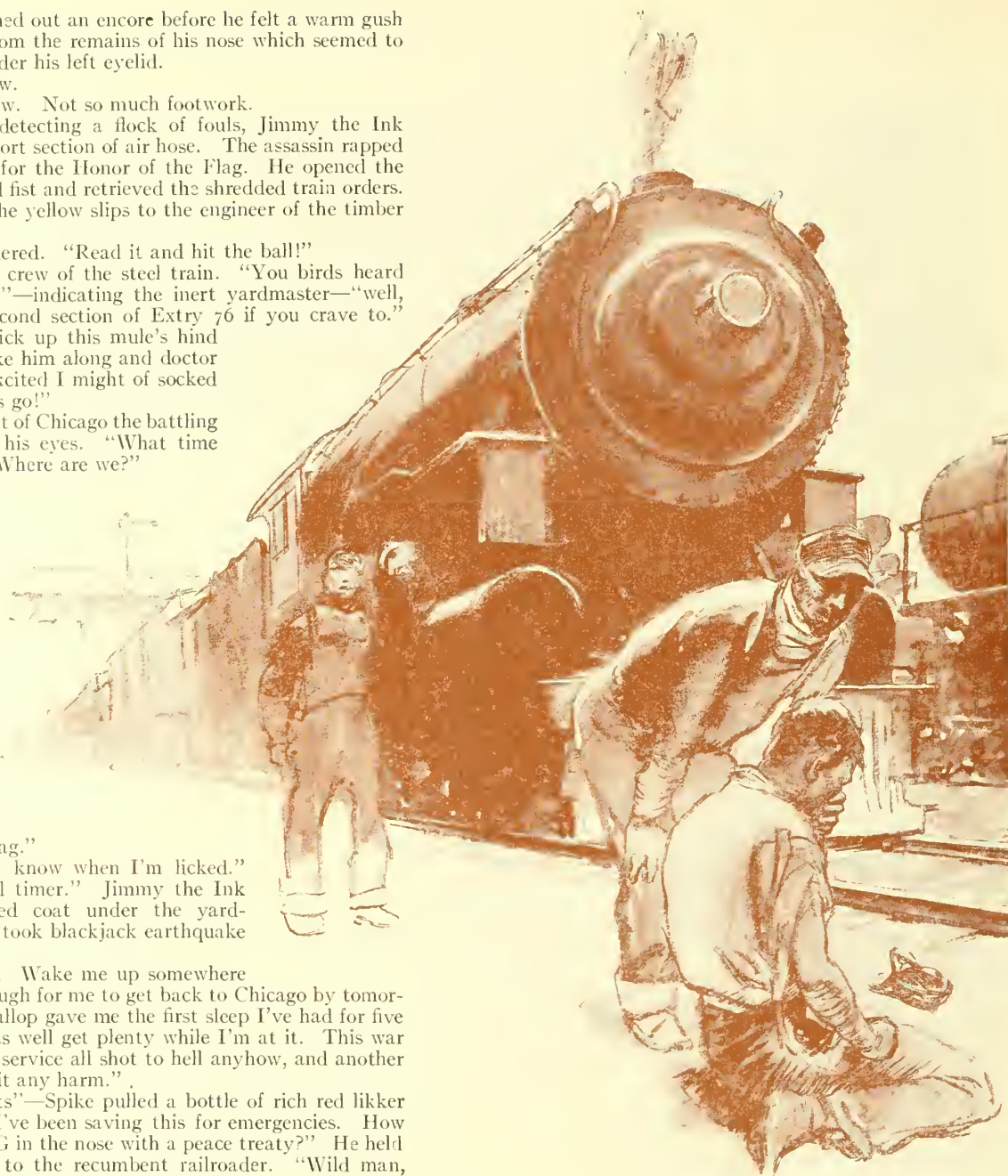
difficulties in supporting a wife and three children suddenly demonstrated their inability to provide for families of two or three hundred thousand.

In the midst of the tumult and the shouting, when frazzled fatheads had begun to trot with the right foot while standing on the left in military manner, the projected A. E. F. came to mean, in privileged minds, All Efforts Futile. There seemed to be no doubt about Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, being a diamond in the rough, but what the hour demanded was talent which could polish the Gem and insure its setting in the diadem of Victory.

It was then that Uncle Sam, fed up on fizzles, turned away from the gold-plated figureheads on the ship of state, the scarecrows and the stuffed shirts which adorned the old homestead, to hunt up some new and vigorous hired men.

Answering the summons, emperors of industry smiled coldly and played brief overtures on pearl buttons mounted on the under edge of glass-topped desks. Steel and Timber, Agriculture and Transportation spoke quietly to attentive aides, and in a little while the mob of millions had exchanged their phantom arms for tangible tools of warfare.

The Eastward march had begun, and in the van, compacted almost overnight from sources ranging between two seas, were regiments of Engineers.





Jimmy the Ink opened the inert man's clenched fist and retrieved the shredded train orders. He handed one of the yellow slips to the engineer of the timber train. "Read it," he ordered. "Read it and hit the ball!"

SOMEWHERE along the line between Chicago and New York the kidnapped railroader had decided to make the rest of the run to New York with Spike and Jimmy the Ink.

"Every line out of Chicago is running haywire anyhow, with all these cuckoo orders balling up the traffic," the railroader reflected, and then to his two companions, "Sure I'll ride through with you. Kind of like to get an eyeful of New York anyhow. I've been working days, nights and Sundays in the Chicago yards so long that I forget what a town looks like. Besides that I might be able to help you bust this timber through that tangle in the terminals up ahead."

"Now you're talkin' sense," Spike returned. "I'll be mighty glad to have you help at the finish. I've got to hunt up the local kingsnipe of the Army Quartermaster outfit and lay this timber right in his left hand while Jimmy gets a receipt for it out of the mitt he salutes with. Seventeen tracers on that first shipment and a hundred tons of letters have been fired back and forth between my outfit and the army brassnecks. Nobody knows where it went to yet. Talk about the guy that lost the bass drum—looks like these old timers in the Army can pull a disappearing trick with a trainload of dimension stuff slicker than Jimmy can lose a pay-check in a Seattle ruckus."

"I'll ride through with you," the railroad man repeated, "and

we'll pull a three-man parade up and down Broadway before we start back. When we get in, you and me rides herd on this train till Jimmy locates your boss brassneck. Then we slams this timber into his left hand like you say, and after that—highball for the bright lights."

Much to the impatient Spike's delight, when the long trainload of timber had pulled into the terminal yards, Jimmy's scouting trip in search of the proper authority to receive the shipment lasted less than twenty minutes.

"He says cut her in two and back her down onto those two stubs at the long pier. The ship has been layin' there ever since noon waitin' for this stuff. She's the *Star-ronia* and she's got a mob of Engineer soldiers on board."

"Fast work, Jimmy," Spike commended, and then to the railroader, "See if you can get us a clearance through the yards."

"Highball in five minutes," the railroad man returned, and, true to prediction, within that time the timber train began to roll over the last mile of its eastward trip.

"Looks like the Army is wakin' up." A reception committee of three or four hundred men waiting to unload the train inspired the comment from Spike.

"That fat bird up there with his coat on is the Quartermaster colonel," Jimmy pointed out as the train halted near the long pier against which the *Star-ronia* lay waiting. "He's

the guy that can pardon us free from this watchman's job. Git his name on the receipts for these personally conducted fir slivers, and away we go."

So near and yet so far. "The terms of delivery specify that the timber in question shall be received by the Quartermaster Department, United States Army, on board ship," orated the Quartermaster colonel. "I will sign those documents, young man, just as soon as your contract is fulfilled as specified, and not before."

Click!

Up against granite and realizing it, Spike accepted the terms. "Very well, Colonel—how long will it take your outfit to transfer the timber to the ship?"

"About three hours, sir. I will sign your receipts at five o'clock."

GOOD old beer. That was the thought uppermost in the minds of Jimmy the Ink and the railroader. Properly tempted, Spike made it unanimous.

"About six T-bone steaks, four dozen eggs and enough pie to break our backs might come in pretty handy, too. That flock of coffee we had at daylight didn't mean more than a million dollars' worth of health and strength. How about it?"

"Let's go! I haven't had a full meal with time to eat it for a month," the railroader agreed with justifiable enthusiasm.

"You and me all six," Jimmy the Ink added. "I need a grub lining mighty bad, but first of all I aim to buy you two birds a flock of beer. Lord gosh, it's hot out here in the sun! Mighty glad we don't have to wrassle them long sticks. Look at them thumb-handed loggers jugglin' that stuff."

"Enough men around that timber to eat it," Spike returned, looking over his shoulder toward the Quartermaster crew's attack on the timber train as he walked rapidly toward a triangular saloon over which a sign reading "Wines, Liquors and Cigars" held forth its promise.

"Three beers."

"Yes, sir." One of the gentlemanly bartenders began to do his stuff.

"And three more coming up," Jimmy echoed, reaching for his first one.

"With three on the bench," chimed the railroader.

With his head tilted back, out of the corners of his eyes when he opened them after the last gulp, standing behind a half-open door which led through a short passageway to the side entrance of the triangular saloon, Jimmy saw a man dressed in an army uniform. Behind this soldier the observer saw a group of figures similarly clad.

He turned for a more direct look before he reached for his second schooner of beer. It seemed to him that the first soldier had beckoned to him.

After he drank the second glass of beer he set it down on the bar and, curious to ascertain the reason for the soldier's summons, he walked slowly toward the half-open door. "Keep drinkin'," he said to Spike. "I'll be back in a second."

He walked through the door and confronted four soldiers. One of them spoke to him in a thirsty whisper. "Listen, pardner—get us some bottles of beer, will you? They won't let us in there with these uniforms on." The whispering soldier shoved a five-dollar bill toward Jimmy.

"And we're dyin' of thirst," another member of the military group added. "It'll be all right if a civilian buys it."

Enjoying to the fullest his personal reactions to the gratifying liquid which he had just consumed, with a characteristic bit of quick friendliness Jimmy shoved back the proffered banknote.

"Keep the change. Stick here. I'll see what I can do."

Returning to where another waiting schooner, capped with its creamy foam, had grounded on the bar, Jimmy salvaged his prize; and then, to the bartender, "Wrap me up a dozen bottles of Bud," he directed. "Get 'em right off the ice, because I got to take 'em clear over to the railroad yards. Gimme an opener along with 'em."

To Spike's questioning glance, preceding the anticipated reminder of the impending T-bone steaks, "Stand hitched," Jimmy whispered. "They're not for us. There's some soldier guys in that side hall dyin' of thirst."

When the bottled beer was corralled into a newspaper, roped and tied with a thin white string, and after the trio had poured a fourth cooling set of drinks down their grateful throats, Jimmy, leading his two companions, sauntered over toward the side exit of the saloon. Facing the military quartet, "Park your cash," he said to the first man who held out a handful of silver. "This is on me. Hurry up. Drink hearty. There's three bottles apiece for you—and good luck."

"Here's luck!"

"Here's how!"

The first four bottles were emptied by the military quartet in

record time. Not a man came up for breath until his bottle had been drained.

Waiting and ready for the thirsty group, the caps had been removed from four more bottles. One of the soldiers, in his eagerness for the encore, set his empty bottle down on the concrete with a clink.

"Easy, easy! you advertisin' idiot!" one of his companions remonstrated—but the warning was too late.

Through the open door of the saloon came a gentlemanly bartender, spouting legal terms, abstracts from the statutes of New York, quotations from the Constitution of the United States and personal promises of what he intended to do with his trusty beer mallet to violators of the troublesome law relative to selling alcoholic drinks to the Defenders of Democracy.

Behind the leader of the charge, eager for contact with the enemy, marched reserves of white-aproned shock troops, and it seemed to the surprised group in the hall that the attacking forces were whining a battle cry whose tenor proclaimed more personal ambition than love of the country's laws.

"Lave me at thim damn sojers!"

"Jese but they're gittin' brassy wit' their gall—drinkin' ferninst th' very nose of us. Wham! Take that, me fine sojer boy!"

A beer bottle is not a bad weapon in a pinch, and what could be more appropriate for the launching of a bartender out of the back door of his saloon into the front gate of the Hereafter than a beer bottle filled with beer? Bam! Squarely over the fat head of the advance guard of the marching enemy, one of the soldiers busted his libation to Mars.

For only a fraction of a second was this gladiator permitted to contemplate his victory, for echoing the tinkling glass came the dull smack of a beer mallet, and he crumpled like a column of custard.

It was at this instant that Spike's resentment of the procedure took the form of action.

"Into it, old rail!" he barked at the railroader. "Hit 'em hard, Jimmy!" he called to his second companion.

Wham! A couple of crunches and a dull thud. Lumberjack stuff! Oh, for calked boots. Well—even with heavy walking shoes a battler trained in the big timber can do a fair piece of felling.

Eleven seconds, and then all the battlefield needed was a thorough renovating.

"Pick up that soldier boy and let's go!" Spike panted. The railroader reached down for the groggy lad in O. D. and, with Spike's assistance, the pair of them got the dazed soldier to his feet. Behind them on the floor, undamaged through the scrap, sat an ice-cold bottle of beer. Jimmy the Ink reached for this bottle. He broke the neck of it off with a quick blow against the concrete floor and before the cold liquid had foamed he dashed it over the head of the semi-conscious soldier.

Swimming gestures. "Whuf! Where am I?"

"Get your feet going, kid, and come along."

On the sidewalks of New York, master of all he surveyed but at the moment lost in a reverie concerning payday, stood a policeman. "What's this, what's this?" he asked, seeing the seven men.

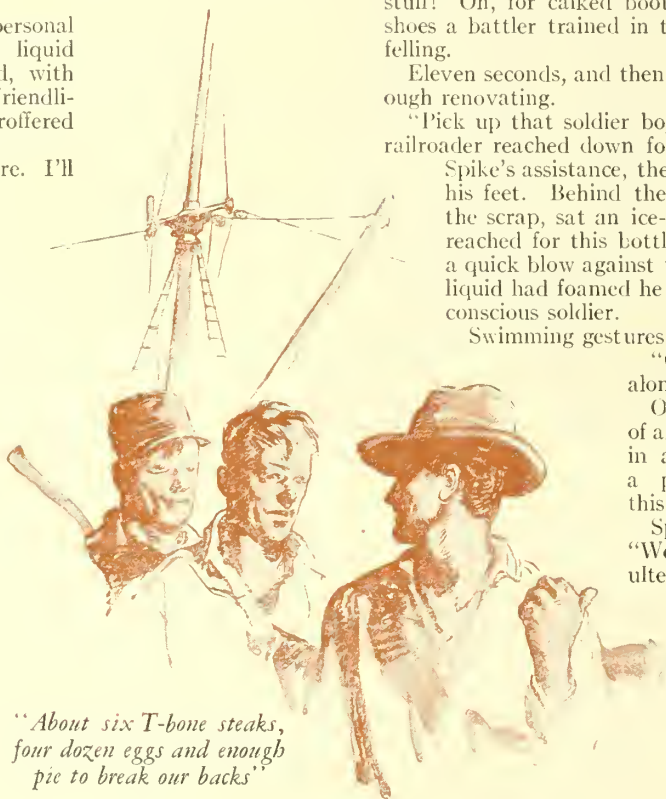
Spike tried an old one and it worked. "We caught the son-of-a-gun!" he exulted. "Tryin' to desert from the Army."

When the general gets through with him it'll mean twenty years." Then, starting away from the menace of the law at a quickened pace, "Come along here!" he said to the drooping soldier. "I bet the general hangs you for this."

Clear of their peril, still convoyed by the able-bodied military veterans of the conflict, Spike put an end to a sudden verbal burst of admiration. "That's New York," he said. "That gang of dumbbells inside the saloon haven't got it figured out yet. Let's get in the clear before that mess of bartenders agree on their story . . . What outfit are you men with?"

"We belong to the Engineers on the boat down there at the long pier. We ducked past the guards and come up here for a scupper of beer and—"

"And here you are—in hell with your back broke," the



"About six T-bone steaks,
four dozen eggs and enough
pie to break our backs"



Wham! A couple of crunches and a dull thud. Lumberjack stuff! Eleven seconds, and then all the battlefield needed was a thorough renovating

ra'loader finished, laboring mightily under the burden of the disabled soldier. "One of you lads take a hand with this heavyweight before my pants fall off."

Various members of the party, observing the railroad man, noted now for the first time that most of his outer raiment was in shreds.

"They kept a-reachin' for me and me tearin' away and soakin' 'em in the guts," he explained, seeking the while to assemble his disordered costume. "I like to tore myself ragged."

Spike laughed, and in his laughter was a note of gratitude. "Good old Rags," he said. "You sure had seven wildcats beat for action. I never saw anybody get himself shredded up so quick before in my life. You look like somebody had snaked you through forty miles of cactus and fed you into a hay baler."

"Gimme a belt or somethin' or a pair of suspenders so I can cinch these pants a little closer on me," the railroader returned.

"Hell, Rags, you don't need no belt! What you need is a clothing store, includin' socks and shirts and how are you fixed for neckties? Keep going, Rags, you fightin' fool, till we get this soldier back to his gang—and then we start out for a joint where you can get dressed up before the purity squad pinches you."

Nearing the pier the disabled soldier had recovered sufficiently

to walk alone. "We'll leave you fellows here," Spike said to the soldier crew. "You don't need our help gettin' through the lines?"

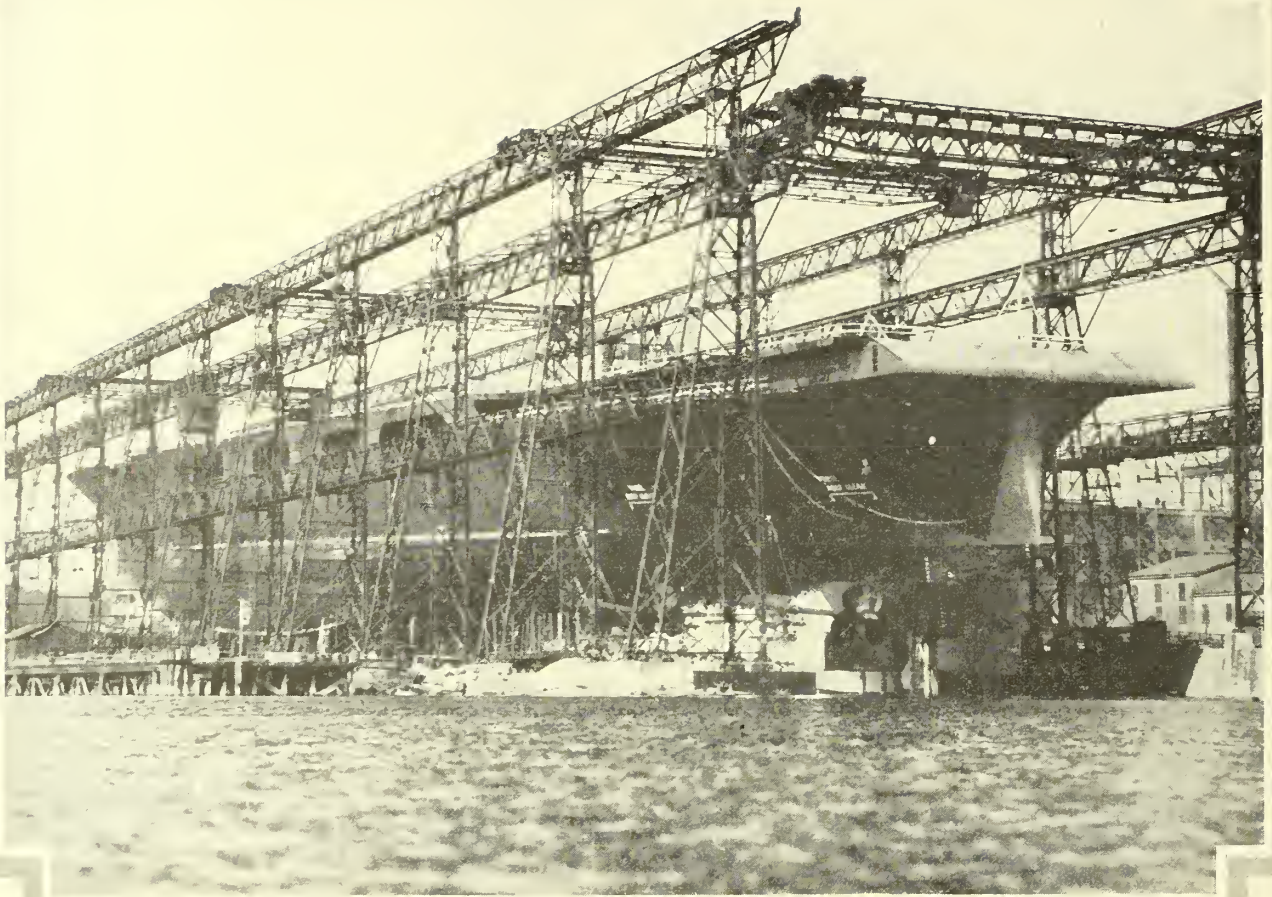
"Gettin' back is a cinch. Gettin' out past those sentries was the big job," one of the Engineers replied. "And listen to me, old timer," he continued, holding out his hand, "you birds sure made four friends for yourself back there!"

"Forget it. Give your bayonet an extry twist for me when you shove it through the Kaiser's guts, and we'll call it square . . . I might see you over there some day. So long and good luck."

With Jimmy and the newly-christened Rags, Spike made his way to the tracks where the timber train had been spotted. "Maybe that brassbound fathead will sign Uncle Sam's name on the receipts for that timber now that he's getting it on the ship," Spike offered when the trio got to where they could survey the laboring crew which thronged between the empty flatcars and the *Starvonia*.

In reply Jimmy the Ink, galvanized by something he saw ahead of him, halted abruptly and squinted his eyes for a keener glance at the drama of destruction which lay suddenly revealed.

"By the bellerin' Babe ox of the holy rollin' Paul Bunyan!" he yelled. "Look at them crosscut saws! (Continued on page 83)



The airplane carrier Lexington, one of the two largest in the world, in process of building at Quincy, Massachusetts. "Nothing yet has developed in the world which provides security against war except adequate forces of national defense"

UNARMORED

By Richard

SUPER-PATRIOTS is the term of reproof conferred by the fanatic-pacifist upon those who point to any weakness in our national defense, but that is an attempt to substitute phrase-making for fact-finding and fact-facing.

No war scare is over us and we want none. We are at peace and intend to remain at peace. It is difficult to conceive of any break which would bring us into conflict with an empire whose world purpose is so like our own, or with that dominant influence for order and progress in the Far East with whom we share responsibility for peace and enlightened policy in the Pacific. To sign a declaration outlawing war between ourselves and any continental nation has a comic element in it, for it appears superfluous, like a solemn declaration by a bride and groom that they will renounce the making of black eyes. Of course we are at peace!

But one reason for our being at peace is our possession of resources which enable us to maintain a machine of self-defense. While attempts at co-operative disarmament remain unsuccessful, while armament is going on elsewhere, our largest contribution toward general security against war will not be found in gestures, phrases, papers and preachments, but in the security of ourselves. That security will only be obtained by an adequate naval and military protection.

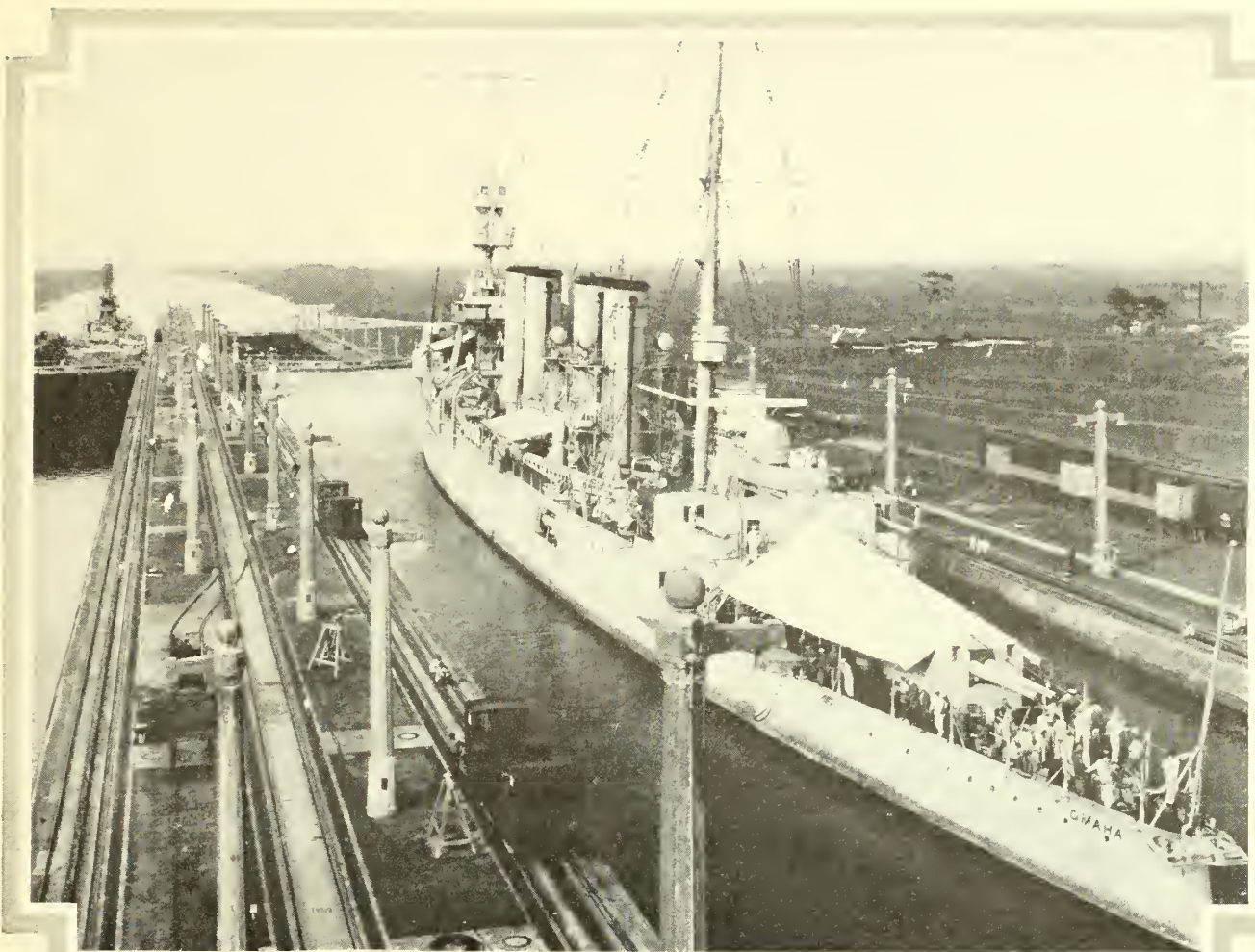
When the canary bird refrains from attacking the eagle it is not always because she belongs to a peace society; at least another element enters into the situation. Though the eagle may be morally a pacifist the privilege of continuing a pacifist and of inducing the canary to continue as a pacifist may be said by some

persons to rest on moral grounds, but the eagle's strength is also a primary

element contributing to peace between the two. War is caused not only because one nation is armed too much; it is caused also because another nation is armed too little. Without a sign of war on our horizon nevertheless it appears to be our duty to the world's peace not to allow the growing richness of our territory, our possessions, or our rights to become a temptation to anyone.

To be sure there are no small number of fanatic pacifists who argue differently. No longer ago than last January a group, representing certain minority organizations of women, appeared before a committee of Congress and advocated dependence on outlawry of war and on complete one-sided disarmament of America. The nub of their argument was stated in these words:

"Admitting the possibility of aggression, what does a wise and effectual defense consist in? Bombs and bayonets? But the use of these very naturally enrages the aggressor, gives him the feeling of justification that he has hitherto lacked, and the conflict is precipitated. The wisdom of the sages combines with the most practical common sense that we can muster to assure us that the only true defense is deliberate defenselessness, so well advertised that the world knows of it. A refusal to arm to defend one's self through violence is right because it is the only course that is not barbarous and criminal, stupid and futile. It happens also to be expedient, because it is the only defense that



The United States Cruiser Omaha passing through the middle chamber of the Gatun Locks of the Panama Canal. "Our present forces are not adequate to meet our increased property and our increased risk in the light of our position in the world"

AMERICA

Washburn Child

succeeds in defending. Nonresistance is the only real resistance. We can't attack anybody who is busily minding his own affairs and doesn't even own a gun. We simply aren't made that way. And it is of incalculably more importance to realize this, to profit by the history of nonresistance than to ponder upon increased armament or the reduction of armament or any armament at all."

Unfortunate is the reference to the "history of nonresistance." So far as we know complete nonresistance has no history but if it is intended to show that nations like China and India, or other outstanding examples of countries where resistance has been feeble, have profited and progressed more than France or Great Britain whose policy is one of full resistance, the argument merely excites laughter.

Our traditional protection by the oceans is no longer what it used to be and the world has not yet developed such quality or quantity of peace-loving, of treaty-keeping, of league-working, or of arbitration, or of co-operative disarmament as will furnish, even when taken all together, security against war. The obvious truth of this is measured by the fact that member nations with one hand point at the League as giving a substantial measure of assurance, while with the other hand they are paying out more for the implements of war than ever before.

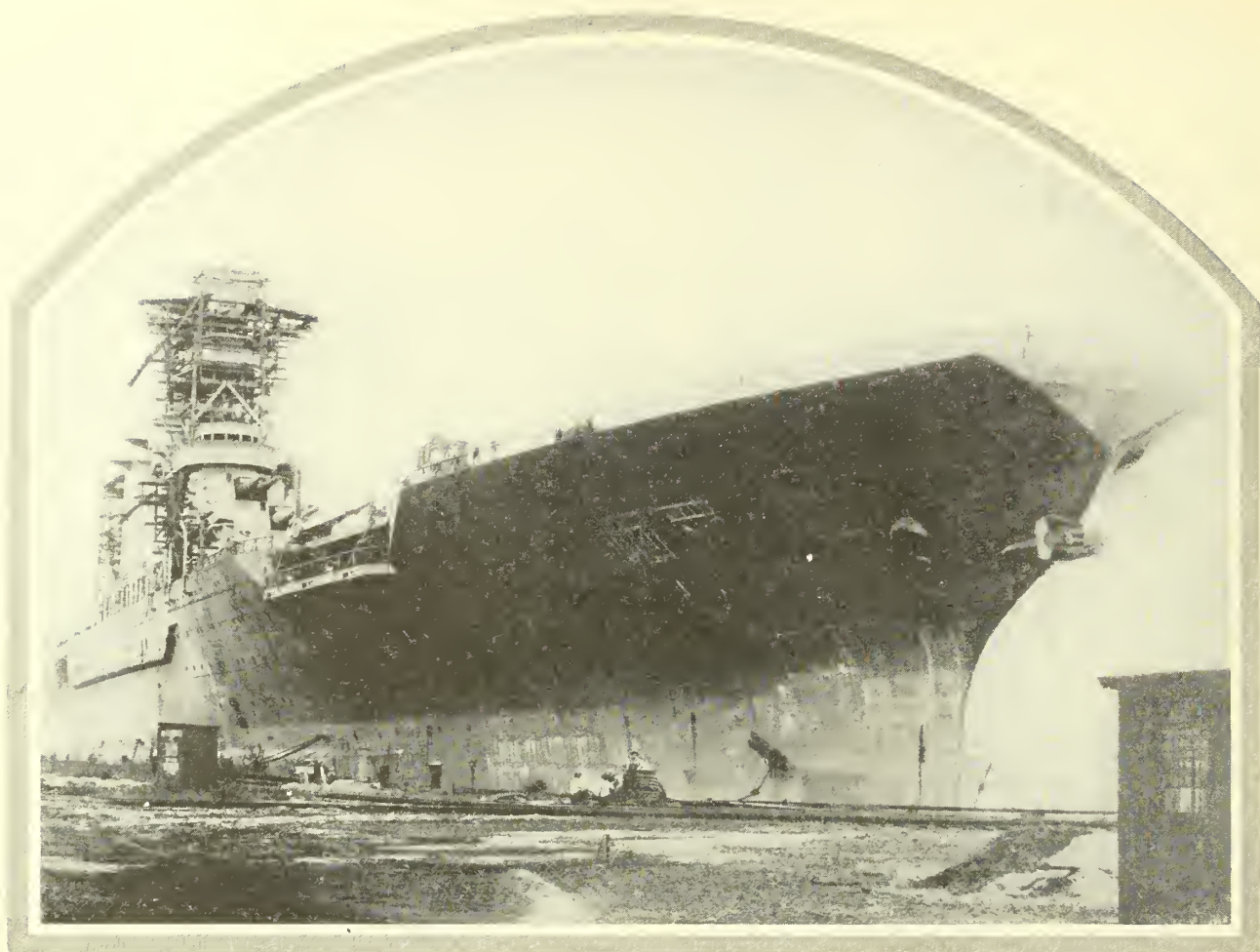
Co-operative disarmament would be a boon. It might have no

effect upon the frequency of war but it would remove the burdens of wasteful expenditure during times of peace and decrease the extent of damage and the extreme severity and devastation of war.

And yet the Conference of Geneva failed. It failed because of

the difficulties of matching the complicated needs and conditions of one nation with the requirements and affairs of another. Mussolini was shrewd enough and Poincaré was shrewd enough to foresee and foretell its failure. The British need was for a large tonnage of small cruisers because the waters to be controlled and the sea paths to be kept open for the home supplies of a non-self-feeding island could be covered by cruisers of smaller type and hence shorter cruising range. Why were the smaller cruisers and the larger tonnage of necessity or advantage to the British? Because having a great number of naval bases scattered all over the world the small cruising range combined with numbers of fighting machines filled the bill. The exact reverse was true of our needs. What we wanted was 10,000-ton cruisers of long cruising range. Why? Because we have a tremendous coast line, distant possessions and our naval bases in the sense of fortified stations are few and far between. This and similar considerations of difference in requirements, together with a general unpreparedness of viewpoints, broke the Conference. Unlike the usual practice of the League, which never sets a pie in its show window until it has been baked by all the cooks of old fashioned diplomacy, here was an occasion when they hoped the dough would rise in the window. And windows exposed to the public, to the pitiless publicity of the press are places in which edible international dishes are seldom prepared at least so that they come out even brown on top.

Unfortunately, it is doubtful whether public opinion was helped a great deal by this failure. The race for armaments, in



The airplane carrier Saratoga, sister ship of the Lexington, in dock at Camden, New Jersey. "The requirement of the time is for the making of a comprehensive American defense policy by a review of our needs in the light of world conditions"

spite of the protestations of statesmen with a conscience that no change in program is contemplated, is bound to go forward. We have protested first that we desire a parity with the British sea power and when we receive no assent to our interpretation of parity we say that we have no need for a stronger navy.

Both statements are founded in hypocrisy. Our claim for parity with British sea power is made with a full knowledge that we have not got it and will not have it short of a miracle. This is for the simple reason that even though our fighting ships equaled theirs—and they do not—we are ridiculously in the rear in respect to three things—ship building capacity, naval bases, and a merchant marine convertible into cruisers. Our shipyards are going out of business, our naval bases are thin, and the British outnumber us in terms of convertible tonnages more than fifteen to one.

The Geneva Conference was not only a misfortune in the sense that opportunity for a good old fashioned secret diplomacy was lost for the moment; it may also prove to be an eye opener to the practical American who wishes no war machine but does wish to keep up the premiums on that excessively cheap insurance which an adequate national defense offers not only to prosperity but to pacifism.

There is no intention here to answer the soprano salvos of those who lift a voice to say that armament is the wicked device of avaricious arms makers, ambitious rear admirals and ex-soldiers. It is sufficient to point to the fact that the average American will probably agree that the slipping of our National Defense Act as to our Army, and the failure of a pay-as-we-go policy as to our Navy, combined with some revelations of what other nations are doing, and with our increasing riches and commerce, and with the protecting sea partially sapped of its defensive quality by the long cruising ship of the air and the long cruising ship of the under surface, makes it necessary for us to take account of stock.

A preceding article in The American Legion Monthly has dealt with the questions of whether the National Defense Act has been

submitted to Congressional appropriation attrition. And it has! And another has answered the question of whether the Navy is up to par and whether our appropriations constitute a pay-as-we-go American business policy. And they have not!

As to an increasing need to protect our commerce and possessions there can be no question in the mind of a practical person. The entire naval history of the world shows a direct relation between foreign trade and naval strength. The terrible mistake of the German aggressive machine was made in failure to properly estimate this relationship. The whole experience of mankind, however, bears out the necessity of that relationship.

Furthermore the implications of the Monroe Doctrine which has expanded by evolution of events and our comparatively recent achievement and possession of the Panama Canal and the Pacific and Caribbean holdings increase our need to uphold what Washington, according to General John McAuley Palmer, called a "respectably defensive posture."

Say what one will that posture is measured not solely by facts within our control. Unless we are engaging in the butterfly-chasing theory of non-resistance our "posture of self-defense" must be more than a mere gesture. In order to contribute to peace by dissuading anyone from attacking us we must not only consider that we may persuade others to disarm but that our own measure of armament must adapt itself to the increase or decrease in the armament of other nations. Over their policies our only control, so far found in experience, has been our willingness to have armament to give up if they will give up theirs. Our own defense must be based not on how little we wish others would have but on what they have and what they are getting.

It cannot be said that the idealist of pacifism in America can find much comfort in any reduction in the pageantry of armament in other nations and on other continents. While we have been whittling our appropriations down many of them have been whistling their appropriations up to a merry tune!

An examination of the facts concerning the amount of money

the various governments pay for defense compared with their total national wealth shows graphically the lightness of the load of self-defense insurance on our taxpayers as compared with other taxpayers, or indeed as compared with the nonsensical exaggerations and falsehoods of the fanatic pacifists, who are sometimes heard to say that a warship costs more than our public school system.

And then there is the trend!

One must admit that complete accuracy of statistics as to budget army and navy expenditures of foreign nations is not easily obtained.

Mere complications in bookkeeping create difficulties. International concealment of expenditures sometimes throws up a smoke screen. Costs of production differ, of course. But accuracy is not necessary in making these comparisons as to trend in armament.

For instance: in 1923 our total appropriation for defense, Army and Navy, including air force, was six hundred and seventy-four million dollars. The estimates for 1928 are nearly fifty million less. We have reduced our appropriation, in face of greater requirement, nearly eight percent.

What of Great Britain? Measured in thousand pound ratio in the same period she has increased her armament expenditure from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty-four, an increase of some twelve percent.

What of France? Her increase in franc ratio for the period is measured by comparing roughly five billion francs with eight billion. A little increase of sixty percent!

What of Italy? Measuring her progress in terms of billions of lire her increase has been from three and a half billion. An increase substantially over one hundred percent.

What of Japan? An increase of over seven percent.

Note well that these increases take no account of the rising values of foreign currencies.

What then becomes of this fairy story as to the disarmament of Europe and of the world? If it must perch

anywhere it must perch upon the banners of

those who in our own Washington

and in the face of increasing need

for self-defense and of increasing

rights and property to defend,

are ready to pare down and whittle away

and suck out the adequacy

of our self-defense insurance.

No one could object to that

if it were a part of co-operative inter-

national disarmament plans; only when the

richest country in the world follows out this plan, not as

a definite policy but merely with a

slipshod insensitiveness to a sound

defensive policy, does it become simply

folly. We are not even to be credited with a nobility

of gesture, when merely by parsimony, lack of good business

principle and the butterfly lobby we sink into no policy at all and

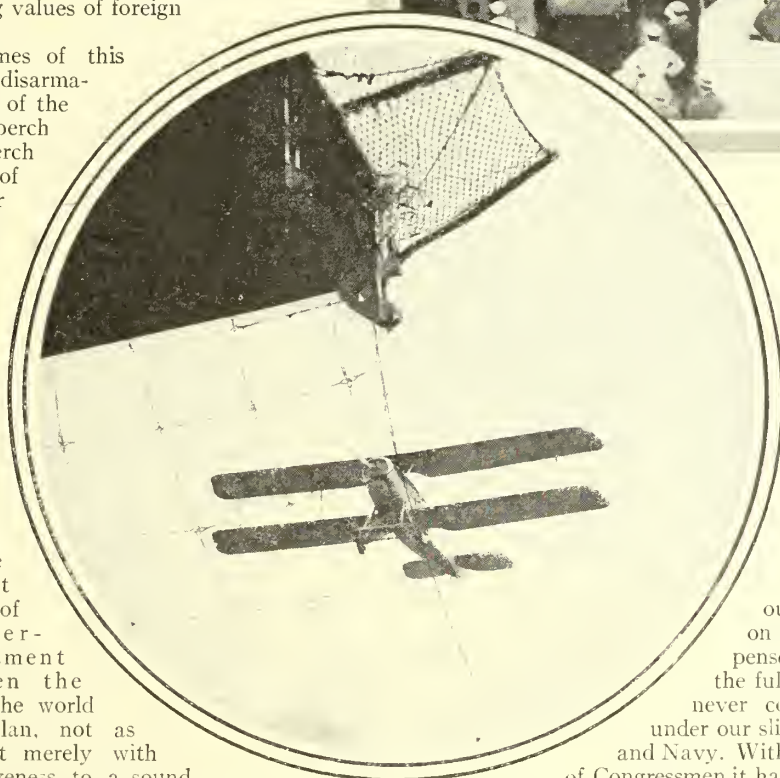
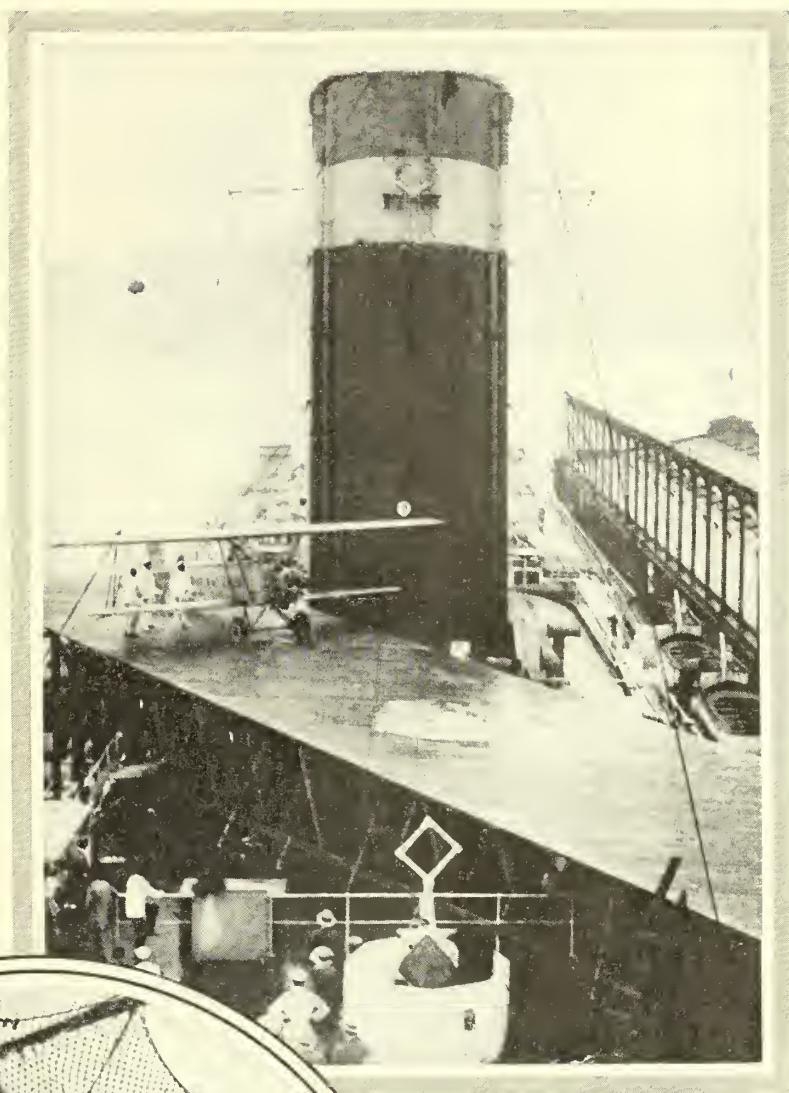
produce that tragedy of tragedies—a national defense almost

but not quite good enough to defend us under all circumstances.

It is difficult to believe, after long investigation, that one of

the reasons for a lack of definite policy does not lie in the fact

that we have never treated our national defense as a whole. The



Clarence Chamberlin's airplane just before it took off from the top deck of the Leviathan in the first ship-to-shore flight ever made. Left, naval airplane about to land on the airplane carrier Langley. "We have allowed a bad business policy to allow our Navy to slip into some inadequacy and have failed to provide currently for its maintenance and upbuilding"

our Army by spending another dollar on our Navy or of how much naval expense could be saved if we could develop the full power of citizen soldiery somehow never come into their own proper values under our slipshod treatment at present of Army and Navy. With all profound respect for the wisdom of Congressmen it hardly meets the requirement of sound policy to leave decisions, made bit by bit and here and there and now and then, to the vote of a few lawyers from county seats no matter how learned! It is still more absurd to take national defense policy out of the hands of the esteemed lawmakers and put a strong influence over it in the hands of the Director of the Budget whoever he may later be, because aside from the question of his fitness to make a defense policy it is inevitable that his viewpoint will be fixed upon savings rather than salvation.

It is wise of course to keep our eyes (Continued on page 95)

MERRY

By Arthur

Illustrations by

Why, Ma, how come you got the nerve to buy me all them shirts and ties and all? You think I'm Adolphe Menjou, hey? . . . Crying? Why, children, I'm just kissing the sweetest gal . . . Run along outdoors and play with that sled, Jimmy, and you, Mabel, be sure and wrap up that doll careful so she won't catch cold . . .

Sure, I know all about it. And in France, where the children polish their shoes all day long so that Santa will note their neatness and pile them full of gifts, and here at home, where the kids polish their faces for a week before the Great Day, and everywhere that the story of the Little Child and the Magi has been heard, the Christmas spirit is reborn each year.

You can't get away from it. It's in your blood, in the blood of all of us, no matter how we lie, how stubbornly we protest that it's all a money-grafting scheme of the merchants . . . but I said that before, didn't I? Well, so did Henry H. Curtis.

It's a long time from the days when the boys used to call Henry by the less euphonious name of Hank. The old swimmin' hole, the pasture where he sought for buried treasure, the little patch of woods in which he hunted Injuns and b'ar and buff'lo—these are all long buried in the vaults of memory.

No one ever calls him Hank nowadays. Dignified; fairly tall, but, by reason of his slimness, seeming taller; smooth-shaven; cool-eyed; a faint tendency toward baldness which is disguised by clever barbering; muscular; thirty-nine years of

age, member of seven clubs; extremely successful broker; golf handicap nine—do you get him? Well, he lives in a Gramercy Park apartment with four servants, not counting his valet, is a bachelor, owns two cars, hasn't flirted since he was twenty-four . . . Don't get him yet? Well, go on with the story.

Henry prided himself on the fact that he had lots of common sense.

"I'm not a business genius," he often said. "I notice that business geniuses are always getting into bankruptcy. I use common sense

in advising my customers and that's all. If I think a stock is selling at a higher price than its earnings warrant, I tell my clients not to buy. If it's earning a lot and selling for little, I advise purchase. I never speculate myself. That's all there is to it."

But there was more than that to it, despite Henry. First off, he was nice-mannered, and courtesy is rare in these days of hustle, bustle and get-out-of-my-way. Secondly, he thought of nothing but business. When other young fellows had been taking in the shows, sparking a pretty girl, or blowing themselves to an extra special swell feed in some classy up-town joint, Henry had been putting the pennies aside, taking long walks for pleasure, and studying economic conditions. Business had been his god, and if sometimes he had doubts that he had chosen the right religion, he put those doubts swiftly aside.

A machine, that was Henry. He had many acquaintances,



I KNOW, it's an imposition, a plot on the part of the big and little merchants to wheedle us into extravagance. It's commercial, that's what it is. The sublime spirit of its beginning has been lost in the money-making spirit that has grown up.

Sure, I've heard it a thousand times. Here you are, day before Christmas, with a note overdue at the bank, the demurrage piling up on the last shipment of goods from Chicago, the insurance about to lapse, the doctor hollering for something on account of Jimmy's last sick spell, and, oh, everything.

And tomorrow's Christmas, and you're teetotally danged if you're going to waste a lot of jack on a silly orgy of spending. Am I right, Ma? You certainly are, Pa, only the children . . . Why, Pa, you old fool, you, what do you mean buying me a di'mon' ring when you know, land o' Goshen, I got no use for di'mon's . . .

CHRISTMAS

Somers Roche

J. Sanford Hulme

but not even one friend. On holidays he dined alone, exactly as on other evenings. He was chummy with no women; if he had wanted to make a girl a present, there was no older woman pal to advise him. But, inasmuch as he never thought of giving a girl a present, he didn't miss the older woman.

He didn't miss anything. Or thought he didn't, which is not, my friends, the same thing at all.

"I never give indiscriminately," was his invariable reply to all appeals for charity. "I have a list of charitable organizations to which I make annual donations, but I do not believe in careless giving; it tends to pauperize the recipient."

Know him better now? Well, we're getting on, then. So I'll take you right to his office, Broad near Wall, seventh floor, right through the customers' room to his inner sanctum.

"Er, Miss Hendricks, here are—er—twenty-three checks which I wish you to distribute this afternoon. I have made them out myself, and I think I've overlooked no one."

"I'm sure you haven't, Mr. Curtis," said Miss Hendricks. "You never forget anyone at Christmas. I assure you that the staff appreciates the Christmas spirit that you show—"

"Forgive me if I interrupt, Miss Hendricks," said her employer, in his stilted way of speech. "There is no Christmas spirit in my giving. It happens that it is customary to make a certain acknowledgment of faithful service rendered at this time of year. That is all. I follow custom, that is all."

"That's all Christmas is—custom," she retorted.

"I cannot agree with you," he told her. "Christmas is like any other day, and I dislike the false gayety, the effort to outdo one's neighbors, the—er—splurge, that annually occurs at this season of the year. Good-afternoon, Miss Hendricks."

He rose and walked out of the office. Through a mist of tears she looked after him. Then she frowned.

"I'd like to take him by the nape of the neck and—shake him," she whispered.

Then she looked at the bundle of checks. A whole month's salary to everyone in his employ.

"One swell boss," said Minnie Calthorpe, another of the stenographers.

"If only he didn't manage to be so icy about it," objected Sally Hendricks.

Minnie Calthorpe grinned. "Icy, eh? Say, girlie, you nor any other doll can melt that ice. I been working for him for ten years and private secretaries have come and gone, but he stays on. I don't care how frigid the old boy is so long as he comes through with the Christmas coin, and don't you care, neither. That guy was born a bachelor, and no secretary can change his fate."

"Why, what do you mean, Miss Calthorpe?" Sally's face was crimson.

"I mean that I'm hep, girlie," laughed the other. "I don't blame you. He's a fine-looking old bozo, with oodles of jack. But plenty swell dames have tried to make him, and don't overlook that fact. What chance has a stenog? You'll just give yourself plenty heart-break if you think that your cunnin' little bob and your cute little figure are going to make any difference to him."

Sally Hendricks made no reply. She simply turned her back and retraced her steps into the inner office.

God! Suppose that Henry Curtis had read her secret? She hadn't dreamed that a soul on earth guessed it. And here Minnie Calthorpe accuses her, warns her . . . Why, she'd never even looked at him! She'd never given him a smile. And yet, Minnie Calthorpe knew!

She put the cunning little blue felt hat on the cunning brown bob, wriggled until her skirt hung properly, locked Mr. Curtis' desk, put her papers in order, and started home.



At Thirty-fourth Street she alighted from the subway, walked to a modest restaurant, and ate her dinner. Then she walked to the little two-room-and-bath suite she boasted on Thirty-third Street. It cost her, unfurnished, one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, this little apartment. It was in a shabby neighborhood, unfashionable, but the building was cleanly kept. There was a kitchenette where she prepared most of her dinners, where all her breakfasts were eaten. Out of her salary of sixty-five dollars a week—she was a most efficient secretary—she had managed to furnish the tiny rooms, helped out by what pieces from the old home in Massachusetts could fit into the meagre dimensions.

Deliberately she took off her outer things, arranged an easy chair, composed herself in a negligée and tried to read. But tears of shame and humiliation blurred the page. Her secret was suspected. And that wasn't the worst of it. It was bad that

outsiders should know, but dreadful that she herself should know.

For, until Minnie Calthorpe had made her accusation, Sally had been unaware, herself, of how great was the love she bore Henry Curtis. As women will—men, too, my lads—she had deceived herself. He was a pleasant employer—just, if not generous; appreciative, if not applauding. That was all he had meant to her, she told herself many times a day. But now she could no longer comfort self-respect with these assurances. She was in love, desperately, overwhelmingly in love, with a man who didn't know she was alive.

She rose and surveyed herself in the mirror. Pretty? Of course she was. Shapely? She knew how men stared when she went in bathing. Well-bred, amiable . . . She threw herself upon the bed and gave way to tears that we shouldn't watch.

Next day she ironed all emotion from her features as she entered the office. She'd make Minnie Calthorpe do some guessing. When Minnie saw her with the boss, Minnie would rid herself of the idea that the secretary was wearing her heart away in unrequited love.

Only, she could perform no histrionics for Minnie today, could give no imitation of a heart-whole maiden showing her contempt for all men, including the man. For Henry Curtis telephoned that he would not appear at the office on this, the day before Christmas, owing to a slight indisposition.

Sally replaced in her handbag the tissue-paper-wrapped article which she had brought to the office. A necktie, over which she had worked—she was a poor seamstress—for a dozen evenings. Despite the fact that she intended disabusing Minnie of any silly ideas, she needn't be unappreciative of Mr. Curtis' good qualities. He'd given her a month's salary as a Christmas present. She could at least give him the necktie which she had made herself, and which she had intended giving him today. Minnie Calthorpe didn't have to prevent her from acting naturally, did she?

And now Mr. Curtis wasn't here, wouldn't be here at all today. She crumpled the packet roughly as she thrust it back into her bag. Day after Christmas was no time to give a present. Oh, well, it didn't matter anyway. Mr. Curtis wouldn't know whether she gave him a present or not, two days after the holiday. She wasn't on his mind to any great extent, she bitterly told herself.

The rest of the office jubilated. Customers gave and received presents. The rooms reeked with gossip. So-and-So had been given a seat on the Stock Exchange in reward for faithful service to Such-and-Such. Big Jim Candot had tipped off his whole staff to American Wheat Products, and all of them were rich. Money, money, money. No one talked of anything else. Yet it was all cheery, all kindly, and everyone was happy except Sally Hendricks.

Now Henry Curtis was not one of those fussy bachelors who send for the doctor every time they have a pain. He just woke up feeling sort of blue and depressed and heavy, just as you and I, who haven't millions, often awake. And lonesome, as I hope you and I never feel.

Lonesome as the dickens. He just

couldn't go to the office. He had known yesterday that he'd stay away today, which was why he had given his Christmas presents a day early. He just couldn't face the gayety, the holiday spirit, that would be rampant on Wall Street today.

It was all so spurious, so dishonest. If people felt all this love and kindness, why in blazes didn't they show it through the year, instead of making a big bluff on December twenty-fifth? Hypocrisy, that's all it amounted to, and he, for one, would not further it. He'd given presents to his employees, but without the slightest feeling of Yuletide. Instead of raising salaries, one gave Christmas gifts. Good business. People appreciated a hundred dollars in one chunk more than they did two dollars a week for a year.

If the world only were honest, faced facts, rid itself of bunk, how much better it would be. No, sir, he'd not go to his office, receive the silly trifles that the staff had ready for him, pretend to an effusiveness that he couldn't feel. He'd stay home, get a long day's rest . . .

He breakfasted in bed, lunched in his dressing-gown, and by dinner time was frantic for companionship. He didn't like people, and yet—he was used to seeing people around him for at least eight hours a day. When, dressed of course, he entered his dining-room, saw the holly, the mistletoe, the flowers that his butler had arranged, he sank down into an armchair.

Spectres from the past evoked themselves. The ice on Jordan's Pond; the snow on the pines; the childish voices ringing clear.

"Whatju get? I got a newpairskates!"

"That's nothing, I got a pairskis."

The festival in the little white church, where more presents were given. The stocking at home, stuffed-to-bustin' with oranges, apples, hard candy, and a regular jackknife and a top and a baseball . . . Mother, with a kiss that somehow seemed more sweet on Christmas Day than at any other time. Gruff old Dad, whose harshness disguised his gentleness . . . The turkey, the mince pie, the walnuts . . . But, above all, the spirit of the day, the unquenchable joy of the occasion.

Damn it, a man who dined alone on Christmas Eve was a barbarian. He, Henry Curtis, had been a barbarian for twenty years. In an hour and a half a magnificent dinner would be served, and he would eat it alone.

Reason interrupted this emotional flow. Reason told him that he was acting absurdly, that Christmas, or Christmas Eve, was just like any other twenty-four-hour span, and that there was no more reason why he should change his habits tonight than there had been yesterday.

But when did reason have a chance against memories?

There was Bill Slater. Bill was an old bachelor like himself. He would telephone Bill.

"Feeling a bit lonely, old man," said Henry, when his butler had reached Bill on the telephone. "Christmas Eve, you know, and thought you might like—"

"The hardshell crab turns soft, eh?" laughed Bill. "Like to, feller, but I have fourteen thousand nephews and nieces, and I'm playing Santa. Got to make the rounds. Merry Christmas, old boy."

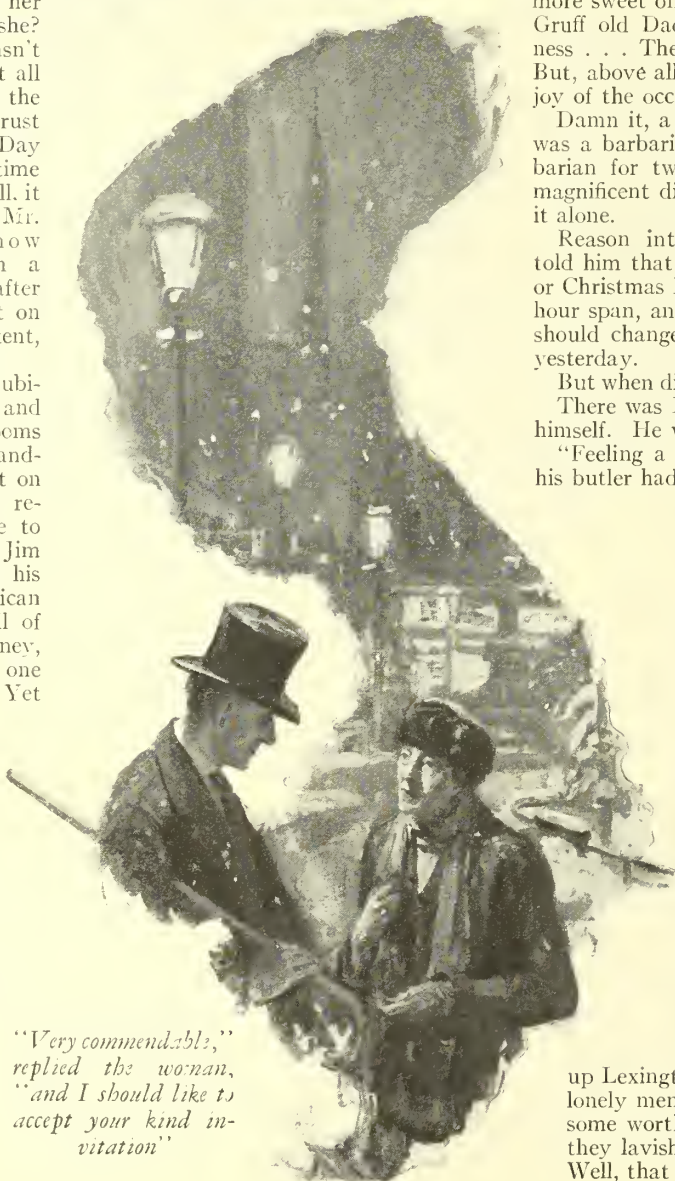
No use phoning anyone else. If Bill, tough old Bill, was booked, then everyone else would be engaged. But Henry couldn't eat alone. It—it was barbarous, that's what it was, he told himself again.

He rang for the butler, was eased into a fur-lined coat, and an opera hat was adjusted upon his head. Swinging a stick, he descended in the elevator.

"Merry Christmas, sir, same to you, many of them . . ."

Elevator boy, telephone operator, starter outside. Everyone grinning, everyone gay . . .

Henry waved away a taxi and started up Lexington Avenue. Somewhere he'd read about lonely men on Christmas Eve. They always found some worthy but poverty-stricken person on whom they lavished the pent-up affection of their hearts. Well, that stuff didn't go for him.



*"Very commendable,"
replied the woman,
"and I should like to
accept your kind in-
vitation"*



Wide-eyed with surprise she stared at her caller. Pretty? Almost beautiful? Doggone it, she was beautiful

Affection be hanged. He was lonesome, that's all, and he'd find someone, an utter stranger, to rid him of the feeling. That far he'd go according to the Christmas romances, but that was all. And he'd easily find someone to dine with him. Madison Square must be filled with loiterers who'd jump at the chance to dine in splendor.

Snow was falling as he passed by the Metropolitan, with its cheery looking clock tower. The chauffeurs were huddled on their seats, the benches were deserted. No, there was a man, furtive, shrinking, crouched to protect himself against the wintry blasts.

Henry paused before him. He pointed at the man with his stick.

"You, you there," he said.

The man raised his head and eyed Henry curiously.

"I'm dining alone, and it doesn't seem right," said Henry. "Would you care to join me? This is Christmas Eve."

"Sorry, sucker," was the astonishing reply. "But the Commissioner has had so many complaints, in other years, about good people being taken advantage of that he's detailed me here to protect folks like you."

He gave Henry a glimpse of a badge. (Continued on page 93)

The MURDER of

By Karl W.

PART ONE IN BRIEF

CAPTAIN STEWART WALSH, A.E.F. salvage officer, is found murdered in the garden of Frederic Malines, a shoe manufacturer, on March 8, 1919, two days after disappearing from his office in the village of Maison-l'Evêque. Sergeant Michael Hardesty is sent to investigate the crime from the Le Mans headquarters of the American Division of Criminal Investigation.

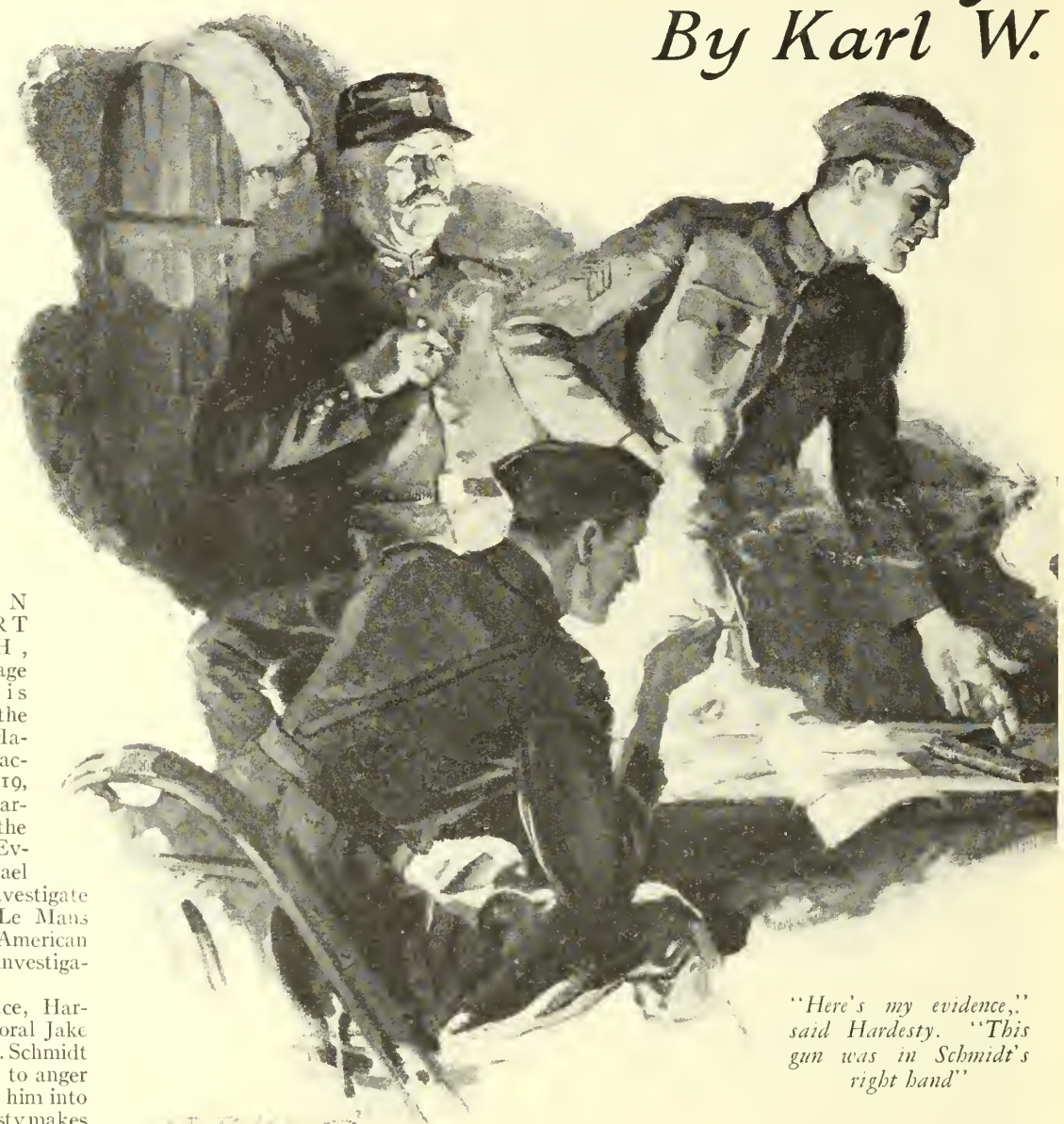
In the salvage office, Hardesty finds only Corporal Jake Schmidt, Walsh's clerk. Schmidt is sullen. In an effort to anger him and thereby draw him into unguarded talk, Hardesty makes sport of the corporal's left-handed writing.

At the home of Frederic Malines, a quiet, well-dressed Frenchman about forty years old, Hardesty meets Don Fayette, who has been lieutenant under the dead captain, Brigadier Plutarch of the local gendarmerie, and Monsieur Janise, a shoe manufacturer and business competitor of Malines.

Malines, who is mayor, admits he heard the shot in his garden at two o'clock in the morning but that he didn't get up out of bed. Hardesty then learns from Lieutenant Fayette, who appears ill at ease, that a few hours before Captain Walsh was killed he had opened five competitive bids for leather. Although Malines claimed that he had submitted a high bid, his envelope when opened contained only a blank paper. The leather was won by Janise, with whom Walsh billeted. Malines admits having argued with Captain Walsh over the lost bid.

Sergeant Hardesty, upon re-examining the captain's body, finds the money belt still around the waist. In the belt is a packet containing the original bids. Malines' bid had been restored to its envelope and is discovered to have been eighteen thousand francs higher than the bid by which Janise won.

The D. C. I. sergeant eats his supper alone in the buvette where Captain Walsh last has been seen. From its owner, an old woman, he learns that while the officer was drinking his cognac the last night, Corporal Schmidt had entered the bar "like a sheep," and Captain Walsh had shouted: "Go home! Do I not say you are in arrest?"



"Here's my evidence," said Hardesty. "This gun was in Schmidt's right hand"

Hardesty discovers further that Captain Walsh started to walk angrily toward Frederic Malines' chateau at six o'clock in the evening, though the pistol shot did not sound until two a. m.

The sergeant meets Lieutenant Fayette at eight o'clock, and goes with him to the salvage warehouse to question the corporal. They find the door open when they arrive, and the office in confusion. From beyond the farthest desk projects a pair of big hob-nailed army shoes, toes up. Beside them a pool of blood is drying. They look down in amazement upon Corporal Jake Schmidt. There is blood on the right cheek, standing out grotesquely black against the paleness of the skin.

PART II

"BEST turn on the other lights, sir," said the D. C. I. man. "Don't touch nothing else. Here, sir, he's breathing a little like."

Fayette switched on two more dull incandescent globes. He leaned over gingerly, where Hardesty had stooped beyond the desk. Corporal Schmidt lay upon his back, short arms outspread, his square chin tilted upward. His left hand was empty, blunt fingers extended upon the gritty floor.

The fingers of his right held the butt of a .45 calibre automatic pistol of army issue model. Fayette faltered backward. His heel crunched down upon an empty brass pistol shell.

Captain WALSH

Detzer

Illustrations by
V.E. Pyles



"Give me a hand, clear off that there desk," bade Hardesty.

The two men lifted the corporal to the nearest table. His breathing had become audible to them. Hardesty straightened out his legs. Blood soaked the tight fitting overseas cap that clung to his disordered hair. The sergeant removed it and examined it curiously.

"He's a lucky guy," he said. "That bullet hit the cap ornament. The bronze button. Glanced off. The button turned over a little. See what a long cut it made? We best get a doctor, sir. You buzz that telephone. Ambulance and doctor from Le Mans. Call for camp hospital, number 52. Tell 'em we need 'em pronto. Talk to Captain Geiger. He'll get action."

He folded Schmidt's cap carefully and put it in his pocket.

"Got a first aid packet?" he asked. He yanked open the first aid desk, rummaged it, went through a second.

The lieutenant disappeared, running, into the warehouse. He was back immediately, jerking at the metal ring of an issue packet. Hardesty bound the corporal's wound. He felt the left wrist, and shaking his head, let the arm fall to the table.

"Pretty far gone," he commented.

Fayette twisted the crank of the telephone. After a moment's puzzled stare at the wounded man, Hardesty reached down to the floor and brought up the automatic pistol that had been lying in Schmidt's right hand. He looked at it soberly for a minute, then turned to examine the room. It appeared to be in much the same condition that he had observed earlier in the day. An air of crowded neatness pervaded it. Between the entry and the spot where the corporal lay, a path was hedged by tables and field desks. On the right hand side, midway to the door, Hardesty made out an office chair, tipped upon its back.

He crossed to it, picking it up. One of the legs was broken. The whole chair was wrenched out of joint. Hardesty was examining it when Fayette came from the telephone.

"Ambulance on the way!" the officer cried in his short,

disturbed voice. "There's a French doctor right up the street. I billet with him."

"Best go get him, sir. Tell him not to go clutterin' up the place with a bottle of leeches, though. I ain't partial to frog docs."

When the lieutenant had gone, running, Hardesty leaned again over Jake Schmidt.

"Hear me, soldier? Get what I'm saying?"

There was no response. Hardesty expected none. Working quickly, he searched the corporal's clothing.

There was a handful of small French currency in the right breeches pocket, nothing else of worth. Hardesty straightened out the injured man's arms more comfortably and from his own blouse removed Schmidt's overseas cap. A wad of money had been pinned under the flap. Hardesty counted it carefully. There were ten one hundred franc notes.

"Hmm," he said aloud. "A thousand francs. Quite a bunch of money for a corporal."

He replaced the bills in the cap just as he had found them and put the cap back in his own blouse. He had started to re-examine the broken chair when he trod on the same empty shell on which the lieutenant had stepped. Hardesty pursed his lips, examining it, and thrust it into the pocket with the pistol.

The village physician, an immensely fat man with a beard like a muddy cataract, pronounced the wound dangerous. When asked if it would prove fatal, he merely shrugged. In certain respects, Hardesty decided, all medical men are alike.

"Best get old Brigadier Plutarch, too," the sergeant suggested to Lieutenant Fayette. "No use for us to stand all the worry."

Fayette hated to leave the wounded corporal. He hesitated a moment, then accepted the sergeant's orders. The physician, who had no English and small patience with poor French, lapsed into a grumbling attempt to redress the wound.

Schmidt moaned slightly once. Hardesty at the moment was scowling over the automatic pistol and the cartridge that had been on the floor. He was swinging the broken chair experimentally around his head when the American ambulance sounded on the cobbles. He ran out. There had come, as usual, one surgeon and two litter bearers.

The surgeon made a quick examination.

"You a policeman?" he asked Hardesty.

The sergeant nodded.

"Who shot him?" the medical man demanded.

"That's what I'm aiming to find out, sir."

"Sure he didn't do it himself?"

"I'm not sure of anything," Hardesty answered. "He had a gun in his right hand and this empty shell was on the floor. Might be suicide. Here's the shell, sir. You can have it."

The medico glanced up, annoyed.

"What do I want of a shell? Shells won't save him. I've seen all the damn shells I want for a lifetime. I'm going home and join the pacifists."

"Me, too," agreed Hardesty. "Will he pull through?"

"How do I know? Dent in his skull an inch deep. Gun in his hand, eh? Queer he'd aim at that cap ornament. Well, it's a funny war."

The litter bearers, accustomed to inert, suffering burdens, trotted out casually to the ambulance. One of them was back in a moment.

"Where's his cap?"

Hardesty shook his head.

"I got it," he answered. "He couldn't wear it now anyhow, with them bandages. Sure, I'll take care of it."

The ambulance departed hastily. Its engine had just grumbled out of hearing when Lieutenant Fayette's car returned. Frederic Malines strode in ahead of the officer. He wore no hat and was red of face. Hardesty's immediate impression was that the mayor was angry.

"What do I hear now?" he demanded testily. "The lieutenant says some fool has killed himself."

"He's considerable banged up."

"Dead?"

"Not yet. Like to be any minute."

"Who is he?"

"I didn't tell him, Sergeant," the lieutenant put in.

"It's the corporal," Hardesty said. "You know him. Sure, we was just talking about him tonight out at your own place. He got knocked out with the same size gun that got the captain, mayor. A forty-five. He was layin' over there—right there."

"What is his name?"

"Jake Schmidt."

"Schmidt?"

"Schmidt the corporal!" Fayette cried. "My God, man, you know him. This is the second time tonight you've let on you didn't. If I'd had a row with a man just Thursday morning I'd remember him till Saturday night." He stopped abruptly. His temper cooled. "He was a good clerk," he ended.

Hardesty clucked his tongue.

"I forgot you argued with him too, mister."

The Frenchman's face hardened. He stepped nearer the sergeant and his voice had a rough edge.

"*Oui*, I argued with him, too. But not on a killing matter. Over an auction list, I believe. At times you become impatient, policeman."

"Needn't get mad, mister," Hardesty answered. "I wasn't going for to upset you." He looked toward the door. Brigadier Plutarch and Janise were entering. Both appeared worried, both had been walking rapidly. "Lieutenant, you tell these birds what's happened now," Hardesty bade. "I got some business outside."

Fayette gasped. "But, Sergeant!" he protested.

"I'll be back. Stick around, all of you," Hardesty said.

He went out unhurriedly. It was nearing nine o'clock, and the shutters which had been fastened at dusk showed few chinks of light. Even upon the night of its first great mystery, *Maison-l'Eveque* could not remain awake too late. Opposite the salvage warehouse, a half dozen dwellings, all small and huddled close together, faced the street. To the right, and on the same side, loomed the square stone front of the gendarmerie. Beyond, at the widening of the street into the irregular public square, *Hotel de France* looked cheerily from its windows, and the little *buvette*, where Walsh had last walked in public showed candle light through small, dim panes. Here, at least, some life was ling'ring.

Hardesty crossed the street slowly, examining the building fronts. He knocked at the first house, which was dark. He received no response after four loud summons. He tapped at the door of its neighbor. A reply favored him here, in the form of an ill humored voice from an upper window. No, thank the good God, said the voice, no shots had been heard. Hadn't there been enough disgrace for one day?

"Plenty," Hardesty answered.

The door of the third house opened immediately. An old woman in white lace cap held a lamp aloft and invited him in. She had something to tell.

She was the widow Murge, she explained, and she had heard the shot.

"A shot?" she repeated when the sergeant asked. Her speech was in the broad liquid patois of the Normandy hills, difficult for Hardesty to understand. "But certain, monsieur. It was at half after seven. Precisely. The village clock was not done striking."

"Whereabouts?" asked Hardesty.

"In the American office," the old lady said. "I sit often at my window after dark. There was a light across the street. The Americans never use their shutters. They like night air."

"Half after seven?" asked Hardesty. "Did you see anyone go in or come out?"

"Go in, no. Come out, yes. I think I was dozing, monsieur. The shot awakened me. I look across at that office. The light still was burning and I think that strange. They do not come to the office often in the evening, those Americans. I say I look across. The light went out . . . pff . . . and a man ran."

Hardesty stopped rattling the copper coins in his pocket.

"Who?"

"How do I know?"

"Tall or short?"

"Tall. So . . ." She raised both arms as far as she could reach above her head. "Very tall."

"Hm," commented Hardesty.

"You didn't recognize him?"

"*Non!*" She spoke emphatically.

"What then?" Hardesty insisted.

"That is all my old eyes saw."

"Thank you, madame," Hardesty said politely. "I may need you tomorrow. I'll call you if I do."

"My husband was a gentleman," the widow answered. "He has been forty years dead."

In the office of the salvage corps Hardesty found the four men waiting in uncomfortable attitudes. As if by common accord they were grouped near the door, as far as possible from the corner where the blood of the unfortunate Schmidt had soaked in an ugly spot on the floor. Three electric lights burned with uneven brilliance at the ends of wire hung from the roof beams. The air was heavy with the smell of leather.

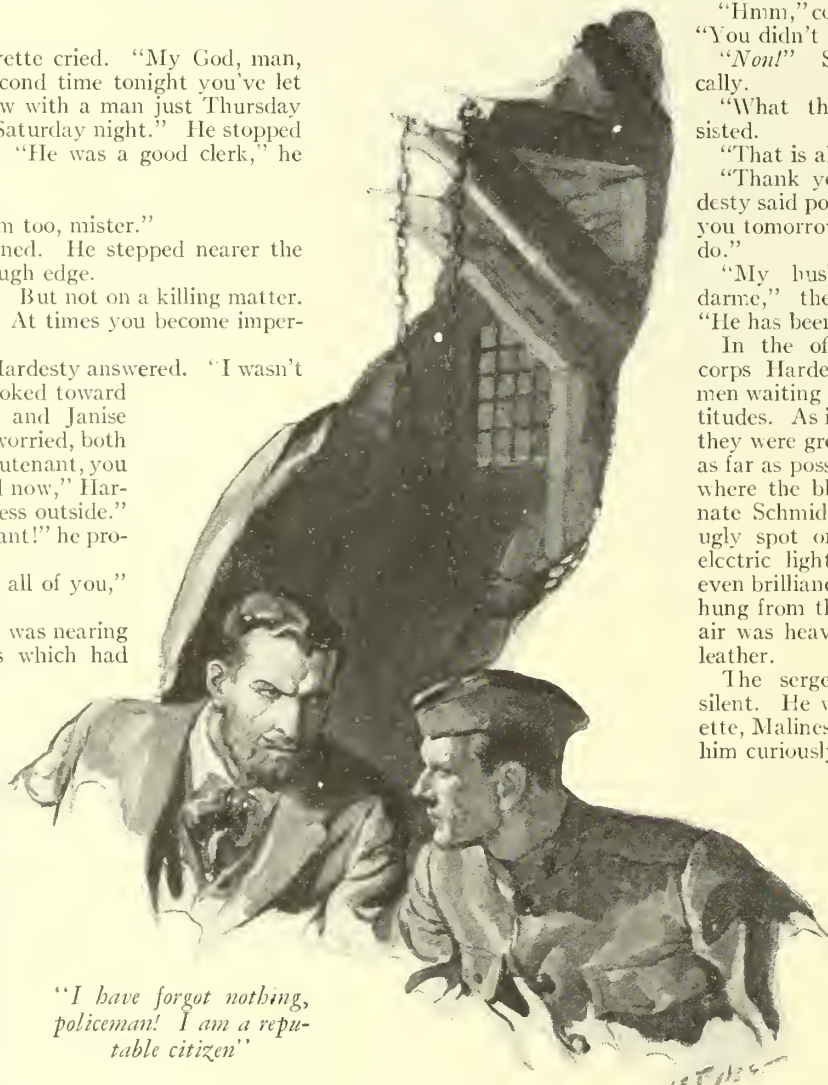
The sergeant purposely was silent. He was aware that Fayette, Malines and Janise watched him curiously as he drew a notebook from his

pocket and thumbed through its pages. Only the old brigadier was apathetic. Hardesty set down the name of the widow Murge, taking care that no one should see what he wrote. He snapped shut the book, restored it

to his pocket, and looked across sharply at Fayette.

"I'd like to speak to you outside, sir," he directed.

The officer leaped forward as if the command had been issued by a ranking major general. He followed the sergeant silently to the corner of the warehouse farthest from the office. There Hardesty fumbled with his flash lamp discovered an electric light, and stood with its globe in front of the other's eyes. When he spoke his voice was too low for the men in the office to hear.



"I have forgot nothing, policeman! I am a reputable citizen"



"The shot awakened me. I looked across at that office. The light went out, and a man ran out"

"I said when I started this that I wouldn't go calling anything evidence unless it was sure fire stuff."

Fayette nodded, and moistened his lips.

"I've let you talk, and all these others. It don't matter how much you listen to a guy if you don't believe him. Now I got some evidence. Two good chunks that the dumbest court in the world couldn't throw out. And I want you to know right now how I stand."

"How do you stand?" Fayette's face had lost its slight color. He tried to tighten his lips.

"I stand all set to make a haul, sir. I'm not ordering you to do anything. There's a mistake in the law that says you got to warn a guy that what he says will be used against him. You're warned, sir."

"You're talking to an officer, Sergeant!"

"Yes, and you're talking to a cop. I want to know where you were Thursday night."

For a moment Fayette did not speak. Then he said: "If I have to, I can explain anything I did Thursday night."

"It'll be worth explaining, sir."

"You mean you think I . . ."

Hardesty shrugged. "I ain't putting out anything, sir," he said. "Go on back to the office. Tell that frog Janise I want him."

The Frenchman came reluctantly. He picked his way gingerly among the bales of hide as if he never had touched leather in his life. Hardesty waited a moment before he spoke.

"I got some dope, mister," he said grimly. "I been checking up on your memory. It ain't very good. I'm giving you a chance to tell the stuff you forgot first time."

Janise bristled.

"I have forgot nothing, policeman! I am a reputable citizen. I remember, and have those who remember with me. You think I would harm my good friend the captain, who lives in my house? Two o'clock Thursday night I was not in this town, but with my cousin, Beaumorraine, at his place eight kilos away. We were all abed before midnight."

"If it wasn't for alibis," remarked the sergeant, "anybody could be a cop."

"I have witnesses."

"So have I," Hardesty answered. "Plenty of them. And a pocket full of good information. I'm not putting it out right now. That's all I want of you till next time. Send out Malines."

The mayor of Maison-l'Eveque walked off hurriedly across the warehouse. He was still irritated. He spoke first and his voice was loud.

"Come, what do you wish? I will not stay up all night!"

"Neither'll I," Hardesty answered. (Continued on page 58)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

The Second A. E. F.

WORDS and motion pictures cannot portray a soul. And so, mixed with the devout gratitude of The American Legion as it dwells in reflection upon its Paris convention, there must be a poignant regret that the folks here at home can never realize all that that convention meant to the Second A. E. F.—the men who went back to France and were overwhelmed by the same emotions which a grown man feels when he returns after hallowed years to the place of his birth and his youth.

General John J. Pershing on the opening day of the convention told the people of France that "The American Legion is not merely the outgrowth but the very soul of the A. E. F." He added:

Let me explain: an Army grows to have a personality as distinct as that of any human being—a personality composed of body, brain and soul. Of these, the immortal part is the soul, and fortunately the soul of the A. E. F. has passed into The American Legion.

The home of the A. E. F. was France. Ever since 1919 it has been longing to get back again and now it is here. The green fields smiled their welcome to us all the way from Cherbourg. We did not need the eloquent words of ministers or prefects, of generals or journalists. The earth, the sky, the song in our hearts told us more than any words could say. The old A. E. F. was back in France—back home!

How much of this spirit came back over the intervening ocean to the people of the United States? Do they realize the depth and sincerity of the emotion and sentiment that flowered in the meeting places of Paris, among the white crosses of Surènes and Belleau Wood and on the poppy-grown old battlefields? Or is our national cynicism so ingrown that as a people we are incapable of catching the vision of such sentiment and such emotion? And is The American Legion to realize pathetically the truism that the prophet is not without honor save in his own country? The Legion sensed the profound friendliness and hospitality of France and the French people, more powerful than words or actions. Has it made the people at home understand its meaning? Has it communicated to them even the shadow of its own feelings? If not, then the pilgrimage of the Second A. E. F. was partially in vain. Certainly it will leave those of the Legion who were there with a lasting feeling of frustration and disappointment—the feeling which any man has when he tries to impart something from his own soul and finds his powers inadequate to the task.

Over and over again it must be repeated to those who may not have understood what happened with the Second A. E. F. in France that the mutual expressions of exalted feeling—the expressions from the

hearts of both nations—were more than rhetoric. There was cheering everywhere, and it was not mere formal politeness and conventional hokum. Nobody of the Second A. E. F. felt that it was. Two nations met face to face and discovered that old ties were stronger still than either had ever imagined, and the portents of that meeting are hopeful not only to France and to the United States but to the whole world. In the whole Legion convention pilgrimage there was no vainglorious note, no trumpeting of false glory or metaphorical boasting of the conqueror, no painful excoriation of the enemy of ten years ago. The common ground of France and America at Paris was the common ground of humanity and the simple human virtues. And the Second A. E. F. surmised that, given an equal opportunity, it should discover in the veterans of other countries and the people of other countries the same virtues and common interests that it found again in the veterans of France and the people of France.

AS A matter of fact, the Second A. E. F. did discover first hand that France's feelings toward it were shared by the veterans and peoples of the other countries with whom we had been comrades in wartime. There was the official good will tour to Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Alsace-Lorraine and England, headed by Howard P. Savage, National Commander. The several hundred Legionnaires, representatives of all the States, who took part in this tour were impressed with the friendliness of all Europe. Thousands of other Legionnaires acquired this same impression on their own private good will tours—journeys not only to the French towns they had known in wartime, but also up and down and across the whole of Europe.

The American Legion Monthly expressed several months before the Second A. E. F. set sail the prophecy that when the Legionnaires marched under the Arc de Triomphe and down the Champs Elysées, the United States would see its own image reflected back across three thousand miles of ocean. Something is wrong if that prophecy did not come true. The American people never had more reason to feel proud of the Legion, that great cross section of itself, than during that historic march. And that march should have been the same revelation to the folks back home that it was to the citizens of Paris and all France. The Paris *Matin* commented on that parade:

It was not the Legion which the people of Paris saw march down the Champs Elysées yesterday. It was a whole people. For two hours our windows were opened on a horizon the immensity of which we had never dreamed.

This people is made up of all the races of the world, and all of them marched past before us, the



BACK HOME

Spaniards from Nevada and California, English from Connecticut and Massachusetts, Czechs from Illinois, French from Louisiana, Germans from Michigan and Wisconsin, Mexicans from Texas, Sioux Indians and the trappers from Nebraska.

These people are young. There was youth in their costumes, in their music, in their bands, in their new banners. There was youth in their step, in their bearing, in their faces. At the head of their procession marched symbolically a little fellow four years old.

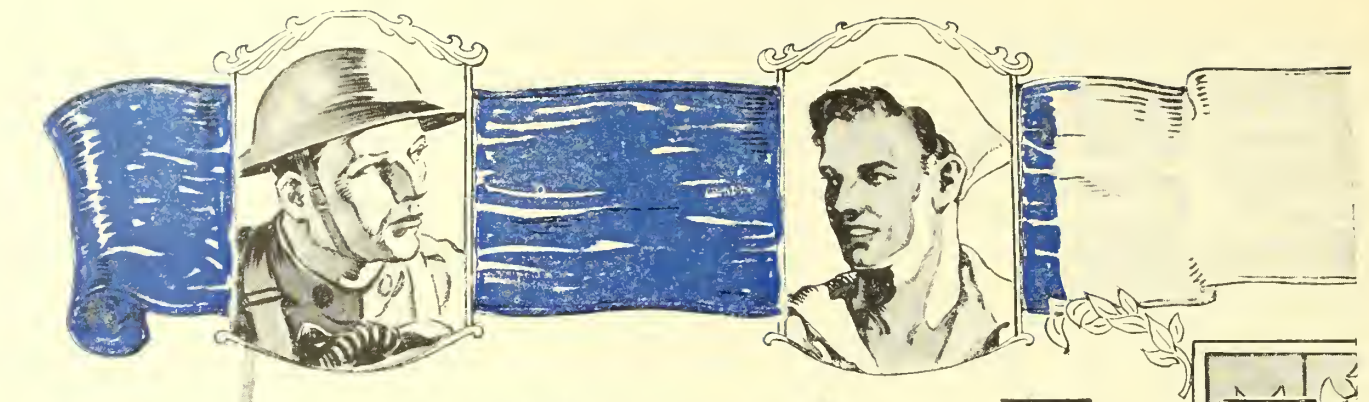
These people have order. There was not a second's confusion in their movements. They marched with precision, with natural discipline.

And these people love France. It was as a salute to our country that they came, and to throw flowers for remembrance on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Let us love those who love us. Let us salute those who have come from so far to salute us. It is

the future which we watched march past, the future which belongs to youth and to order.

This is what France saw as the Second A. E. F. marched in Paris. If the vision of it did not come clearly to those who stayed behind, the loss is theirs, for it is a vision which holds much hope for the world. "The future which belongs to youth and to order." Surely that realization will grow stronger, now that the Legion is back home once more, marching not before the people of France but before the people of the United States. This year, by mandate of the Paris convention, the Legion will set out to enroll as many as possible of the thousands of service men outside it who never have caught its spirit. The parade will go on—youth advancing to its heritage of the future—the Legion will march on from Paris with stronger steps through every city and town in its homeland.



The A. E. F.

By Philip Von Blon

Decoration



FOUR Americans detached themselves from the crowd that boiled in and out of the great doors of the Palais du Trocadéro and strolled down the pleasant avenue that bears the name of President Wilson. At the Place d'Iéna is a bronze George Washington astride a bronze horse. A little farther up the Avenue d'Iéna they passed the Place des Etats Unis. The whole neighborhood, in fact, is one to make a Yank feel at home. Benjamin Franklin felt at home there some years back when, as our first ambassador to friendly France, he took a little house in the Rue Singer and thereupon erected the first lightning rod in Europe. And somewhere in the vicinity today is a thoroughfare commemoratively called Franklin Street.

From the Place des Etats Unis one gets a more artistic impression of the Trocadéro than is available closer up. Distance bestows upon the lines of the twin minarets a grace and subtlety that is obscured by the weather-beaten gaudiness perceptible to the more intimate view.

Our four pedestrians, however, were not concerned with that point at the moment. The object of their walk lay in the opposite direction—a quiet little sidewalk café in a small street near the Etoile. It is a café unfamiliar to Americans as a general run, or for that matter to tourists of any breed. The four sat down and obtained from the garçon a light lunch and four very satisfying glasses of beer.

The hour was late and most of the tables were empty. An elderly Frenchman, however, lingered over his small coffee and copy of *Le Temps*.

His preoccupation seemed complete. But politeness, if nothing more, would have restrained the least evidence of curiosity concerning his neighbors at table. It was not necessary to observe that he read *Le Temps* to suppose him a person of substance and an old timer of the France of a generation that is fading. His clothes, his bearing and the cut of his white imperial announced a survivor of the diminishing school that in its time endowed Paris and Parisians with a distinction that lingers today more in tradition than in fact.

Presently the old Frenchman methodically folded his newspaper, and rose. Without the slightest hesitation he approached the Americans and lifting his hat inquired with apologies if any of them spoke French.

"I speak a little bit, monsieur," said one.

"I am glad," said he. "I am simply an old Parisian who would esteem it a pleasure to shake hands with each of you and welcome you to Paris."

The four Legionnaires dragged off their hats and hands were shaken around.

"This has been a great pleasure," the old Parisian said. "Au revoir, messieurs."

He raised his hat again and walked away drawing on his gloves.

The little incident was as genuine as it was simple. It was typical and therefore not very dramatic. But it gave the stamp of validity to incidents of a more spectacular character that the four Legionnaires and many thousands of others witnessed in Paris. It was typical of the spirit that caused the Stars and Stripes to fly from the very top of the Eiffel Tower—above even the flag of France—the first time such an honor had ever been accorded another nation.

Under the gilded dome of the amphitheatre of the Trocadéro Palace the President of the French Republic, M. Doumergue, gavel in hand, had given the sign that brought into being the Ninth National Convention of The American Legion. While the delegates gathered about the standards of every State and several foreign countries and the visitors, French and American, rose from their red plush seats to cheer, Pershing and Foch took their places on the stage beside National Commander Howard Savage, and stood surrounded by dignitaries of the French and United States governments and of the Legion.

The colors were advanced. Chaplain Wolfe asked the blessing of God upon the assemblage. The band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Marseillaise" and six thousand persons in the dazzling hall were on their feet again, the Americans shouting "Vive la France!" and the French shouting "Vive l'Amérique!" "Never before," said one of the Paris papers, "had France seen such



Comes HOME

and Marquis James

by V.E. Pyles

a picture." Greetings and messages were read that had come from both sides of the water—customary examples of ceremonial rhetoric. And then arose Legionnaire John J. Pershing to address, before the assembled multitude, M. Poincaré, wartime President and present Premier of the French Republic.

"The American Legion," he said, "has come home . . . The green fields smiled their welcome all the way from Cherbourg. We did not need the eloquent words of ministers or prefects or generals or journalists. The earth, the sky, the song in our hearts told us the old A. E. F. was back home . . . Ten years! It seems impossible."

France received twenty thousand members of The American Legion as she received those who came ten years ago—with open arms and open hearts. The Paris convention was worth the candle. The careful language of officialdom undershot the mark, if anything. The convention was worth the candle as a milestone in the pathway of international relations. It was worth the candle as a fine emotional experience, as a magnificent spectacle, a high adventure, a grand party and a sentimental journey to a land of memories that have been mellowing for ten years.

The twenty thousand crossed the sea again to meet a memory separated by ten years and an ocean. A hazardous experiment, that—going to meet face to face in the discriminating light of day something so fragile as an old recollection about which a world of wistful illusion has crept. But once or twice in a lifetime it works out all right. This happened to be one of those times.

The official sessions were held in the Trocadéro, but that wasn't the convention. Things happened all over Paris, but the sum total of everything that took place in Paris was not the convention. This convention, this pilgrimage, covered a good deal of the face of Europe. Paris was simply the focal point and crossroads for wanderings and experiences that took men from Sweden to Constantinople.

The men and women who crossed in 1917 and 1918 have not had much opportunity for foreign travel since. They have been getting restarted in life. Marrying and settling down and holding jobs and building homes and rearing babies. Money has not been one of their burdens, but every one of them has dreamed about going abroad, and this convention afforded an opportunity that might never come again. The homelands of ancestors and other places beckoned. Wherefore one found veterans and their wives sailing as many weeks or days ahead of the Paris festivities as circumstances allowed. England, Ireland and Scotland were thoroughly explored, and for several days before things began to hum in Paris a thousand Legionnaires a day were passing through London. In September the London-Paris air lines did the biggest business in their history. Belgium, Holland and Germany came in for their share of the sight-seeing. Italy is always a staple among tourist attractions and so it was with the Legionnaires, who also branched out among the castles in Spain and to ride on the funny little steamers that splash the blue Danube.

Inevitably they swung back to France with Paris as a base, where, after a preliminary reconnaissance, thousands made arrangements to stay longer than they had first intended.

It is the provinces of France that hold first claim on the memory of the ex-soldier. It is the provinces he knew rather than Paris, which existed in his mind as the magic goal of that marvelously elastic document, the Class C Three-Day Pass.

Into the provinces journeyed our pilgrims to revisit the old shrines. The old front, of course, held the most romantic appeal—this and the battered little villages behind the lines whither battle-weary regiments marched to "rest." It was not the luck, however, of every man who went over to serve on the front. Nearly half of the old A. E. F. constituted that marvel of Yankee ingenuity the Services of Supply. Tours, Bordeaux, Brest, Is-sur-Tille, Lyons and the rest mean France to them. And there they went to seek the old haunts and old friends. Time had worked the usual changes, but had played no favorites. If Mademoiselle Dubois had a husband and a youngster or two, so, doubtless, had ex-Corporal Brown acquired a wife in the interim, and probably had brought





There was music in the air all along the line of march. That line, by the way, stretched six miles through the streets of Paris—one of the longest promenades ever made by a Legion procession

her along. But they were all glad to see each other and talk of old times.

The French of the provinces were genuinely pleased by these attentions. That the Americans should forsake Paris to revisit the petite villages touched them deeply. Some had been apprehensive lest the allurements of the capital might prove too strong. The Mayor of little Obigny-au-Val in the Haute Marne sent a note to the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* asking if the editor "would be pleased to inform the visiting Americans that our small community has not forgotten them and that any visiting us will be embraced with a hospitality that proceeds from the hearts of those who remember their generous friends of other times." "The Jost family," another item said, "which lived at Nancy would like to meet again Lieutenant Freeman Leay, Co. B, 5th Machine Gun Battalion, who lodged with them. The Jost family now live at 14 Avenue de Paris, Versailles." The English language newspapers of Paris printed columns of such notices.

On the old battle front much was altered—but not the sentiments of the people. Chattering washwomen pounded clothes on the banks of a stream that Americans had forded under machine-gun fire. A girl milked cows at dusk behind the rebuilt stone enclosure of a barnyard that Yanks had stormed and taken over the bodies of German dead. A Frenchman with one arm steered a plow along a slope of Montfaucon. Village after village that was to the pilgrims simply so many heaps of stones in a blasted desert has been recreated—new and spruce and confusing.

Château-Thierry bears few marks of the struggle that turned the tide of the last German effort. Soissons and Cantigny have risen from the ground. New towns flourish where the A. E. F. knew the shattered ghosts of Vaux and Torcy. In Lucy-le-Bocage the church is still a ruin with the lifeless hands of the tower clock fixed at thirteen minutes to two. One part only of Belleau Wood bears

any relation to the past. This tangle of small growth is the sanctuary of fifty Marines whose bodies were never found. The terrible disfigurement of the Argonne has nearly all been effaced. And soon over the broken line where Americans fought from Belgium to Alsace.

Back to this transformed land of great yesterdays went the veterans and here and there a father or a mother or a daughter or a son of one who sleeps in one of the magnificent American military cemeteries. Two girls from Detroit, each nineteen, went to Fismes. With the aid of Legionnaires who knew the ground of old they found the spots where their fathers, one leading a battalion and one a company of the 125th Infantry, had fallen in battle.

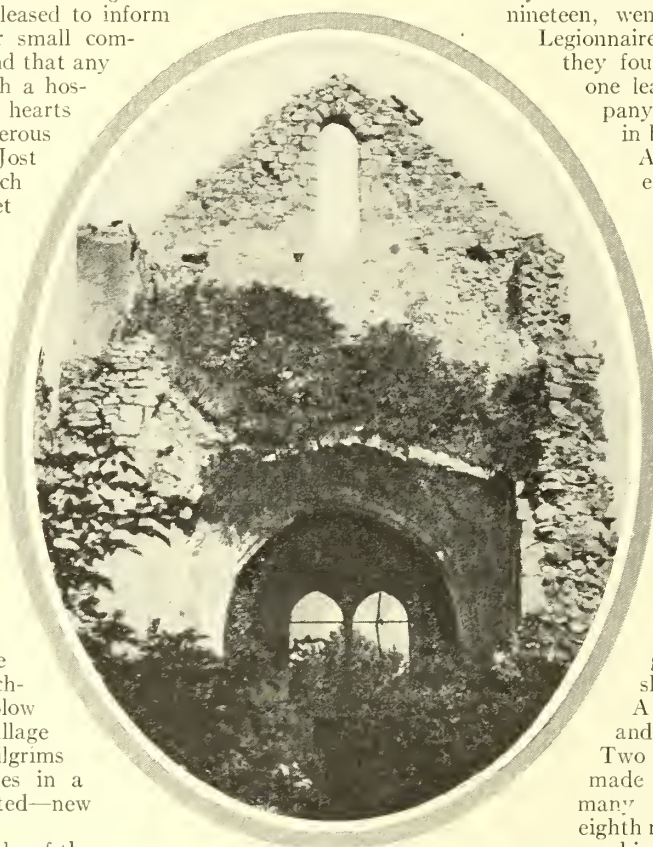
A woman in black moved along the eastern slope of Belleau hill, kneeling first beside one white stone and then another. Each cross at which she paused to pray bore a similar inscription. "Here Lies in Eternal Glory an American Soldier Known But to God."

Then she sought the keeper of the cemetery.

"Please do not ask me my name," she said. "I am simply the mother of Private Joseph H. Murphy. His comrades say he is here among the unknown. I brought with me a little bag of Pennsylvania earth from the yard of our home where Joe used to play. I sprinkled some of it on each of the unknown graves so that Joe would get his share."

A delegation of First Division men and their families went to Cantigny.

Two hundred members of the Second made the advance on Soissons again. As many Pennsylvanians of the Twenty-eighth retraced the swath they cut through machine-gun nests in the drive from the Marne to the Vesle. The veterans of New England's Twenty-sixth got reacquainted with what was once familiar ground. Nine expertly routed tours by train and motor, leaving Paris daily, awaited the choice of any veteran bound for the front. Every tour was booked to capacity days in advance of starting. Thousands went on



Not far above the rows of crosses in the Aisne-Marne American cemetery, visited by hundreds of convention guests, stands the ruined church of Seringes. Not enough francs have flowed back into the village to enable the inhabitants to rebuild it



The Avenue des Champs Elysées was built for parades and the Legion made the most of the opportunity. More than thirty bands helped to put pep in the step

their own in small groups or singly, trudging in the reminiscent rain many a kilometre on foot and lodging wherever night found them. And it always found them among friends.

Four Georgians set out for Pont-à-Mousson by train, fell to talking with some Frenchmen who were riding in the same compartment, and were almost carried past their destination. It was one o'clock in the morning when they dropped off at Pont-à-Mousson and everyone in town was in bed. There was not a light burning. The four picked their way along a dark street and finally knocked doubtfully at the door of a good-sized house in the hope of getting information about sleeping quarters. The head of the household appeared holding a candle. It was obvious that he had just been awakened. The Americans made their best apologies and explained who they were and why they had come. When he grasped the situation the gentleman with the candle almost set fire to his night shirt.

"Messieurs, messieurs, you are welcome!"

He hustled into his clothes, provided refreshments and disappeared up the street to arouse the mayor. Two of the visitors were bedded down at the house where they had first called and the others were taken care of by other families.

At Lucy a Philadelphian found the barn in which he had once been in residence. "Ah, oui, oui!" Madame remembered the occasion. She escorted the ex-Marine to the loft. "Voici, monsieur! Un souvenir de guerre!" Madame pointed out a name scratched on a rafter with a bayonet. It was not the name of the visitor, but that of his best friend in the platoon upon whose grave the Philadelphian had



Harry Shomers of John J. Welch Post, Niagara Falls, New York, finds the grave of his brother, who was killed at Fismes in the summer of 1918. The body was not discovered until July, 1925. Identification was made possible through an Elks ring which his home lodge had given Clarence Shomers when he left for the war

just placed a wreath in Belleau Cemetery.

So they returned to the fields of remembrance.

But in the fulness of time all roads led to Paris, the city of a thousand personalities. The Paris the tourist knows is not the Paris the Parisian knows. The Paris of the American visitor is not the Paris of the British visitor. The Paris of the Left Bank is stranger to the Paris of the Right Bank, and so on—each a different aspect of the same thing. The Paris of dough-boy and gob memory, likewise, possesses an individuality of its own.

The average returned soldier's impression of Paris was a trifle fragmentary and fugitive, boiling down to a sort of composite glamor particulars of which were elusive. But not wanting entirely: for there was the Café de la Paix and the Boulevard des Italiens, there was the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde and the Etoile where the big arch is, and the Folies Bergère and Harry's American Bar and the Eiffel Tower, which no genuine Parisian has ever scaled and confessed it. With those old standbys in mind it was not too much trouble to etch in the connecting links. It was, in fact, fun to do it. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing but too much is a bore, leaving no room for the delight of discovery.

Paris was en fête to receive the Legion. The twelve-pointed Etoile was an ensemble of twinkling decorations which at night illuminated itself, as the French language has it. Beyond stretched the matchless vista of the Champs Elysées—in the meek opinion of your correspondents the most civilized thoroughfare in the western world—flag-decked and festooned for the festival of reconnaissance.



French infantry leading the parade salute their unknown comrade where he rests beneath the Arc de Triomphe. Behind them came the Legion host. Only two processions have hitherto passed through this magnificent portal—the conquering Germans in 1871 and the conquering Allies in 1919

The Concorde, about whose beauty is something feminine, the Rue de Rivoli, the Avenue and the Place de l'Opéra—all in holiday get-up. That was the playground which the Legion made a swimming panorama of movement and sound and color by night and by day. The newspapers said Paris had not dressed up so lavishly since the Victory Parade on the Fourteenth of July, 1919.

This was the ninth annual reunion of the Legion, and the boys are learning how to do it. The badges and distinctive insignia of forty-eight States flashed on the breasts of revelling thousands. Thirty-odd bands made music and helped the Forty and Eight, the Eight and Forty and the Auxiliary ladies in their fetching blue capes with yellow lining to enhance the profusion of the color scheme. The Iowa corn song, the Pennsylvania Keystone song, Montana's Powder River yell, the Texas roundelay concerning the decline of the Old Gray Mare and sundry miscellany, a fragment here and a fragment there, echoed on the boulevards of Paris. North Carolina sprung a new one—new to a Legion convention, that is!

*I'm a Tar Heel born,
I'm a Tar Heel bred,
And when I die
I'll be a Tar Heel dead.
Roll on C'lina-lina
Roll on C'lina-lina . . .*

The C'lina boys had durable voices and were able to make a good impression on the critical patrons of the Café de la Paix for two nights hand running. The next night, however, the accordion and slip-horn team from California walked away with the show. Those troubadours were good. Had the orchestra leaders of the incandescent shindigeries of



Buddies—Foch and Pershing at Saëresnes Cemetery

Montmartre clubbed together and induced them to part with their secret of playing "Hallelujah" it would be possible to spread upon the record another achievement of the convention in the realm of unofficial diplomacy. But as matters stand a complaint to the State Department is almost in order.

"Madelon" and "Made-moiselle from Armentières" glided from the shadows to enliven the bantering crowds that nightly took over the Place de l'Opéra and the Concorde or observed the manufacture of synthetic wickedness for the out-of-town trade in the tinted pavilions of Montmartre. It was fun to mix with the crowd for a while and then with a congenial group that chance had thrown together slip away, under the guidance of a French comrade perhaps, to a quiet place on a quiet street where the food and wine were good and inexpensive, and talk and talk and talk. When the hour grew late they would put heads together and sing "The Long, Long Trail" and "The Sunshine of Your Smile." Nothing like the words of



From sidewalks, windows, balconies and roofs all Paris watched the parading Legionnaires. French veterans accompanied every unit in the procession. This view was taken looking up the Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris's closest approximation to Main Street, with the Opéra itself in the distance

an old song to carry one back to the days of "remember when."

But the Parisians—what did they think of these carryings on, so different from the usual fare.

At first, to tell the truth, they did not think very far beyond the amenities one way or another. So many more tourists in Paris—and what of it? Your Parisian is a self-contained hombre. He takes his tourists impersonally, pretty much as he does the weather, which is often nothing extra. But your Parisian is courteous. He understands his responsibilities as host. He was willing, in this instance, to chip in right liberally to put Paris in her party dress for the occasion. He approved of the traditional gestures of welcome and friendship that emanated from official quarters. He desired that the forms of etiquette to visitors be correctly complied with and saw to it in advance that this should be done.

After that he wanted to stroll quietly along the boulevards and observe the result because, for all of his air of detachment, your Parisian has a lively interest in everything that happens in his city. And so by the thousands the Parisians left their homes and customary evening haunts to walk about and watch the Legionnaires enjoy themselves. The

Legionnaires were enjoying themselves, and there is nothing so contagious as that and nothing so pleasing to a host.

Some nights there must have been half a million Parisians on the streets. At first they simply looked on, but as America warmed up they warmed up. They joined Yankee groups. They did their best with "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and were a real help with "Voilà du Bon Fromage." They made it their party as well as America's.

There is a Parisian lady's word for it, given at the Café de la Paix, that there has been no such fraternizing of Parisians with outsiders since the unforgettable fête of the Armistice.

At a remote corner table a man sat alone smoking a pipe and musing over the panorama before him.

"Ten years," he said to a friendly American who took a place beside him, "have indeed brought great changes."

The speaker's English was faultlessly foreign. The American asked if he had been in the war.

"Yes," he said, and after a few moments' reflection: "I was an artillery captain in the German army."

The taxicab drivers and the waiters of Paris enjoy reputations as frank (pun accidental) materialists that are not in



Montana does its stuff along the Rue de Rivoli



all cases carelessly bestowed. Yet when two Legionnaires hailed a cab to go some place that was only three blocks away the driver protested that it was too short a distance to ride. The Americans did not understand. So the driver parked his cab and taking the potential fares by the arms piloted them on foot to the place they wanted to go. "Je suis aussi ancien combattant," he said slowly, as he indicated the little ribbon of the Croix de Guerre on the lapel of his coat. Whereupon three old soldiers sat down and had a drink together.

At the Princess Hotel a waiter refused a tip of a hundred francs covering his services at table for the duration of the convention. Like most waiters, he knew English. "I must do what I can to make this occasion like it was ten years ago when one comrade helped another when he could without thought of personal reward." When Past National Commander Jim Drain heard of the incident he wrote a letter about it to the management of the hotel.

In Paris as in the provinces it came out that the French like American ex-soldiers, which was more agreeable to know than anything that could have happened and started the talk of a return trip in 1937.

The formal functions were numerous and brilliant. The French government led off with a great banquet to Commander Savage, Pershing and the Legion notables generally. President Doumergue presided. The Legion came back with a high-powered spread for M. Doumergue, Marshal Foch and the rest of exalted French officialdom. The French veterans entertained; the French government gave a ball to the Auxiliary; Pershing held an at home; Paris Post of the Legion did itself proud at a dozen affairs; the Auxiliary's States Dinner surpassed all tradition, and so on.

Anywhere in France. This particular spot, however, happens to be Fere-en-Tardenois. The placid little river has made a name for itself in history. It is called the Ourcq

This end of the program was concluded with a dazzling ball by the French government at the Opéra which three thousand people attended. It was the sort of thing that society reporters even in Paris fall into swoons about.

The great outdoor event was the parade, for which France officially proclaimed a national holiday. It differed from Legion parades of other years which have come to reflect the light as well as the serious side of a veterans' reunion. There was color and there was sentiment, but nothing of levity in the procession, for the marching column passed under the Arc de Triomphe where the Unknown Soldier lies.

To explain the overwhelming emotional appeal of this sepulchre would be to explain what has not been satisfactorily explained by anyone. It would be to clarify the riddles of life and death. The great arch, raised to the memory of one who knew mortal fame as well as any man who ever lived, forms the center of the spacious Etoile, whose radiating streets bear the names of Napoleon's battles. It stands on an elevation, so that looking through it one perceives only the sky. A portion of the threshold of this doorless portal to Nowhere is formed by a slab of granite with the carving "Ici Repose Un Soldat Français Mort Pour La Patrie."

To perform a rite that is essentially religious thither repairs all the world that comes to Paris. Things unknown are approached only through faith. We do not know, but we believe. It is this instinct to accept on faith that enables one to stand on earthly clay and to touch with his finger tips the infinite. Such is the attraction of this tangible symbol of the universal yearning that those who perish for causes in which we have faith do not perish really.



National Commander Spafford and the five national Vice-Commanders: Dan Spurlock of Louisiana, J. M. Henry of Minnesota, Commander Spafford, Ralph P. O'Neil of Kansas, John T. Raftis of Washington, Paul R. Yountz of North Carolina

The first act of Commander Savage on arriving in Paris was to lay the Legion's tribute at the feet of the Unknown and to rekindle the eternal flame that burns over the simple tomb. At one time or another every Legionnaire who went to France stood beside that slab in an attitude of reverence. At three in the morning a solitary visitor skirting the Etoile en route to his hotel is carried, by some attraction superior to his will to get to bed, quite a piece out of his course that he may walk beneath the arch. Two gendarmes saunter on post, their rakish capes flapping against their knees. The eternal fire, blown by the same night air, makes the policemen's shadows dance on the walls of the arch. The tomb is a mound of flowers. The solitary visitor stands bareheaded. He removes the buttonhole bouquet a girl had sold him on the boulevard and adds it to the mound which a little later is carted away to make room for the fresher offerings of the day about to dawn.

Thirteen thousand marched in the parade. The divisions formed about the statue of Washington in the Place d'Iéna and passed by way of the Avenue d'Iéna to the Etoile, and thence under the arch. It was the first time in history that a marching procession of civilians had been thus privileged. As each state delegation passed the tomb a tribute of remembrance was dropped.

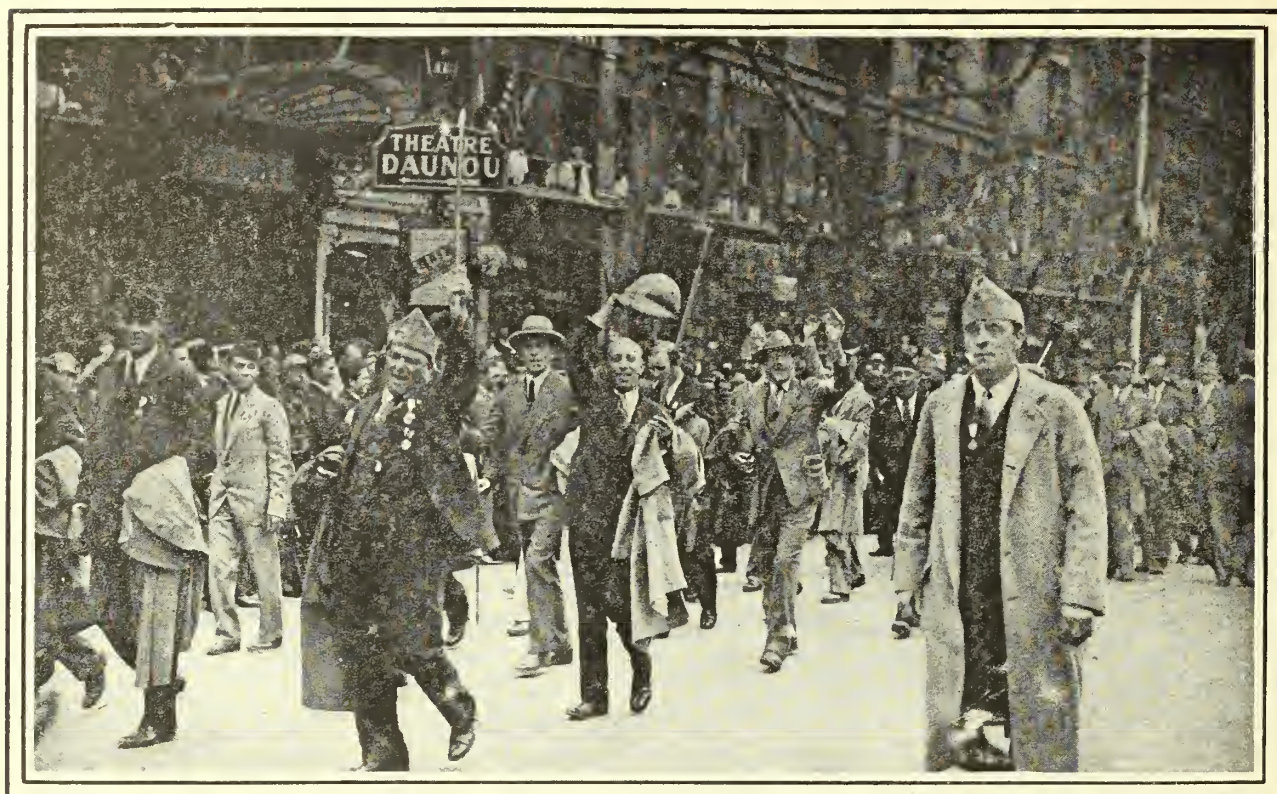
The column was led by Commander Savage, Marshal Foch and General Pershing. The Florida contingent came next, with four bands and drum corps, each more colorfully caparisoned than the other. Down the Champs Elysées to the Concorde, which was a sea of people, the pageant moved; thence up the Rue Royale and the Boulevard des Capucines, down the Avenue de l'Opéra, and out the Rue de Rivoli to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Along these streets the population of half of Paris gathered. They pressed ten deep against the lines of French infantry that formed a stationary guard of honor over the route. They climbed lamp posts, sat on the tops of taxicabs, filled every window and perched like sparrows on cornices and roofs. The haute monde of the upper Champs Elysées were as eager as the artisans and the mininettes from the purlieus at the nether end of the route. Several Legion parades in the States have exhibited more of superficial variety, but none has been more enthusiastically received by the reviewers.

The procession took four hours to pass. The thirty-odd bands the Legion had brought over played the old-time favorites, French and American. French veterans marched with every



Edward E. Spafford of New York, National Commander of The American Legion

delegation and carried their tricolor beside the Stars and Stripes. The Arizonans touched up their civilian rigs with red bandannas and Montana presented some full-fledged cowboy costumes. Iowa carried her tall corn as usual; California added a touch of color with Spanish costumes and each marcher carried the state flag with the bear emblem. The Zouaves drill team from Jackson, Michigan, made a great hit, but what seemed to interest the French most were eight Osage Indians, in their brilliant tribal robes, who led the Oklahoma procession. The ladies made the grandest showing of any parade—the nurses and yeomen (f) and the Auxiliaries with their striking uniforms. Pennsylvania had the largest division in line—more than a thousand—with Helen Fairchild Post of nurses and Yeomen (f) Post to give tone to it.



Those who recalled the Paris of November 11, 1918, when the sidewalks simply couldn't hold the crowds, found the scene duplicated during convention week

Jane A. Delano Post and La Fayette Post of New York City policemen, the Kansans with their sunflowers, Maine in green pine-tree coats and North Carolina's Tar Heel song contributed to France's education in Americana.

Four hours of this and Paris went home a trifle late for dinner, but having had a good time and having obtained a new appreciation of the fact that the ideals of 1917 are still a force in American life.

There were those who predicted that it would be hard to hold a business session of The American Legion in Paris. They feared that delegates would rather sit at a table in front of the Café de la Paix than in one of the crowded committee rooms in which Legion problems each year are debated and analyzed and finally framed into resolutions to be submitted to the convention as a whole. They feared that Paris offered so many diversions, so many outside attractions, that delegates would not be in their seats on the convention floor to vote when the sessions should be held to decide Legion policies for the new year. And they feared, furthermore, that even if a quorum should be present at each business session of the convention, there would not be the same searching and critical interest in the proceedings which has always marked the sessions of the Legion's national congress in other years and that voting would be perfunctory.

All such forebodings were forgotten after National Commander Savage called the convention to order on the first day. At that moment it was apparent that the Legion's congress would

be as colorful, as interest-compelling, as any held in any other year. The auditorium of the Trocadéro was unmistakably a legislative chamber. Between the speeches which rang with the expression of France's regard for America and of America's devotion to France, National Commander Savage introduced to the convention the chairmen of the committees charged with the responsibility of setting up the machinery for the transaction of the Legion's business.

There appeared the spokesmen for committee on credentials and the committee on procedure. The appointments of delegates from each State to serve on the convention committees were announced. So while the spectators in the tiers of balconies were being impressed by the drama of the occasion and stirred

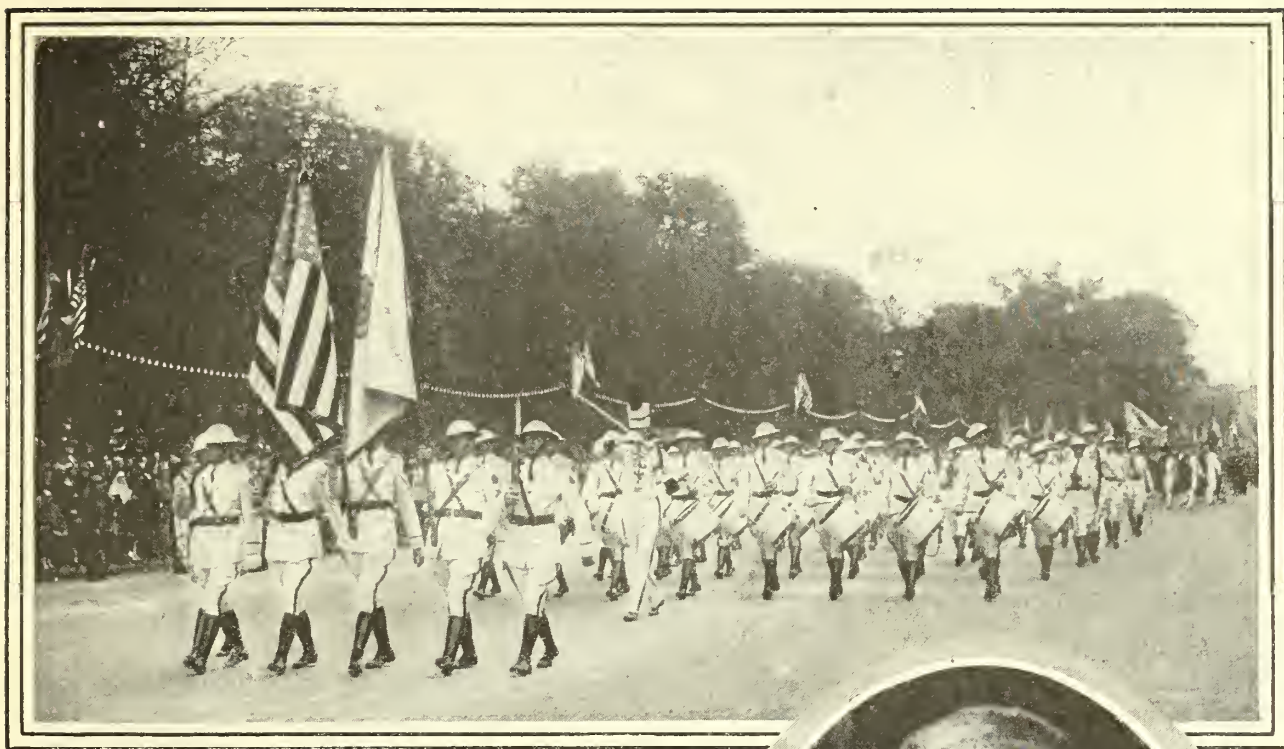
by the music of bands and drum corps, experts in all departments were preparing quietly to do the Legion's real work. They knew that while some, attending the convention without responsibilities, might find time to see all of Paris's glories, upon others rested the task of charting the Legion's course for 1928 in the unspectacular rooms provided for them in an adjacent school building. They knew that while



General Gouraud, General Pershing, Captain René L'Hopital, National President Adalin Wright Macauley of the Auxiliary, Past National Commander Milton J. Foreman, National Commander Howard P. Savage and Marshal Foch snapped together outside the Trocadéro

others were sightseeing and making the rounds of the ceremonials, they, as members of the dozen convention committees, would be spending many hours of the days and, in many cases, hours of nights devoting to the Legion's problems as much study and care as if those problems were concerned with their private business affairs.

If there was less business transacted at Paris than in preceding



Colorful uniforms, hundreds of flags, bands and drum corps in such quantity that the music overlapped, thousands of "Vive la Frances!" and other thousands of echoing "Vive l'Amérique!"—that was the parade

national conventions, it was not because delegates did not give to Legion problems the same attention given in other years, but rather because the Legion went to Paris with its affairs in such good shape, its policies so well formulated and understood that prolonged debate and voluminous reports were not in order. But an examination of the Paris convention's record proves that, despite the fact that the convention lasted but four days and that the first day necessarily was largely given to ceremonies, the delegates at Paris registered many decisions which are bound to be important in Legion history.

And, just as the convention of the Legion itself was thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of all previous conventions, so were the other national conventions held in Paris—the conventions of The American Legion Auxiliary, La Société des 8 Chevaux, and La Société des 8 Chapeaux et 40 Femmes. The Convention of the Auxiliary was held in the magnificent ballroom of the Hotel Continental on the Rue de Rivoli. The Forty and Eight held its sessions in the ballroom of the beautiful Hotel Palais d'Orsay overlooking the Seine, a hotel owned by the French government and adjoining the famed building of the Palais d'Orsay where France's foreign policies are determined. The Auxiliary's jollification branch, the Eight and Forty—incidentally given official recognition by the Auxiliary for the first time at Paris—met at both the Hotel Continental and the Hotel Palais d'Orsay.

It was fortunate that Paris taxi-cab fares were cheap, because delegates and others with affairs requiring their appearance at one or more of the conventions were constantly dashing back and forth among the meeting places, stopping now and then at the huge temporary building erected specially for the handling of the convention crowds along the Cours-la-Reine, on the banks of the Seine.

French citizens who witnessed the sessions of the Legion and its companion organizations marveled at the

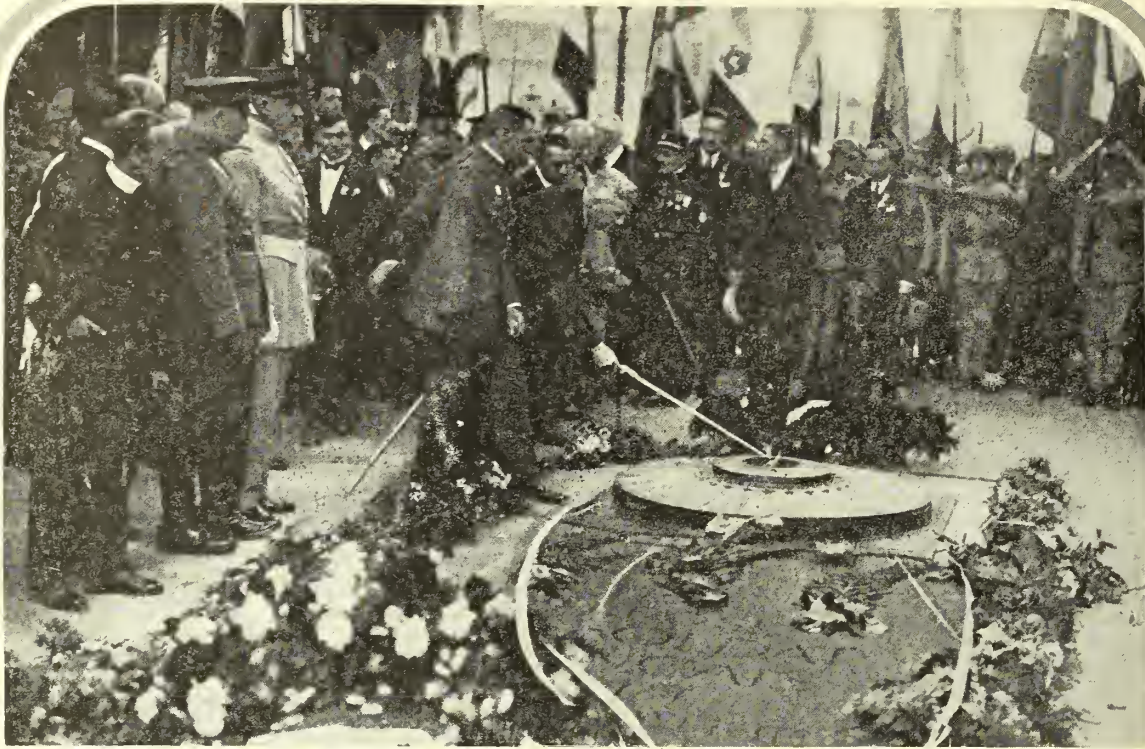


National Commander Savage had to make more speeches than any Legion chief was ever called on to deliver before



Mrs. Irene McIntyre Walbridge of Peterboro, New Hampshire, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary

methods by which they were conducted. To the men and women of France alike, accustomed to a more leisurely way of doing things, the sight of the gavel-wielding chairmen of the Legion bodies was fascinating. So was the spectacle of gorgeous bands parading through halls and across platforms. To some it must have seemed like a queer American game, this convention procedure, and they must have found it worth seeing, because the galleries were usually well-filled at all sessions. Particularly interesting to the French spectators must have been such moments as those following the election of Edward E. Spafford of New York as National Commander for the new year, when, true to Legion custom, all delegates



"Here rests a French soldier who died for La Patrie"—National Commander Savage relighting the flame at the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier

cheered and paraded to the platform, bands played and huge spotlights sputtered from the rim of the balconies to light the stage for the hosts of motion picture photographers and still cameramen. It must have seemed to French spectators typically American when National Commander Spafford was hoisted to the shoulders of Legionnaires and when he shared the spotlights' glare in his moment of triumph with six-year-old Jay Ward of Pennsylvania, adopted by convention vote as mascot of the Second A. E. F.

But what may not have been apparent to the French spectators was the real importance of the series of resolutions which were submitted to the convention during three days and adopted, often after fiery debate and frequently with changes demanded by delegates from the floor. It is those resolutions and convention actions which made the Paris convention what every convention of the Legion has been—the chart for a new year of activity and service.

Some of the most important actions of the convention were the following:

The adoption of a series of reports emphasizing the Legion's demand for an adequate governmental program for development of aeronautics and particularly urging the creation of a separate department of aeronautics, independent of and co-equal with the War and Navy departments and headed by a cabinet secretary.

A declaration against further reduction of the Navy and for the maintenance of the 5-5-3 ratio of naval strength among the

United States, Great Britain and Japan, coupled with a warning that the mere fact of negotiations between the United States Government and other governments looking toward naval reductions does not justify actual reductions in the absence of definite agreements with other powers. Especial interest is given to this stand by the fact that National Commander Edward E. Spafford for several years was head of the Legion's Naval Affairs Committee which steadfastly opposed indiscriminate and hasty naval reduction plans inspired by Congressional economy and extreme pacifistic leaders.

A reiteration of the Legion's policy of maintaining the Regular Army in unimpaired strength and efficiency, the further development of the Organized Reserve and the National Guard and

particularly of maintaining to the fullest degree the Citizens' Military Training Camps and the system of military instruction in schools and colleges.

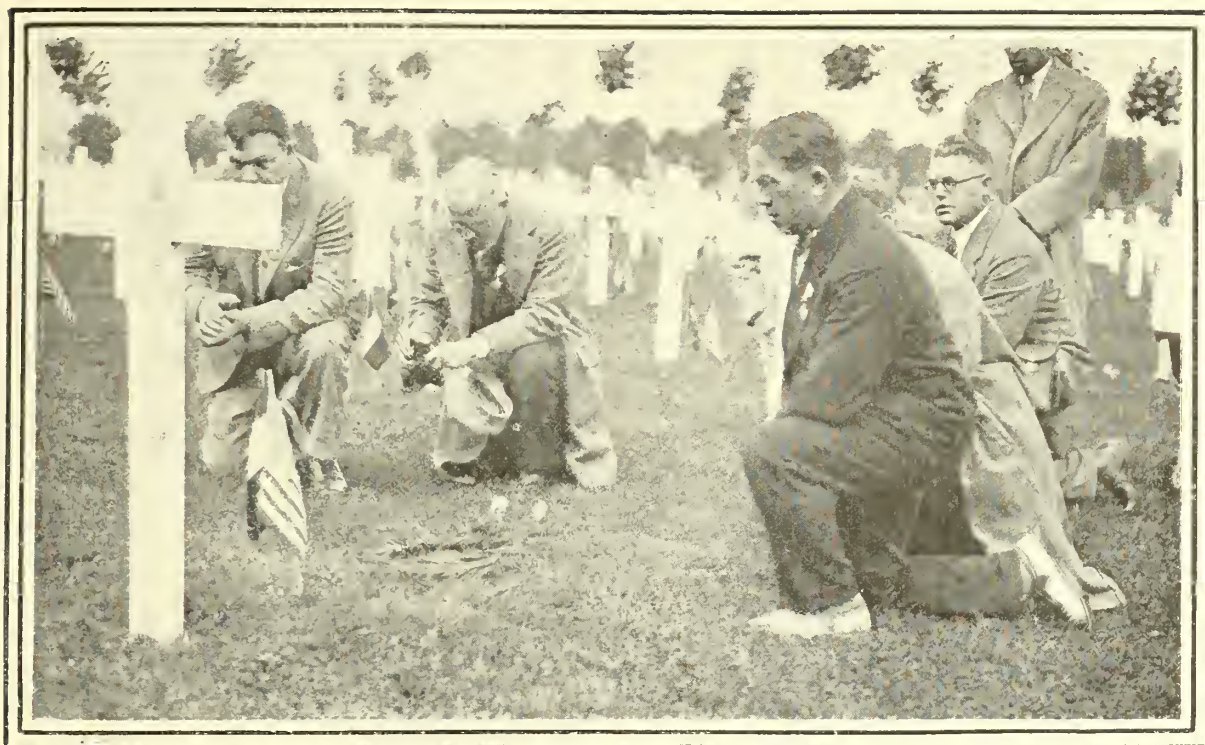
A declaration for "a sane extension of international understanding and good will," based on frank appreciation of the benefits of normal nationalism, but with "all possible mutual disarmament and avoidance of the causes of war" and with a neighborly

and tolerant attitude governing international relations. This program was urged as a chief objective of the Legion in the coming year.

An appeal to all Legionnaires to participate in all non-partisan activities for the good of the community and to maintain a watchful vigilance educationally, economically and politically in



The Tiger emerges from the cage of retirement to greet the Legion. Grouped about M. Clemenceau are National Commander Spafford, National Commander Savage, Chef de Chemin de Fer Charles A. Mills of the Forty and Eight, and General Pershing



The objective

order that our liberty may be preserved and that all citizens may be equal before the law. Exercise of the vote in an intelligent spirit was urged upon all members.

An appeal to all posts to undertake in the coming year some definite plan of public betterment in keeping with the needs of each community.

The formulation of a definite plan for the future operation of the Legion's child welfare activities, based on the discontinuance of support for the two existing children's billets on January 1, 1928, concentration of efforts for home aid, the extension of needed post and department child welfare agencies and the enactment of state legislation protecting the rights of children.

The fixing of the national per capita assessment at \$1.25 a year, an increase of twenty-five cents. This action was subsequently rescinded at the ratification convention held in New York, pending a study of the problems involved.

The approval of San Antonio, Texas, as the city in which the Legion's 1928 national convention will be held.

The request that the new National Commander work out a plan to bring about, as a primary Legion program for the coming year, an additional increase in Legion membership, to continue the gains made in the two preceding years.

The approval of the report of The American Legion Endowment Fund presented by Past National Commander James A. Drain, which showed that the five-million-dollar fund is now insuring continuance with undiminished effort of Legion activities on behalf of the disabled man and the orphaned and needy



Mme. Rose Guerber is once more at home in Coupru, which was headquarters of the 23d Infantry, Second Division, during the Château-Thierry drive. The ceiling of madame's bedroom shows a white patch where Signal Corps wires ran through it for quite a considerable time some ten years ago. With her are her grandchildren, Suzanne, eight, and Paulette Dupont, eleven

children of veterans of the war.

The reiteration of the Legion's previous declarations in favor of a universal draft act to provide for government mobilization of industry and labor as well as of fighting men in case of war.

A reaffirmation of the Legion's plea for the enactment of the Disabled Emergency Officers' Retirement Bill, to give disabled emergency army officers the same retirement rights enjoyed by all other classes of officers who served in the World War.

A recommendation that the Legion, as a major legislative activity, seek to induce Congress to provide relief for flood sufferers and Federal measures to prevent recurrence of flood disasters.

A declaration against modification of the existing immigration laws and particularly against proposals to increase the number of annual admissions under the system providing annual quotas for each nationality.

A request that Congress extend for another year the Tilson Law to permit the return to the United States of American veterans of the World War living abroad and now unable to return because the time limit set for their return in the original Tilson Law has expired.

The adoption of an extended list of recommendations for new national legislation, particularly for measures affecting the interests of disabled men in and out of hospitals and of widows, mothers and children of deceased service men now deprived of benefits under the Adjusted Compensation Law and other laws.

The advocacy of needed hospital construction, especially new buildings for hospitals caring for service



Drumbeats that stirred two nations—the spirit of the Legion takes tangible form along the Avenue des Champs Elysées. The Arc de Triomphe is in the background



The new chief of the Forty and Eight: Pelham St. George Bissell of New York. Right, the new national chaplain, Rev. Gill Robb Wilson of New Jersey



men suffering from nervous and mental disabilities.

The election of Edward E. Spafford of New York as National Commander by the clearly unanimous vote of the whole convention afforded new proof of the Legion's big family spirit and its recognition of consistent Legion service. So well known was Mr. Spafford's Legion record that Albert Cox of North Carolina, who nominated him, made one of the shortest nominating speeches ever heard upon the floor of a Legion convention. Then when Ferre C. Watkins, retiring Commander of the Department of Illinois, moved that a unanimous ballot be cast for Mr. Spafford, the whole convention broke into cheering and applause, a demonstration that was spontaneous and dramatic. As National Commander Spafford was escorted to the platform the demonstration redoubled.

"No honor has ever come to anyone that is greater than that which you have given to me today," declared Mr. Spafford. "I realize what that means. It means a year of the hardest kind

of work that it is possible for a human being to give. To you I make this promise: I promise you that every one of the twenty-four hours will be devoted to Legion service. In this city, which is the birthplace of The American Legion, we have another thing to do. Right here we must rededicate ourselves to service, and when we return to America let us carry out the resolutions which were passed today, each and every one of us, and let us

try to do everything we can at all times to further the program of The American Legion. I will do all that I can to try to keep up the wonderful work and to maintain the wonderful position which Howard Savage has set for me to maintain.

"I came to France, as far as the French people knew, an unknown person. The treatment which I have received was, therefore, the treatment which must have been accorded to every Legionnaire in the ranks of our organization. As we marched through the streets of Paris on Monday, each and every one of us learned what was in the hearts of the people of Paris. As I journeyed through the war areas, I knew what was in the hearts of the people of France. I know their love for us, and I know that our love for them is not less than theirs for us, and as we return to our homes let us dedicate ourselves also to fostering a feeling of friendship and love and admiration for the French people, and may I not take this occasion in my poor French to try to send a message through this loud speaker to the French people."

Commander Spafford then spoke into the microphone, and his words in French were carried by radio throughout France.

The convention elected as National Vice Commanders the following: James T. Raftis of Washington; Ralph T. O'Neil of Kansas; Paul R. Yountz of North Carolina; Dan Spurlock of Louisiana, and J. M. Henry of Minnesota. It elected as National Chaplain Rev. Gill Robb Wilson of Trenton, New Jersey, who served as an aviator in the Lafayette Escadrille before the United States entered the World War and in the United States Air Service later. He was wounded during an air battle. He has been chaplain of the West Virginia and (Continued on page 66)

A PERSONAL VIEW

by

Frederick Palmer

AS ONE WHO saw the Convention from this side—I was kept at home by the grave illness of my mother—every morning when I read the newspaper, I was chanting “I told you so” at the expense of the prophets of gloom. The constituency of 690,000 at home rejoiced in the way that our 20,000 delegates who went to Paris represented us before the eyes of the world. It was the next best thing to being there.

“I Told You So”

THE 20,000 REPRESENTED not only the Legion but all America. It was this that worried sad prophets who said if you let a lot of veterans loose in Paris they would make it a rough liberty party. The prophets, who had never seen one, had the idea that this was the way of a Legion convention; that veterans were bound to act this way. It would all mean more ill feeling when international relations were so ticklish. Woe, and alas!

For All America

AND THE SAD prophets were sure that, free from restraining Prohibition and on the loose in a wine drinking country, many of the veterans would make an inebriate spectacle before the eyes of the world. Some of the “old soak” tourists in Paris, however, concluded the Legionnaires did not act like real tough old soldiers at all. Only the old soaks and some of the stubborn prophets were not pleased.

Fooling the Prophets

THE LEGIONNAIRES BROUGHT their wine with them. It was the wine that set good feeling aglow; the wine of a vintage that was laid down ten years ago.

The Wine That Was Served

Here were the same men who had been in tin hats and khaki, drab, grim, marching over French roads to fight in common cause with France. To think of them as they were then was to think of the military power of America, an America resolute and commanding. And now the French saw them humanly as citizens. They saw them with their women folk, saw them as individuals, as groups, heard their colorful bands, saw them marching gayly and enjoying themselves as light hearted guests.

And where the French had seen other tourists give battlefields a passing glimpse they saw the Legionnaires revisiting, with a veteran's feeling, the scenes where they had fought close to the soil of France. These Legion tourists “understood.” French memory of their part revived.

And France let them march under the Arc de Triomphe, and France of the 1,300,000 war dead saw them pay their

tribute to the Unknown Soldier. More she could offer to no guest. She had never allowed the privilege before to anyone except her returning victorious soldiers.

By that token France, in veteran kinship indeed, took us to her heart. It was the great moment of the visit. It had a transcendent dignity which lifts men in the spirit out of flesh.

For the Unknown Soldier is the real hero of the war, not any general; his silence holds a terrible, majestic message of democracy in ordeal, of the vast masses of soldiery who went to their death, of the folly of war, of humanity's greatness and weakness and of the fellowship of courage.

So, at least, I saw it from this side; and from a distance you sometimes see the whole in its true meaning free from detail.

ONE PROPHECY OF ALL of us who had ever been abroad came true. After my proud “I told you so” to the gloomy prophecies I might also say “I told you so” of my experience when I read that many of the Legionnaires had to send home for more money. It always happens that way when you make a travel burst at home or abroad. The rising franc was responsible for miscalculations.

It Was Always So

A PHRASE TOLD ALL. Through countless speeches and reams of writing we had waited for it. We have it after ten years in General Pershing's remark that the soul of the A. E. F. has gone into the Legion. When Pershing made war he made war to win, but ten years after the iron commander of victory he was just another human Legionnaire on a human occasion. He suggests we go again in ten years, and he will be with us, looking the man and soldier, even then not as old as Hindenburg is now.

The Soul of the A. E. F.

ON ONE IDEA the sad prophets held out to the end. They do so hate to have their gloomy forecasts mature in cheer laughing in their faces. When this was all that was left to solace them they said the French Reds were going to make trouble for the parading Americans at the last moment.

The Reds a Pale Pink

Our veterans were not the kind to stand interference. There would be a clash, broken heads, knifings, rioting, heavy work for the French police and government. Then the French people would be very sore at us for having brought them trouble.

But all the r-r-red, red talk of the Reds came to nothing. It left them the color of a pale washed out pink. France was strengthened against a danger (*Continued on page 64*)

THE LOST DELEGATE

How He Missed the Convention (Anyway This is His Story, and He's Going to Stick to It)

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

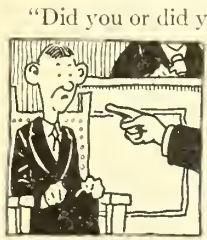
HOW IT'S DONE

"Lawyers won't break your will, eh? How do you know they won't?"
 "I left my money to be divided equally among all the lawyers in town."

SUPPRESSED

"Daddy," asked the small son, looking up from his grammar, "what's an exclamation?"
 "Henry," cried the mother hastily, "don't you dare tell that child what an exclamation is!"

YES, HE HADN'T



"Did you or did you not," demanded a lawyer of a witness, "on the date in question, or any other date, say to the defendant, or to anyone else, that the statement imputed to you and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment, or otherwise—answer me, yes or no?"

A TURKISH FARM

Him: "If I make money on this deal I have on, I'm going to buy a tobacco plantation."
 Her: "Oh, how nice! And which will you raise—cigars or cigarettes?"

REVERSE ENGLISH

Ate Bawl: "Look at that fool shooting pool."
 Nein Bawl: "Yeah. And he's a pool-shooting fool."

PLAY IT SAFE

"Just a word of warning!" announced a jealous husband sternly. "You are being seen too much with my wife."
 "Thanks, old man," replied the gay home-wrecker. "We'll be more careful in the future."

GANGWAY!

Estelle: "I don't care for middies—they're too loose."
 Clarice: "Oh, I think they're all right when they get above the rank of ensign."

CAREER

"Now, son," said the father to the youth who was departing for college, "I want it distinctly understood that you are not to fritter your time away. Your Ma and me have sacrificed a lot for you and we look to you to keep us comfortable in our old age. And, by gum, you can do it, if while you're there you pay strict attention to your football!"

NULL AND VOID

"The trouble with the motorist is that he doesn't give a damn for the pedestrian."
 "Well, after he's hit him the pedestrian usually isn't worth a damn."

SELF-DENIAL

The missionary had talked and talked to the cannibal chief and at last seemed to have made an impression.
 "You really aren't going to eat me, are you?" he asked hopefully.
 "No," replied the chief regretfully. "But," he added, brightening, "I will taste a little of the soup."

HOPES REVIVED

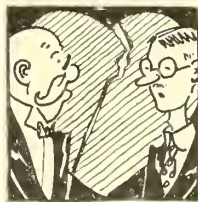
Two Scotchmen had dinner together and, after a long interval spent in ignoring the check, MacDougal grew impatient.
 "Aweel, Sandy," he said, "shall we flip a coin for it?"
 "Nae, nae," replied Sandy, noting the symptoms, "not jist yet."

NO EQUALITY AT ALL

"Now that I've given you a big dinner, are you equal to the job of washing the dishes?" asked a housewife.
 "Madame," replied the educated tramp, "I am superior to it. Good day."

ASKING PAPA

"Sir," began the bashful young man, "I—er—well, your daughter—"
 "I see," interrupted her father. "You want to marry her, then, is that it?"
 "Oh, we've been married five months. What I am after now is a divorce."



'TWAS EVER THUS

Maude: "What made Tom marry Ethel?"
 Gertie: "Ethel, of course."

ALL IN THE SAME BOAT

"My, but your daughter is growing fast!" remarked a neighbor.
 "Oh," said the father comfortably, "I don't believe she's any worse than the other young folks in town."

THE ETERNAL WRANGLE

"Did your ancestors fight in the Revolution?"
 She: "Sir, I'd have you to understand that my ancestors weren't Mexicans!"

THE OLD, OLD STORY

"I feel like a flapper dis mornin'," announced Weary Willie as he folded his coat and prepared to take his ease under the palmetto.
 "How's dat?" inquired Tired Tim.
 "A brakeman made me walk home from a train ride."



RED TAPE

"I want to divorce my husband," announced a fair client.
 "For cruelty?" asked the attorney.
 "No, I just don't like him."
 "I'm afraid that isn't sufficient grounds for divorce."
 "How annoying!" she ejaculated. "I'll just have to shoot him then, I suppose."

ASK ME ANOTHER

"Doctor," gasped a patient rushing into the medico's office, "what do you recommend for snake bite?"
 "Have you been bitten by a snake?" asked the physician.
 "You answer my question first."

CONGRATULATIONS

"My wife is divorcing me."
 "Gosh, old man, I'm sorry!"
 "All right, then—just for that you get no cigar."

FIRST AID

"Pardon me, sir," apologized a stranger in town, "but is there a drug store near here?"
 "There's one about—but say, have you a prescription to be filled?"
 "Yes, I have."
 "Oh! Then I'll go along and show you where it is."

SUCH IS LIFE IN 1927

"And speaking of absent-minded galoots," says Private Stock, "there's the bozo who buried a quart of milk and set out an empty whisky bottle for the milkman."

WOULDN'T THAT BE GREAT?

"I want an economical, comfortable machine," demanded the prospective purchaser, "and I don't want to pay more than three hundred for it."
 "Ah, yes," assented the auto salesman, "what you want is a four-door enclosed bicycle."



If You're THINKING

*Illustration by
T. D. Skidmore*

NOBODY can force you to live in a way that prolongs your life. You may, if you prefer, eat and drink and smoke too much, sleep and exercise too little. It is your privilege to become soft and fat and in general poor condition. A reformer can't compel you to have some physical impairment remedied in the early stages. As a free American citizen you can let that impairment go until it becomes serious disability for lack of attention.

In the words of the old drinking song, "It's nobody's business but our own." If you get more fun out of life—or think you do—by using up in your first forty years the amount of vigor intended to last you a lifetime, it is strictly your own affair. Any other free citizen is, however, at perfect liberty to tell you how many different kinds of a fool you are when you use such poor judgment. That's what this article will try to do even if it can't make you live your life the healthful way.

Every man with a medical background has been trying for a good many years to induce other people to alter their ways of living for the better. And right now, at the outset, it may be confessed that on no other subject—with the possible exceptions of religion and politics—is the average man so hard to convince. One might think that folks just naturally want to enjoy their last few years on earth as aching invalids.

It is not as though living healthfully were a doleful process. A considerable percentage of the memberships in golf clubs is held by people who were ordered by their physicians to join and play. Unless a patient has something radically wrong with him, no sensible physician will put him on an unpalatable diet. Actually a healthful program of living yields more pleasure day by day than does an unhealthful program. For a healthful program is simply one which combines enough work and enough play, enough of the different kinds of foods, but not too much of anything.

Anyone who has awakened with one of those morning-after headaches and its companions of bad taste, shaky legs, squeamish stomach and so on—that fellow will admit that the penalty Nature exacts is heavier than the amount of fun he had getting in this condition. To be sure, he may forget the anguish he suffered, and go out repeating his performance. But nobody could talk him into it on the morning after the night before. All of which is cited simply as an indication that there is more pleasure in living healthfully than in violating grossly the rules of health.

As a resident of the United States in the year 1927 you have certain health assets which you cannot easily get away from. A baby born today has, by the statistics, eighteen or twenty more years of life ahead of him than a baby had who was born one hundred years ago today. If you are, say, a man thirty-two years old, white, and in just average good health, your chances are about even of living some 34.93 years more. Which means, of course, that the age which you may attain will be about sixty-seven.

In what you may expect you have an advantage over your father when he was your age. Back in 1900, when he was thirty-two, he could look forward to only about 33.43 more years. The extra year and a half in your expectancy is simply a dividend you get for being born into these times.

To cite a few statistics—don't worry, there will be a very few—since 1855 the average life span in the United States has been increased from forty years to fifty-eight years. Since 1900 the life expectancy of white males at the beginning of the working



period of life has risen more than two years. Since 1911 the life expectancy of white males above ten years of age has been increased. In 1910 the expectation of life at the age of ten was fifty-one and one-half years, now it is above fifty-four years.

How does this affect you? As has already been suggested, you can't expect to profit now by the whole eighteen years that has been added to life since the middle of the last century. You have already cashed in most of this in your first year of life, for the greatest saving has been in the death rate of infants. Last year more than one hundred and forty thousand American babies survived the first year who would have died if the same death rate had prevailed in 1926 as prevailed when the average reader of this article was starting grammar school. If a child lives to his first birthday his chances of growing up are excellent. So the saving of baby lives is responsible for a large share of the increased length of life since 1855.

An adult has a better chance of long life today than his father had at his age, or his grandfather. But your statistical advantage over your grandfather when he was your age is insignificant compared with the advantage your brand new baby has over you in your infancy. If your baby is cared for according to the approved modern methods, under competent medical supervision, his chances are overwhelmingly better than the average.

Just as proper care increases your child's chances of long life, so it can increase your own chances. You are vaguely glad to know that life has been lengthened eighteen years. But what any man or woman wants to know is: "How can I get my share? Or even more than my share?"

of LIVING

*By Morris Fishbein, M.D.
and Arthur Van Vliissingen, Jr.*

Let us consider briefly the influences which are most likely to keep you from actually getting your share of the lengthened life span. Probably you are right now, without realizing it, suffering some impairments of perfect health. The best way to find out what these are is to study the tabulations of what other physicians have found in examining large groups of people.

Some five or six years ago a large life-insurance company offered a group of its policy holders the privilege of being examined thoroughly. More than sixteen thousand men took advantage of this opportunity to have a physical overhauling. Excepting the draft examinations, this is one of the largest groups examined in recent years under uniform conditions. Since these men were assured that what the examiners learned would be held in confidence, they divulged all the facts they could to help bring to light any impairments.

Presumably the bulk of the men who will read this are in their early thirties. We shall first consider the group of 5,885 policy

holders who were between twenty-five and thirty-four years old. We shall also look at some of the discoveries in the next higher age class, thirty-five to forty-four, to see what the next few years have in store for the men who are below thirty-five today.

Certain definite impairments of health, serious impairments, have already begun to manifest themselves in a large proportion of men in the younger of the two groups. Two out of five are constipated, and the same proportion have in their mouths heavy dentistry—crowns, bridges and the like. Bad dentistry frequently covers up focal infection. One in each four has enlarged septic or buried tonsils. One in five suffers from frequent colds. One in six has faulty posture, and as many have headaches. One man in eight is badly overweight.

Of these impairments, just two show a tendency to marked increase in the age group of thirty-five to forty-four. These two are heavy dentistry and overweight. Of dentistry it can only be said, "Have it watched carefully and X-rayed to disclose any hidden infection." But of overweight much can be said.

Being fat, by which is meant weighing more than twenty percent above the standard weight for height and age, is not something to laugh off. It is a serious physical impairment. And there is no use trying to pass the buck for weighing too much.

Any physician knows that the heavyweights always have glib excuses for their condition. "It's inherited, all my folks are heavy," is a favorite. Another standard alibi is, "It doesn't make any difference how little I eat, my weight stays up. And if I exercise I eat so much that I put on more weight."

There's only one answer to all these excuses about unavoidable overweight. It isn't so. For each fat man or woman who has an inherent, unconquerable tendency to overweight, there are at least five hundred and probably nearer to five thousand who are fat simply because they eat too much, exercise too little and similarly mistreat their bodies. The reason why they weigh ten pounds less than a colt is that they have no more restraint about eating than a colt has when somebody leaves a bushel of oats where he can get at it. The reason they don't get foundered is that they have been overeating for so long that their bodies store up the excess as fat. If they keep on storing up extra fat, all will probably become sick and ailing unless something happens to cut them off before they reach that point.

A large share of the human race has a tendency to put on more weight as age comes on. But the standard weights in the accepted tables are higher at the higher ages to allow for this. So it may be regarded as a danger signal that while one man in twelve is more than twenty percent overweight between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four, one man in seven has waddled his painful way up into this overweight classification in the group ten years older. The increase in percentage of heavyweights is greater between these two groups than between any other two age groups. Therefore it is a critical time if you are not planning to become

an overweight case.

Tabulation of the observation made on the groups examined proved that overweight and excessive eating embarrass the circulatory apparatus (heart and blood vessels) and also impair the kidneys. Overweight is the one (Continued on page 60)



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Certain definite impairments of health, serious impairments,



KEEPING STEP

THE town of Bolivar, New York, has 1,385 inhabitants, but if the census had been taken any time last September the Bolivar Chamber of Commerce would have had to offer an alibi because the census takers would have been able to count only 1,377 persons. Eight Legionnaires and Auxiliares of Bolivar—six men and two women—attended the Legion's national convention in Paris in mid-September. Commander H. B. Hitchcock of Kenyon Andrus Post of Bolivar claims for his town the honor of having sent to Paris the largest

delegation in proportion to population. Lapeer, Michigan, and Spring Valley, Wisconsin, were among other towns which sent to Paris large delegations in proportion to population. The Step Keeper will be glad to publish the claim of any other town which thinks it can beat Bolivar's record.

WHILE full statistics on the Paris convention will not be available until the settlement of all accounts and the completion of an audit, a preliminary summary prepared by John J. Wicker, Jr., National Travel Director, just before he sailed back home proves the success of the pilgrimage.

Mr. Wicker stated that 21,746 Legionnaires and Auxiliares and members of their families actually booked passage. Of this number 3,502 afterward cancelled their reservations, making 18,244 who actually went to France on the twenty-seven official Legion ships. In addition to this number, 1,747

persons already in Europe received American Legion official identification certificates at the France Convention Committee's Paris office, so that the total convention attendance is officially given as 19,991.

The wisdom of the committee's travel arrangements was proved, Mr. Wicker declared, by the fact that not a single Legionnaire was left stranded in Europe. This was made possible by the system under which all members of the Second A. E. F. purchased round trip railway tickets between their homes and ports of embarkation in the United States and round trip steamship tickets. Even those who lost steamship tickets were enabled to get duplicates because the Legion committee had supplied all branches of steamship companies in Europe and all consulates with lists of all passengers to permit issuance of duplicate tickets and emergency passports.

IN THE story of the Paris convention appearing in this issue emphasis is given to the fact that that convention, true to the precedents of other conventions, drew up in detail the Legion's battle orders for the new year. The convention adopted almost as many resolutions as have been adopted at any national convention held in the United States, and the reports of committees approved at Paris contain vital information and plans affecting all Legion activities in the coming year. Because of the length of these reports they can not be printed in full in this issue of the Monthly, but they are as a matter of established practice available to posts in the official summary of the convention proceedings.

Every Legion post should check up to make sure that it receives a copy of the summary of the proceedings of the Paris convention, and should guard its copy. The post which conducts its affairs systematically will add the new summary to the printed summaries of preceding conventions and will keep the whole record of the Legion's fundamental law on



A historic scene that will live in Legion memory—looking toward the stage of the Trocadero as the convention opened. Talking motion pictures recorded the event, so that millions of Americans are now seeing and hearing what the convention delegates saw and heard in Paris



KEEPING STEP



file so that it may be studied and consulted by all the post committees in charge of specialized activities.

Many posts have adopted the plan of devoting an entire meeting to discussion of convention actions, using as a text the official summary of proceedings. Usually a post member who attended the convention is willing to analyze the actions taken and lead the discussion.

The convention summary is published and distributed by the National Adjutant's office. Every post, studying the record, will be impressed with the magnitude and importance of the objectives ahead. That record is clear proof that the Legion is more than an organization—it is a movement, a dynamic force, with its crusading spirit as alert as it was in its pioneering days before it had largely solved such major problems as proper hospitalization and needed governmental legislation for the disabled.

National Commander Spafford has already sounded the call to action for the new year. He commanded a destroyer during the war—and destroyers are the fastest craft in the Navy. He will find that his new ship, The American Legion, will give him the speed he likes.

SCIENTISTS occasionally come blinking out of their laboratories to predict that in the year 2078 or 2174 or some other year, the insect armageddon will arrive. After wearing sixteen lead pencils down to stumps, using algebra, trigonometry and astronomy in computations and making due allowance for periodicity, windage and other factors, they have come to the conclusion that the birth rate among boll weevils and locusts is increasing much faster than births among humming birds and horned owls and man's natural allies in his fight with plant destroyers. Those of us who can only figure things out by arithmetic are a bit dull on the issue, but we'll take somebody's word for it if he has a good line.

But all of us can realize something is up when State and

Federal inspectors in uniform are stopping automobiles on the highways to prevent anybody from carrying corn infected with the corn borer out of a quarantine zone. And we can realize something is happening when the vegetation in our orchards and backyards suddenly dies and the dead limbs are full of cobwebs; it's a sign the tent caterpillar has reached town at last.

The tent caterpillar first reached Seymour, Connecticut, last spring. It got in town about the time alarm clocks were going off and by noon Emil Senger Post of the Legion was mobilized and in battle order. The post members turned field marshals and generals, directing the hundreds of school children of the town who were doing the leg work of running down the tent caterpillar worms. To win prizes offered by the post, the children gathered 22,685 egg clusters which eventually would have increased the number of worms by five million. Children of practically all the schools in the city took part in the campaign. Citizens praised the Legion for its practical way of saving the city's trees and plants.

LOGAN, West Virginia, has three thousand foreign-born residents. It is the center of one of the principal coal-producing fields of the United States. It is also the home of Gunther-McNeeley-Nowlan Post, which has systematically been doing all that it can to help newly-arrived residents from



The girls of the drill team of Wanamaker Post of New York City carrying the national colors at Victoria Station in London, on their way home from Paris, where they got an extra share of the cheers in the convention parade all the way from the Arc de Triomphe to the finishing point

KEEPING STEP



When the Legion gave its helping hand immediately after the St. Louis tornado in September. Above, interior of the Legion central canteen. Below, the crowd of storm sufferers outside the Legion station

overseas to learn the principles of our Government and our country's traditions. The post conducts a school for aliens once each week and more than sixty students attend each meeting. Of thirty-six aliens admitted to citizenship in a single month recently, fourteen were World War service men. During the year the post entered into cordial relations with the five societies of the town composed of foreign-born residents. Legionnaires attended meetings of these societies, gave talks on American institutions and explained why the United States flag is accorded reverent respect. In the post's Fourth of July parade each of the five societies marched behind its own newly-acquired American flag. The post has also sponsored Boy Scout troops throughout its county, awarding loving cups to troops winning contests and supplying scout leaders.

THE American Legion has taken possession and has the situation well in hand." Paraphrasing thus a time-honored phrase which in the popular mind denotes action in some part of the world of one of the most active branches of the regular service, a citizen of St. Louis struck the keynote of the Legion's immediate response to the emergency following a tornado which visited that metropolis of the Mississippi Valley on September 20th.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of a clear autumn day, without warning of any kind, the tornado swooped down upon the city, laying waste almost eight square miles of closely-built territory in the heart of St. Louis and taking a toll of almost one hundred lives. Homes, apartments, schools, hotels, hospitals and places of business in the district suffered alike. Telephone service was disrupted and in the chaos which fol-

lowed, news of the disaster was not generally known until the radio broadcasting stations were resorted to about an hour and a half after the four-minute storm.

Roy G. Chisholm, Chairman of the Commanders' Conference, which is the co-ordinating body of the twenty-two Legion posts in the city of St. Louis, got into immediate action. By messenger and by such telephone service as was still available, he called together a working crew of Legionnaires. These men were dispatched to the several broadcasting studios in the city and the call was sent out to all Legionnaires to assemble. Two of the district police stations were designated as the assembly points.

The Legion responded. From every corner of the city they came—in cars, in trucks and on foot—and by six o'clock more than nine hundred Legionnaires were out on patrol duty, under authority from Chief of Police Joseph Gerk, in the districts where the greatest damage had been done. The offer of Legion aid was immediately accepted and members of the regular Metropolitan Police were thus freed to place a cordon about the city to prevent the entrance of looters and other suspicious characters. The prompt action of the Legion forestalled a raid by those who prey upon distressed persons and the reports of looting were few.

While martial law was not declared, none without a pass was permitted within the storm area. Police passes were issued to the Legion workers, but in many instances they were unnecessary—the Legion or Forty and Eight caps were accepted as passes through all lines. As soon as the Legion was relieved from patrol duty by the arrival of National Guard units, its energy was directed to the work of rescuing the

K E E P I N G S T E P

injured and rushing them to hospitals in any handy conveyances, many of which were Legion cars. Assistance was rendered to the Fire Department in this work as well as in recovering the bodies of the dead. In several instances search was continued by Legion details after the firemen had given up certain cases as hopeless, and was met with success.

FOLLOWING closely on the heels of the Legionnaires, the fellow workers of the St. Louis Auxiliary units mobilized. Mrs. Gus Wies, Past President of the Auxiliary unit of Quentin Roosevelt Post and National Executive Committeewoman for Missouri, immediately offered the aid of the Auxiliary to the local chapter of the American Red Cross. This offer was met with assurances that the situation was covered by traveling units which would distribute food and clothing to the people who were in need. Investigation proving that the slower-moving machinery of the relief organization had not yet got under way, the Auxiliary used the radio and broadcast an appeal for food, clothing and such other help as could be given. This met with an immediate response.

Three relief centers and canteens were opened by the Auxiliary early in the day following the tornado—one in the heart of the district which had borne the brunt of the storm and two in outlying districts where immediate aid was also required. At the central relief station established in a yet unfinished headquarters building of the Bricklayers' and Masons' Unions, which was to have been dedicated on the night of the storm, food and clothing arrived in truck loads. In addition to foodstuffs and clothing, many local concerns furnished cooking equipment, cups, baskets and other necessities. The relief headquarters itself had not gone unscathed and a heavy rain on the night of the storm added to the stress of the workers.

For seven days and nights following the storm, the canteens were in operation and an Auxiliary relief tent was established to meet an emergency which still existed at the end of this period. An average of forty-five hundred, men, women and children of all races and colors, were fed at the canteens daily. In addition, two hundred baskets of food and bales of clothing and bedding were distributed by a corps of Boy Scouts to families who were guarding the ruins of their homes.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the work being accomplished in rescue and relief, Legion trucks were operating throughout the tornado district, moving the remains of household effects to other quarters which had been provided. Transportation was temporarily at a premium, but requisitions for trucks were quickly filled. One truck with a detail of Legion

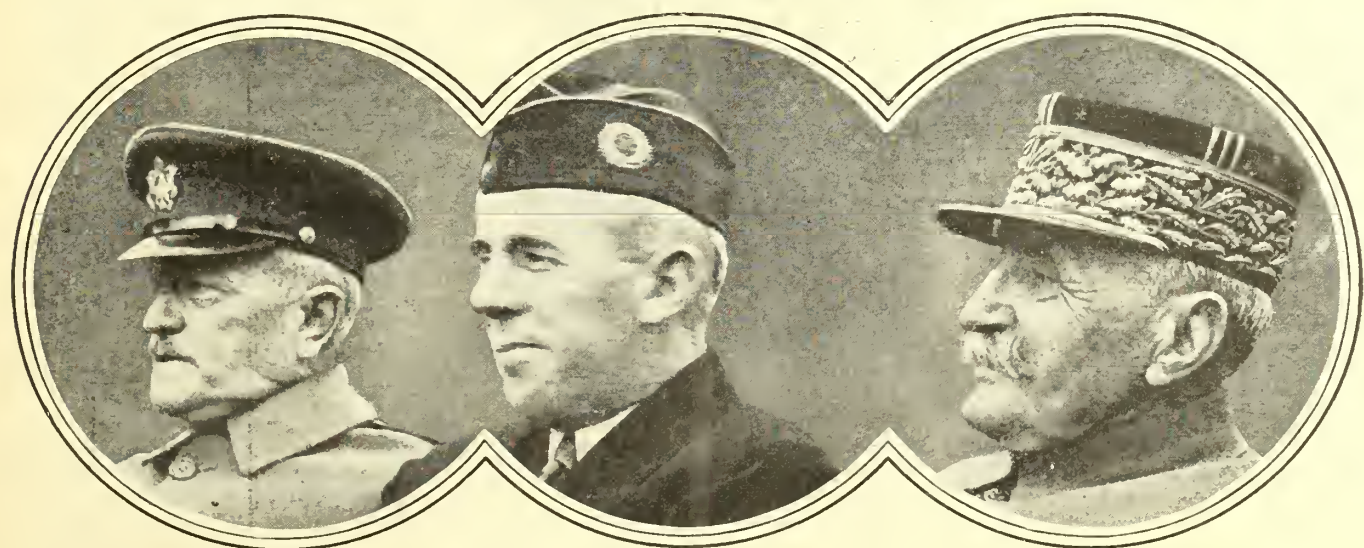
workers came from as far distant as Staunton, Illinois, while a detail of twenty-two men reported from Festus, Missouri, without a special request being made.

Forty and Eight caps were in evidence. Missouri's Grand Chef de Gare, W. Vincent Brennan of the neighboring suburb of Webster Groves, reported with two truck loads of food from his bakery, while his Grand Correspondant, Oscar J. Weinsberg, spread the call for help to the Legion posts in St. Louis County. Members of the fifteen posts in the county swelled the ranks of working Legionnaires, while the women of their Auxiliary units took their places in the canteens and relief stations. Mrs. John Hoffman and Mrs. Wurzenburg, representing the county units, commanded a canteen in the northern part of the city. To mention the work of individuals would be to publish a roster of all Legionnaires and Auxiliaries in St. Louis and St. Louis County, but prominent among the leaders were Past Department Commander Harry Castlen, and Mrs. William Perry, 12th District Committeewoman.

Offers of assistance came from Legion posts both near and far, but besides the details which reported voluntarily from Festus, Missouri, Staunton, Illinois, and one or two other neighboring places, the Legion and Auxiliary assured all those who made offers that they had the situation well in hand.

DE QUEEN, Arkansas, the letterhead of Charles E. Brown Post states proudly, is in the land of fruit and flowers, but until a little while ago Charles E. Brown Post was an Adam without an Eve in its Garden of Eden. It was a bachelor post, according to Carl A. Williams, Post Finance Officer. But, Mr. Williams explains, it repented, became a benedict, took to itself a helpmate, a unit of the Auxiliary. And it did it in an unusual way—a way which might possibly interest the few thousand other posts which still remain single and presumably happy, as the cynic would say it. Let Mr. Williams explain:

"Our Auxiliary unit was organized without any of the women being present," he writes. "We had been trying to get the unit organized for several years, but for one reason or another it just didn't get going. So one night at a post meeting we paid up enough of our wives' dues to obtain a charter, and now we have one of the liveliest units in the State. The unit has more than fifty members, all enrolled in five months. It sold three thousand poppies on Memorial Day, and that was no little task in a town the size of our own. And our Auxiliaries have done something which a lot of older units might find worth doing—they have taken over the upkeep and administration of our city cemetery, which they intend to make a beautiful place. They have hired a man to work full time in



The eyes of two nations were upon them on the day of the Legion's national convention parade in Paris—General Pershing, National Commander Savage and Marshal Foch, as they rode toward the reviewing stand



One of the many manifestations of American good will to France that preceded the Paris convention — Governor Alvan T. Fuller of Massachusetts signing a Legion-inspired resolution passed by the Massachusetts legislature. Looking on are Roger Linton, son of the first man of the 104th Infantry killed in action; General Dumont, attache of the French Embassy at Washington, William McGinnis, Past Commander of the Massachusetts Department of the Legion, and Major Brown of the 104th Infantry Association

the cemetery. To help get funds to pay for this they have given a box supper and an old-time dance and other affairs.

"Of course we're proud of them, and we are showing it by more than words. The post is building a new gravel road from the main highway to the cemetery, a quarter of a mile long."

EXAMPLE being better than precept always, Frank Patterson Post of Madison, New Jersey, did not content itself with lofty speeches full of good advice when it entertained at a banquet the boys of the Madison High School basketball squad. There were speeches, of course, but more inspiring than words was the presence of the guest of honor, a man known and admired by all the basketball players. He was Elmer Olyphant, the great football halfback of the United States Military Academy at West Point, a member of the All-American Football Team for three successive years. Mr. Olyphant told of his football career.

During the dinner, to attest the friendship of the high school basketball players and the Legion post, a student presented to Post Commander Charles E. Muchmore a gavel which had been awarded a prize in a gavel-making contest in the manual training department of the school.

EVERY Legion post not already in a home of its own is naturally looking forward to the day when it will have its own fireside and be able to write checks for other things than rent. Mainland Post of Pleasantville, New Jersey, like every normal post, had the building fever a year or so ago and it bought a lot. It was lucky. It got a bargain. No sooner had it acquired the lot than the city council decided that the lot was the logical site for a new city hall for Pleasantville.

Furthermore, in the spirit of friendliness for the Legion, the council decided that the city not only needed a new city hall but also a World War memorial building. After talking over the double needs, the councilmen made a dicker with the post, agreeing to erect the memorial building on another site if the post would turn over its clubhouse site to the city. The only other condition specified was that the city offices should occupy the first floor of the memorial building until the city hall had been completed.

Now that the indoor rodeo season is on, let's hear from the typewriter toreadors of other posts which have acquired homes recently by methods that are out of the ordinary.

THE October issue of the Monthly was being left at three-quarters of a million Legion homes while many thousands of Legionnaires and their wives were on their way back from the Paris convention. Inasmuch as it seemed that more than half of the twenty thousand Legion pilgrims to Paris carried cameras of one kind or another, the Step Keeper wants to remind the returned pilgrims to be sure to read the Keeping Step sector of the October issue in which announcement was made of the Monthly's \$250 prize photo contest open to all Legionnaires.

Those who read the announcement will recall that \$100 was offered as a prize for the best photograph of Legion interest submitted before April 15, 1928, for publication in the Keeping Step department; that fourteen other cash prizes were offered for the pictures almost but not quite good enough to win the main prize and that it was stated that photographs not winning prizes but published nevertheless would also be paid for.

Now the Step Keeper has a fancy that the returned Second A. E. F.'ers are going to lead the (Continued on page 85)

THEN AND NOW

*We Hear from a Wolfhound—Another Echo
of the Last Shot—Distressed Buddies—A Beam
from the Arklight—Introducing a Then and Now (F)*

THERE is no such thing as getting by with any errors in historical facts concerning the World War when your audience is composed of the very men who helped to make the history. A little slip-up in relating some incident connected with service is promptly pounced upon and our attention is called to it—for which we are always grateful. Take for instance this letter which we received from Sergeant Herbert E. Smith, who gives as his address the Publicity Bureau, U. S. Army, Governors Island, New York Harbor, New York:

"On page 58 of the September issue of the Monthly my attention was captured by a picture of a group of veterans of the A. E. F. in Siberia. Well it might be, for among these 'Little Bears,' as you termed the group of doughboys, was ye scribe. I am at the extreme right, next to the French major who was acting as interpreter for our detachment.

"This picture was taken, not as the caption would have it, at the A. E. F.'s headquarters, but just outside of the Trans-Siberian Railroad station in 'Vladdy.' The fellows, with the exception of the French major, were all part of a special detached guard at the station and in the yards and were members of the first platoon of Company M, 31st Infantry. First Lieutenant Walter B. Graham was in command of us and Prunty (in the picture, center) and 'Wild Bill' Danvers, an old timer of the Eighth U. S. of Philippine Island fame, were our platoon leaders.

"Your able correspondent, Legionnaire Harold M. Metzger of Tampa, made a masterly resumé of the Siberian Expedition—the old few and forgotten 'Wolfhounds.' But he neglected to mention one quaint resort with which every man Jack of us who served in Siberia was all too familiar. If you print this letter, just use the magic words 'Kopec Hill' and if that phrase does not invoke memories in many an old Wolfhound's breast then I'm a Dutchman. I'd be glad to hear from any of the old gang of Company M, 31st Infantry, A. E. F. S. As you and they can see, I'm still sticking with the Service. I'm with it till retirement, too. It's the only life, gang. Many others think so too."

WE'RE glad to report, however, that the Company Clerk and the other editors of the Monthly are not the only ones whose errors are occasionally questioned. While the Company Clerk was addressed in this case, too, he could pass the buck to the France Convention Committee and The American Legion News Service. The letter in question came from Legionnaire Albert E. May of Omaha, Nebraska, was written on stationery of the White Star Line, bearing the heading "On Board S. S. *Celtic*," and was presumably mailed just before that ship sailed on August 14th as one of the advance transports of the Second A. E. F. Here it is:

"We have just received our official Guide Books of the Paris convention and I noticed one discrepancy in this very

valued souvenir—a discrepancy which ought to be prized by some of the Then and Nowers, sticklers for correctness.

"On page 102 of the Guide Book is a picture captioned 'Advancing Toward the Rhine,' showing a detachment of troops hiking along the right-of-way of a standard gauge railroad.

"The picture was taken near Obozerskaya, Russia, by Lieutenant Lewis of the U. S. Signal Corps about 4:30 p. m., on September 17, 1918, and the troops are Company I, 330th Infantry, 85th Division, a part of 'Detroit's Own' Regiment. They were advancing to the front lines preparatory to going into action at zero hour on September 18, 1918.

"The writer was in command of this company at the time. These facts can be verified by the records of the Photographic Division of the Signal Corps."

Legionnaire May goes on to give us a little additional information regarding the Americans who fought the war in North Russia—to be distinguished from the A. E. F. in Siberia:

"I believe also that the 330th Infantry has the distinction of being the outfit that had the last encounter of the A. E. F.—the regiment engaging in many battles in Russia months after the Armistice was signed, and as late as May and June of 1919, when the A. E. F. was shipping homeward.

"Our company (Company I) left the front on May 22, 1919, over six months after the Armistice and had several engagements in April, 1919.

"Your column has dwelt often on 'Who fired the first shot,' so here is one 'Who fired the last shot.' I claim for the 330th Infantry that distinction."



An unseasonable picture? But wait; it's a flash-back to the winter of 1919 and shows Iowa service men, on leave, enjoying a plunge in the Mediterranean near Nice, France. So, at least, Glen F. Bailey of Maquoketa, Iowa, reports

NOW that we're on the subject of editorial mishaps, we want to direct two queries to those members of the Then and Now Gang who were lucky enough to accompany the Second A. E. F. to France and who therefore have or at least had copies of the official Guide Book. The Company Clerk with thousands of others helped to keep the home fires burning, but he was lucky enough to see a copy of the Guide Book. Attention, Second A. E. F.-ers:

What's wrong with the caption on the picture on page 19 of the Guide Book?

Is the picture on page 62, taken at Le Mans, France, during the War, properly captioned?

Honorable mention in these columns will be given to the Second A. E. F.-ers who grade one hundred in this test. The Company Clerk's fellow stay-at-homers

who can scare up a copy of the Guide Book are also eligible to compete. This is only a friendly memory test.

IN Then and Now in the July Monthly," states Charles H. Broyles of Sparta, Tennessee, "one of the illustrations showed a team of oxen hitched to a cart with the yoke fastened to the heads or horns of the oxen instead of around their necks as is usually the practice. Inquiry was made in the

caption as to whether the 'thatched roof' effect on the heads of the animals was a natural headdress or a native idea of protection or adornment.

"I served during the War with the Tenth Company, 20th Engineers, stationed in the southern part of France in the vicinity of Mont de Marsan, Dax and other towns, and oxen yoked as shown in the picture were a common sight. There were also plenty of them with the usual neck yoke.

"It was told to me that the practice of yoking the animals at the head was originated by the Basques, who live in that section of France. The furry headdress on the animals serves two purposes. In addition to serving as a sort of decoration, the skins are used to keep the heads of the animals dry in rainy weather, thus preventing rubbing of the yoke pads and causing sores on the oxen's heads. The headdress serves also as a protection against flies; the oxen with their heads firmly held by the yoke being unable to shake off the flies. While commonly of cowhide, the headdress is often of sheep or goat skin, which provides a better ornamental effect."

WHILE it wasn't our pleasure to see anything but musical or vaudeville or minstrel shows produced by soldier outfits, while sitting tight in the Army of Occupation during the winter of 1918-19, it appears that at least a few ambitious units went in for straight drama. As witness the following from J. Albert Volz, Patriotism Post of the Legion, Coldwater, Ohio:

"Here come some recollections of a soldier show in response to your invitation in Then and Now for reminiscences of theatrical activities of the A. E. F. and here is hoping this will be the means of establishing liaison with those cherished actor folks with whom I was associated in those wonderful days of nearly a decade ago.

"Shortly after rejoining my outfit, Company M of the 38th Infantry, Third Division, at Ettringen bei Mayen in the Eifel, Germany, after a month in the hospital due to being wounded near Romagne during the final offensive, I was fortunate enough to be assigned to the Third Army Stock Company. This troupe delighted thousands of doughboys throughout the Rhineland with its presentation of George M. Cohan's well-known melodrama, 'Seven Keys to Baldpate,' in the spring of 1919.

"Of the 130-odd shows listed with the Army entertainment bureau in Germany, I think ours was the only stock company in the Army of Occupation, although several troupes were playing stock in France. A number of professionals were assembled from various units and ladies were chosen from the Y forces. The company rehearsed in Coblenz under Miss Dorothy Donnelly, the well-known Broadway actress of 'Madame X' fame, a wonderful director. Lieutenant Harrington Reynolds staged the play and played the leading role.

"The dress rehearsal night (or morning rather) if not historical, was at least unique. We were to open on a Monday night at Bad Neuenahr. We assembled on Saturday night for dress rehearsal and wearily waited through the hours while stage carpenter John Beckwith and scenic artist T. B. Brownlee worked feverishly to complete the set, having labored under a handicap in the difficulty of obtaining the needed supplies. It was 'three o'clock in the morning' when the play got under way on the newly built stage in the north side of the Festhalle auditorium. Staid Coblenzers on their way to early Mass gazed in wonder at a small group of actor folks as the latter emerged from the Festhalle at six o'clock that Sunday morning, not all traces of recent make-up having been removed from their faces in their haste to get into the hay.

"No Broadway player or producer ever looked forward with greater suspense to a first night than did we at Bad Neuenahr. The suspense, great as it had been, gave way to an elation even greater when the boys of the Rainbow Division acclaimed our play with applause and a stamping of feet sufficient to awaken the legendary sleeping giants of the Sieben Gebirge.

"Then came a triumph at Coblenz, the Occupational capital, the city of a thousand memories for the doughboy who served along the banks of the Rhine. A week at Nieuwied won for us the congratulations of Major General John A. Lejeune, who personally thanked us for the bit of pleasure we had brought to his boys of the Second Division.

"In the Third Division area at Ochtendung, the colonel of the Sixth Engineers kindly gave us the use of a staff car for a trip to Cologne. We got a big kick from the way M. P.'s directing traffic along the route came to their snappiest salute as we whizzed by. (The highest grade in the car was a sergeant.)

"Powder puffs seemed virtually unobtainable in the Rhineland. After a vain attempt to obtain them in Germany we sent pleas to our girl friends back in the United States. The latter were somewhat puzzled at first at our requests, but the want of that very valuable commodity was promptly alleviated.

"Of course we had a mascot—a big black Airedale dog who was dubbed 'Baldpate.' He made all trips with us and was the

pride of the outfit. He came to a sad end—one with a strange connection which none of us failed to note. About the middle of May our stock company was ordered to disband since the Germans seemed unwilling to sign the Treaty of Versailles. It looked probable that we would exchange a stick of grease paint for a stick of dynamite and the old 'Springfield.' On May 16th as several of the boys came down from the Army entertainment bureau offices with the order of dissolution in hand, 'Baldpate,' leading the march, leaped from the doorway directly into the path of a heavy auto. He never knew what hit him. As he belonged to everyone in general and no one in particular, his untimely end seemed the best disposition of our mascot—his death on the day we disbanded being truly a coincidence.

"Besides the men heretofore mentioned, the personnel of the stock company was: Charles Drew, Lieutenant Busby Enos (who succeeded Lieutenant

(Continued on page 54)

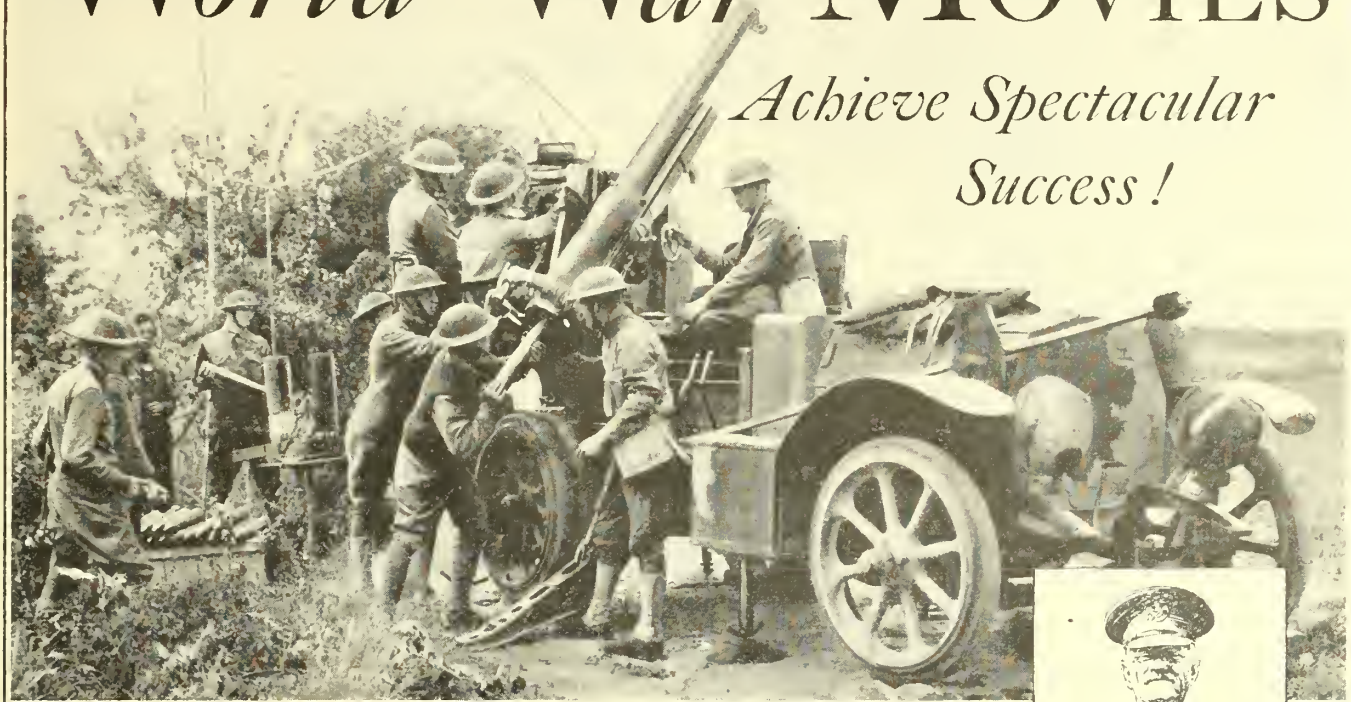


Introducing the Misses Jane and Priscilla and, in the crook of his old man's arm, Leonard Hastings Nason, Junior. The son of Leonard H. Nason, ex-sergeant, 76th Field Artillery, Third Division, and regular contributor to the Monthly, made his bow to the world last spring in France, where his family was sojourning. Alongside we have Mrs. Nason in front of a former German dugout in the Bois d'Apremont



World War MOVIES

Achieve Spectacular Success!



General Pershing says:
"The War picture, 'America Goes Over,' compiled by the Eastman Kodak Co. for ex-soldiers and veteran associations from official War Department films, is the best pictorial record of the war I have seen."

Bought by thousands! Acclaimed by Millions! All America is talking about these sensational films

THE World War Movies, for home projection, released at last!

This was the news on October 8th that electrified America. The news that millions of Americans had wanted and waited so long to hear.

Overnight . . . and for eight dramatic weeks . . . these sensational films have occupied a place in public interest never equalled by anything in the history of home motion pictures. Thousands bought them. Millions acclaimed them. With vivid, spectacular action . . . with exciting historical events revealed just as they happened . . . these amazing pictures have thrilled every individual wherever they were shown.

"Almost as dramatic as the Armistice itself," a leading journalist observed. "They touched a responsive chord of human interest . . . and literally captured America."

History in the Making

"America Goes Over," made by the United States Army Signal Corps, is the only picture-record of America's part in the World War officially released for home projection.

It was taken in action. Made under actual service conditions in France.

Compiled and edited by military experts. And released through the cooperation of the Eastman Kodak Company with the United States Government for Home Movie Projection on the famous Eastman 16 m/m film.

Imagine, if you can, all the gripping, dramatic, thrilling events of the World War, compiled in a movie for you to show at home.

Here is history in the making. A pictorial record of what actually happened during five terrible years when madness ruled the world. A vast panorama of war . . . now revealed with stark realism. This is really not a motion picture in the usual sense. It is a vivid chapter of your life brought back to live over again.



What These Movies Cost

The entire picture (2000 feet of Eastman 16 m/m film), taking 1 hour and 15 minutes to show, is now available in a special de luxe edition for \$150.

For those who want special sections of the picture, five Kodak Cinegraphs costing \$15 each (which may be purchased separately) are available on the following subjects: "Château-Thierry and the Aisne-Marne Operation," "The St. Mihiel Drive," "The Meuse - Argonne Offensive," "Flashes of Action," "Our Navy in the World War."

Words simply can't describe these pictures. You must see them to appreciate them . . . to understand their tremendous scope. They will become priceless "heirlooms" to be passed on in any family . . . increasing in value as the years go by. Get them from your nearest Kodak dealer. Also ask about the \$60 Kodascope Projector for showing these and other interesting Kodak Cinegraphs. The Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK Cinegraphs

Then and Now

(Continued from page 52)

Reynolds), Scott Conyne, Arden E. Page, Herbert Delmore Davis, William Rose, George Skaff, Norman Ives, Sam Pasmanick, Harold Dybdal and Claude Batcheller, the last two being our electricians, and the writer. The ladies of the company were Harriet Sterling, Mignon McGibney, Clara Ginn, Helen Scott and wardrobe mistress Patricia Henshaw. Charles Drew succeeded Eugene McGovern, originally of the cast."

OCCASIONALLY a complaint is registered in the orderly room by some reader of *Then and Now* that his or her particular branch of service is being slighted in these columns. The Company Clerk is glad to get such complaints, but he appreciates them more if they are accompanied by a story of the particular unit which is supposedly being slighted. Among the complainers, every so often, is a gob and much more seldom the gob comes across with some little account which we're glad to put into *Then and Now*. Of course, we could take some of the five hundred histories in our library and quote parts of them. But is that what we want in this department? Does echo answer "Hell, No!" Good.

With that introduction, let us present to the Gang, Chaplain W. H. Mullins of Gray Barr Post of the Legion in Olney, Texas, who during the Big Parade wore the blue on U. S. S. *Arkansas*. His account involves a question of flag etiquette. Let's go:

"Enclosed you will find copy of an editorial titled 'The Armistice' which appeared in *The Arklight*, the official paper of the U. S. S. *Arkansas* during the War, and I direct your attention particularly to that part of it which reads as follows: 'The celebration Monday night is something to carry along in our memories for many years. Some day the youths who tore about the main deck and cheered will be able to relate the story to their kids, and the story will probably lose little in the telling. Perhaps you noticed that the old *Ark* showed the way to the whole procession in the matter of lights and colors and you have probably heard about the triumphant march of our picket boat and band.'

"The U. S. S. *Arkansas* was one of five American battleships with the American Sixth Battle Squadron which was a unit of the Grand Fleet of Great Britain. When the Armistice was signed we received General Orders from the Admiral of the

Fleet, Sir David Beatty, that we would celebrate the Armistice at 18 hours, or six o'clock p. m. This was after dark and it was certainly dark that night.

"An idea struck a comrade on the *Arkansas* to display our national colors, together with those of the English and the French, and illuminate them with the ship's searchlights. This made a very beautiful picture in the blackness of the night. The plan was quickly adopted by all of the rest of the ships in the Fleet which had sufficient lights to illuminate the colors. There were over 150 ships in the Fleet at that time anchored in the Firth of Forth, Scotland.

"I want to repeat here that it was a picture that none of the veterans of the Fleet will ever forget. While it was a violation of Navy flag rules and also a violation of the Legion's present rules of flag etiquette, I do not think that it was out of place at the time."

WHILE we're on the subject of complaints, suppose we give heed to what one of the first active feminine members of the *Then and Now* Gang has to say. You see our "his or her outfit" in the preceding account wasn't written just for effect. With which we present the Gang to Sally R. Wolf, Adjutant and Finance Officer of Hunts Point Post of the Legion of New York City—and it's a post composed preponderantly of men. Attention!

"*Then*," says Miss Wolf, "I and a number of others who *now* are good hard-working Legionnaires, were called Navy Ladies, Gobesses, Goblets, Yeomanettes and, I believe, three or four other names which I just don't remember right now, not having my *Broadside* handy.

"However, during the 'then days' there were several thousands of young women who served as Yeomen (F) at the different Naval stations and yards, and I really think it would be quite appropriate for our magazine to tell a little story about them and their experiences, don't you?

"At the present time, although we are scattered all over the country, we are trying to get in touch with one another and have formed an association for that purpose: National Yeomen (F). [Announcement of the association's 1927 national meeting in Atlantic City appeared in these columns in the July Monthly—C. C.]

(Continued on page 91)



A bit of Old England with a bit of the newer England rearing its bulk in the background. This homestead, 150 years old, at Paignton, Devonshire, was snapped by R. S. Isiminger of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, former sergeant of Company H, 110th Infantry. Isiminger, with many other A. E. F.-ers, returned to England and France on December 16, 1919, as a member of the American Graves Registration Service in Europe and remained there until 1921

Now Read What 11,105* Doctors say About Lucky Strike Cigarettes Because "It's toasted"



Mary Eaton,
Musical Comedy Star,
writes:

"It seems that most all the members of the 'Lucky' Company smoke Lucky Strike cigarettes, and once I was tempted to try one, and I am glad to say I have enjoyed them ever since. I am very happy to say my throat has been in perfect condition all season. Lucky Strike is the only cigarette for me."

Mary Eaton

WHAT is the quality that Giacomo Rimini, Margaret D'Alvarez, Cesare Formichi, Armand Tokatyan, Emma Trentini, William Faversham, Florence Reed, Mary Eaton, and other famous singers, actors, broadcasters and public speakers have found that makes LUCKY STRIKES delightful and of no possible injury to their voices?

For the answer we turned to medical men and asked them this question:

Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?

11,105* doctors answered this question "YES."

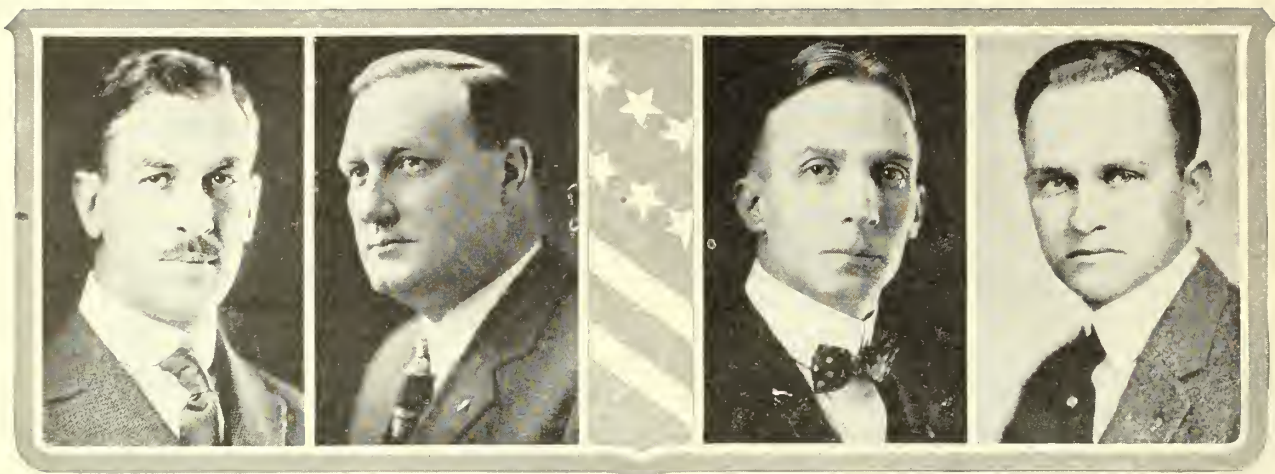
Consider what these figures mean; consider that they represent the opinion and experience of doctors, those whose business it is to know.



* We hereby certify that we have examined 11,105 signed cards confirming the above statement.
LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY
Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.



After eight years of service to The American Legion, Robert H. Tyndall is retiring as National Treasurer and is succeeded by Bowman Elder, Robert A. Adams is retiring as National Judge Advocate and is succeeded by Scott Lucas. Left to right, Mr. Tyndall, Mr. Elder, Mr. Adams and Mr. Lucas.

CHANGING *the* GUARD

By Frederick C. Painton

ALL Indianapolis and all Indiana remember the day nine years ago when the 150th Field Artillery Regiment of the Rainbow Division came home from France, marched under a triumphal arch and paraded through four miles of streets lined with a cheering and grateful citizenry. Never had a crowd given a greater welcome to returning conquerors. Indiana's own field artillery regiment, helmeted veterans of five of the A. E. F.'s major battles, strode gallantly through the streets of Indiana's capital. The regimental band played as loudly and as proudly as ever it had upon a review ground in France or on the Rhine. But nobody heard it. From the moment the parade started until it ended, the citizens of Indiana who stood from curblin to building front, who crowded every window ledge and every roof cornice along the whole line of march cheered so thunderously that no beating of a drum, no bass note of the biggest horn could triumph over the applause. Booth Tarkington remarked that the spectacle and the sound were like seeing Niagara Falls close-up.

While the crowd cheered impartially every unit, every man of every battery, it gave an extra share of applause to the Indiana colonel who had led the 150th to France and brought it home again. And if memory has grown a bit dim in nine years, be it recalled that not every National Guard regiment that went to France returned to march in triumph behind the man who had led it overseas and guided it in battle. The colonel who drew this measure of affectionate regard during the 150th's homecoming was Robert H. Tyndall, a banker in civilian life, a man who had given in the World War service that was the product of twenty years of training in the Indiana National Guard, a man who had served as a private in Porto Rico during the Spanish-American War and who rose in following years through all the enlisted grades and the lower officers' ranks to the leadership of a courageous battle regiment.

And then one day Colonel Tyndall was riding in a crowded elevator in an Indianapolis office building. Behind him two men, obviously old friends, had just recognized each other. Tyndall heard the exchange of greetings. Said one man:

"Why hello, Bob Adams, I haven't seen you for some time. Been out of town?"

"Yes, I've been out of town," came the voice of the other man. "Two years—most of the time in France." Just a matter-of-fact reply, a hurried explanation, cut short as the elevator stopped and Robert A. Adams, young attorney, got off at his floor. Tyndall noted him—liked his looks. It was the first time he had ever seen Adams.

A few months later Robert H. Tyndall was made National

Treasurer of the recently-organized American Legion, and as a result of that casual con-

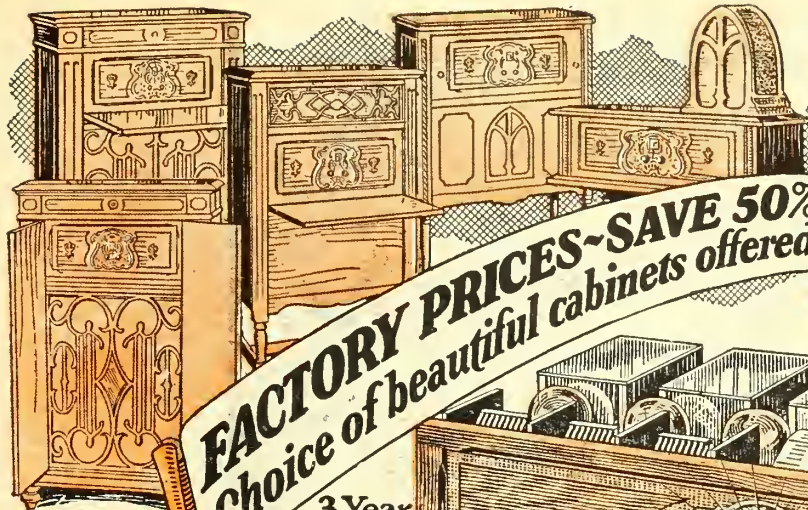
tact in the elevator, Robert A. Adams began eight years of service as National Judge Advocate of The American Legion.

After serving eight strenuous years, the period in which The American Legion has grown from infancy to manhood, Robert H. Tyndall and Robert A. Adams are retiring. On October 18, 1927, the National Executive Committee, meeting in New York City, elected as National Treasurer, Bowman Elder of Indianapolis, and elected as National Judge Advocate, Scott Lucas of Havana, Illinois. The new National Treasurer has been National Executive Committeeman in Indiana for the past several years and was Chairman of the National France Convention Committee. The new National Judge Advocate is a Past Commander of the Department of Illinois and in 1927 served as Chairman of the National Legislative Committee.

The positions of National Treasurer and National Judge Advocate do not attract much attention. Both offices are far from the front line of contact between the Legion and the people and the country the Legion serves. They are highly necessary parts of that machine by which Legion affairs are directed and Legion policies are determined and interpreted. Finances are usually unspectacular. Lots of thinking and planning, finding money for other people to spend, making sure it is spent in an authorized manner, one problem after another. All in the day's work of the National Treasurer. And for the National Judge Advocate, life is an endless procession of papers and opinions. To his desk gravitate puzzling questions from the forty-eight States and the far corners of the world.

Both offices are part-time affairs for busy men. Tyndall—his military title now, by the way, is Major General—has guarded and handled the Legion's money while serving as Vice President of the Fletcher American National Bank in Indianapolis and organizing huge real estate developments in Florida and in Long Island, New York. Adams found time to handle the Legion's legal problems in hours taken from his private law practice as an associate of one of the oldest and best law firms in Indianapolis. Both men, by reason of their service, are known throughout the Legion to those Legionnaires, officers of departments, having dealings with National Headquarters. But to the rank and file of the Legion necessarily they have remained mostly unknown—a penalty of quiet service always.

When Robert H. Tyndall settled down to work in his bank after getting home from France, he counted on spending a pleasant Christmas Day with his family—his wife and their three children—the first quiet Christmas Day in three years. Christmas Day of 1917 had been (Continued on page 87)



FACTORY PRICES~SAVE 50%
Choice of beautiful cabinets offered

3 Year Guarantee

8 tube~one dial MIRACO

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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BEFORE YOU BUY

ALL METAL SHIELDED CHASSIS

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Retail List Completely Assembled

MAGNIFICENT TONE~SUPER SELECTIVE~POWERFUL DISTANCE GETTER

All Electric or Battery Set!

Big Discounts to User-Agents

MIRACO Users Say:

Reports from users everywhere leave little for us to add. There are only a few of the many in our files and which we receive daily. Send coupon for plenty of additional proof and testimony of nearby users.

TRIED MANY SETS~MIRACO BEST
Miraco is best set I've ever heard. It's just the set I've always wanted and I've had so many sets I got just a little hard-boiled about believing there were any sets perfect. I sure got my wish. I've had just 104 stations. There's about a station to each number on dial. I get KFI (Cal.) every night. Had PWX last night and got 6KW tonight good and loud—FRANCIS ARM-BRUSTER, Cleveland, Ohio.

P.S. You pack your sets wonderful. HE KNOWS SETS~READ THIS
I have built radio since they first made their appearance and it has been my pleasure to build, repair and sell them. For quality, selectivity and sensitivity it is my firm belief that the Miraco cannot be excelled. I have proven beyond any shadow of doubt that it will out-perform any other radios. I bring in the farthest distance with little or no effort. The Miraco also gives me tone quality.—URBAIN BARIL, Jr., Fall River, Mass.

MIRACO EXCELS EXPENSIVE RADIOS
The Miraco set and loud speaker beat anything around here, regardless of price. Have tried them out against a \$200 outfit. Have logged 140 stations, coast to coast.—L. J. CARRIERE, Batgate, N.D.

HEARS CUBA, CANADA, MEXICO
A friend visited here that has close to \$300 in a radio—but no better tone and no plainer than the Miraco. Have gotten 113 stations.

We get Mexico City, Winnipeg, Canada and Havana, Cuba—all of these so plain.—MRS. CLEM CORRELL, Morristown, Ind.

CUTS THRU NEW YORK LOCALS
I can get distance thru the locals when they are all on early in the evening.—J.F. LOGAN, Rockaway Beach, New York.

America's big, old, reliable Radio Corporation* (8th successful year) **guarantees** in its big, powerful, latest 6, 7 and 8 tube Miraco sets "the finest, most enjoyable performance obtainable in high grade radios." Unless 30 days' use in your home fully satisfies you a Miraco is unbeatable at any price for beautiful, clear cathedral tone, razor-edge selectivity, powerful distance reception, easy operation, etc.—**don't buy it!** Your verdict final. Save or make lots of money on sets and equipment—write for testimony of nearby users and **Amazing Special Factory Offer.**

Miraco's work equally fine on "AC" electric house current or with batteries. Take your choice. Many thousands of Miraco users—who bought after thorough comparisons—enjoy programs Coast

to Coast, Canada to Mexico, loud and clear—with the magnificent cathedral tone quality of costliest sets. Don't confuse Miraco's with cheap, "squawky" radios. Miraco's have finest parts, latest approved shielding, metal chassis, etc.—as used in many \$200 sets.

Deal Direct with Big Factory

Your Miraco reaches you completely assembled, rigidly tested, fully guaranteed. Easy to connect and operate. **30 days' trial free.** 3 year guarantee if you buy. You take no risk, you insure satisfaction, you enjoy rock-bottom money-saving prices by dealing direct with one of radio's oldest, most successful builders of fine sets. 8th successful year in the radio manufacturing business.

Dealers Write!



***USER-AGENTS! Make big profits showing Miraco to friends. Get Our Special Wholesale Prices!**
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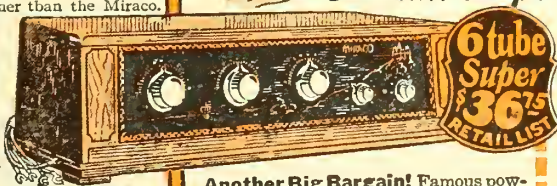
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When your friends come over, show them real sport—target shooting with a Crosman. The gun that makes absolutely no noise, never needs cleaning, has an ammunition cost one-third that of powder rifles, accuracy unsurpassed by any other rifle. The power is adjustable for indoor shooting with same amazing accuracy as in the field.

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Ask your dealer to show you
the automatic dodos, the
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CROSMAN ARMS CO.
404 St. Paul Street
ROCHESTER NEW YORK

The Murder of Captain Walsh

(Continued from page 25)

"Not for all the French mayors in the world. But this job won't take all night. I got some more information, mister, and maybe you're ready to tell the rest you know . . ."

"What can I tell? Thursday night I heard the shot. What else?"

"You've a good cool witness, maybe, to testify that you were sitting quiet in the house all evening?"

"I have not!"

"Come on back to the rest of this little party."

He led the way silently to the office. Brigadier Plutarch, who was sleepy and much at a loss, arose, grumbling, when the pair entered. Hardesty produced a cigarette and then, as if by afterthought, offered the package to each of the four men. The brigadier accepted, the others refused. The sergeant lighted his own and took half a dozen puffs. He reached into his pocket then and put Schmidt's gun down carefully on the table.

"Here's part of my evidence," he said. "Look at it good."

The two French shoe dealers and the American officer bent forward.

"This gun was in Schmidt's right hand," Hardesty said. "Lieutenant, does that simple fact mean anything to you?"

Fayette stared in perplexity at the D. C. I. operator. Malines glanced up with sudden interest. Janise moved irritably.

"It means to me that he killed himself," he muttered.

"How well did you know this corporal, mister?" Hardesty asked.

"I?" Janise shrugged. "No more than necessary. I am a leather dealer. Consequently I have been often in this office. I gave the clerk good morning."

Hardesty nodded.

"That's right, mister. Always say good morning to the clerks. It might help get you into heaven some time. I didn't think you knew Schmidt very well. It was somebody who knew him some, but no better than necessary, that stuck the gun into his right hand after they shot him."

Janise arose.

"I do not gather," he protested.

"You wouldn't," Hardesty answered. "You ain't got the brains of a Congressman. If you had, you'd of noticed some time that Schmidt was a left-handed guy. Malines here and the lieutenant and I all knew it. We talked

about it this afternoon. Before he was shot. You had just started home, mister. That's how I fastened this job on you. Malines wouldn't have stuck the gun in Schmidt's right hand. Fayette wouldn't of. Well, who's left in this salvage deal? You, I guess."

Janise drew back hurriedly.

"You accuse me of murder?" he demanded.

"Accuse hell, mister, you're pinched!"

"Pinched?"

"Arrested. Nabbed. Jugged. However you French say it."

"I have an alibi!" Janise cried.

"Sure. Too damn much alibi."

"I did not kill Walsh! I did not take out Malines' bid from the envelope!"

"No?"

"Schmidt took it out for me!"

Hardesty nodded.

"I thought so, gentlemen." He turned on Janise savagely. "And the poor dub got scared and told the captain. The captain went out to tell Malines and you finished him just after he got inside the gate. Then tonight you came over here to get even with Schmidt for squealing . . ."

"It is a lie!"

"Lie your dead grandmother! I've a good witness who saw you come out of this

dump right after the shot was heard!"

"Saw me?" Janise wilted.

"You're too tall, mister. Think the folks around this town can't make out a pair of long legs running like hell at seven-thirty in the evening? And you put the gun in the wrong hand! Suicide? Well, you'll be wishing you'd thought of suicide yourself!"

"Monsieur," Malines protested, "you are too quick at conclusions, perhaps!"

Hardesty swung around.

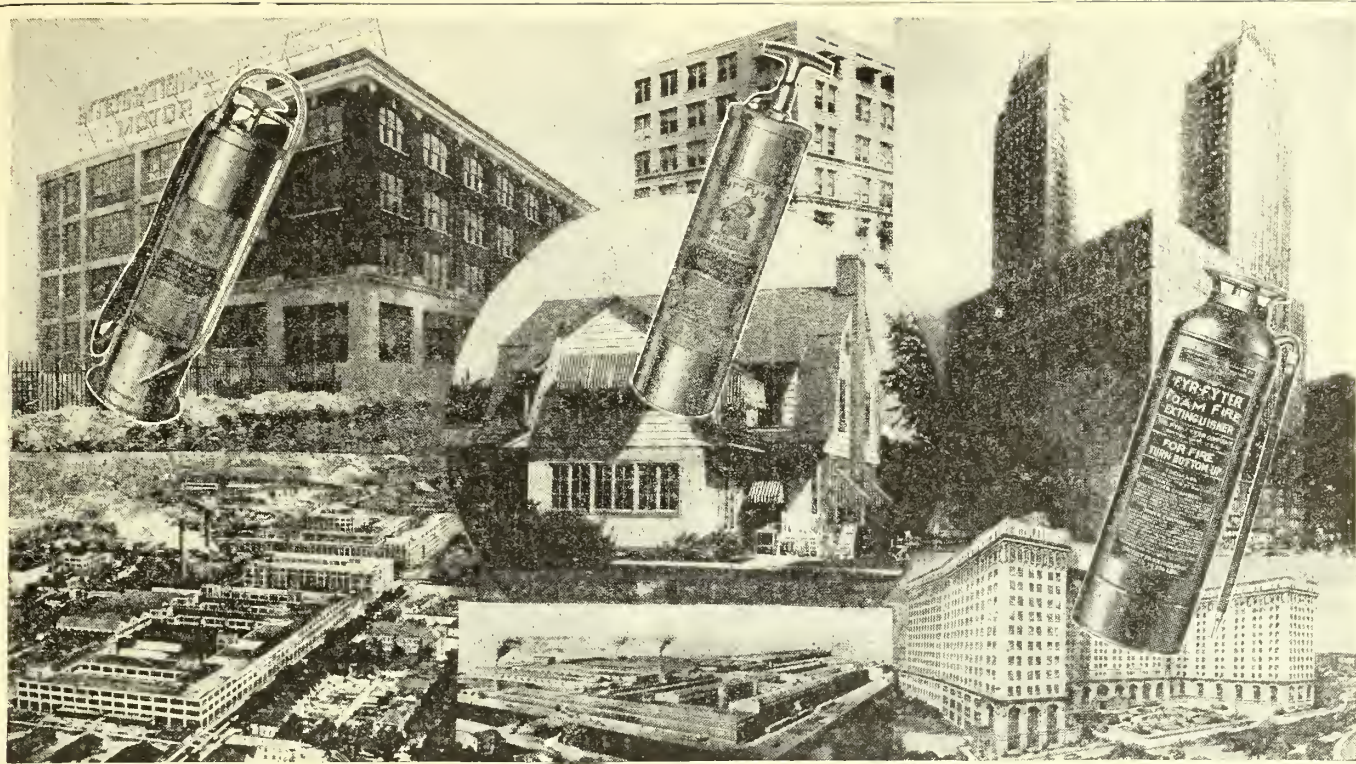
"Quick? Listen, mayor. I'm so slow I near met myself comin' backwards. I knew you didn't bump off the captain. If you had, you'd have chucked his body into somebody else's yard 'sides your own, and you wouldn't be admitting you heard the shot. And it wasn't you, Lieutenant." Hardesty laughed softly. "I know where you were Thursday night. You went off to Le Mans to a dance and you didn't have a pass."

"The captain refused it! I asked him at five o'clock!" Fayette arose to his feet miserably. "I should not have gone, Sergeant . . ."

Hardesty laughed again, with relief.

"Sure you (Continued on page 60)





How Men Start Fortunes In The Field Of Fire Protection

SELLING Fyr-Fyters is far easier than you imagine. The demand for first aid fire extinguishers is probably 50 times greater than you realize. Read this letter from C. W. Zimmerman, a beginner, in which he tells exactly how he made \$375 his first month. See how utterly simple it is! Note that he does no more than you or any other man can do—but he makes sales from \$9 to \$100 or more.

A Typical Experience

Here is his letter from St. Petersburg, Fla.:

"I came to Florida and carpentered and contracted for about one year.

"I started October 11th and the first month I sold 115 extinguishers and am still going strong. I first started out covering a complete block, selling those I could sell and making dates for later calls, and have sold a number of them on second call.

"I am starting on my seventh week selling Fyr-Fyters and have recently closed an order with the Suwanee Hotel. Also, the Times Publishing Company, the largest newspaper building in St. Petersburg.

"I find selling Fyr-Fyters a pleasure and I enjoy it."

Zimmerman, like hundreds of other Fyr-Fyter salesmen, will go right on selling Fyr-Fyters for years, making more money each succeeding year. That is part of Fyr-Fyter's plan to quickly develop \$10,000-a-year men—advancement, bigger commissions, co-operation. When you sell Fyr-Fyters you are not only drawing a big

weekly pay check—you are intrenching yourself in a lifetime opportunity—and building a fortune on the same tested plan that is paying George \$1,000 a month, and Viles, Bowman, Payne, Wilson, De Pries, Gill and many others \$8,000 to \$12,000 a year.

A Real Man's Opportunity

Fire prevention is a field that has just begun to realize its full possibilities. It is a field of wide-open opportunities, uncrowded and unusually free from competition.



Everyone who owns anything that will burn is a possible user of fire extinguishers. There are 27,000,000 homes alone, where there is a need for one or more extinguishers. There are 20,000,000 autos and trucks only 5% protected against fire. Established corporations, factories, stores, offices, hotels, schools, restaurants, public institutions, etc., are continually buying equipment replacing obsolete equipment, and purchasing additional extinguishers,

recharges and refills. One city block is capable of sales running into thousands of dollars! Owners of new buildings often buy without question. The Federal and State Governments, and thousands of City ordinances require the installation of extinguishers in schools, theaters, garages, hotels, railroads, boats, etc. Sales of 10, 50 and 100 extinguishers at one time are common. There never can be a saturation point for fire extinguishers. America's new buildings total seven billion dollars a year.

These brief facts give you a glimpse of the vast field of fire prevention.

Why Sales Are Easy

Now consider these extra facts. Hundreds of sales will simply fall in your hands. Many of the people you call on have always wanted fire extinguishers. Everyone fears and dreads fire. Fyr-Fyters make an amazing demonstration. Every fire alarm helps you. Fyr-Fyters often pay for themselves in lowered insurance rates. You can make splendid profits inspecting and recharging extinguishers of all makes. We show you how to start a service department.

You are now face to face with one of the finest opportunities ever offered in the field of salesmanship. You have been considering a position in one of the highest paid selling organizations in America with the foremost company of its kind in the world. If you are the kind of man we want, use the coupon below to get our full plan and complete facts about our company and our line of quality fire extinguishers. This first step does not obligate you, but it opens up an opportunity that is far greater than we can tell you in this limited space.

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Save Your Eyes

Dr. C. W. Trail says:—"When I am not using the Farrington, my wife is using it; when my wife is not using it, our 8-year old daughter is using it. Every home should have at least one."

Insures
Correct
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At last—a Long Felt Human Want is Filled by this great necessity—Dr. Farrington's portable

Reading Table for the Lap

Conserves the Life of Your Eyes
Here is the helper you have always needed. It saves your eyes—conserves your energy—insures correct posture—prevents eyestrain—permits concentration with real relaxation and absolute comfort. The FARRINGTON supports books, magazines, reading matter, typewriter, writing materials, etc., at just the right angle to insure correct vision, regardless of position. It will help everyone who reads, writes, draws, etc.

IDEAL FOR CHILDREN

Don't let your child hump! It's dangerous! Eyestrain, distorted organs, curved spine and retardation of normal development results. The Farrington compels correct posture.

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Prof. E. L. Eaton, University of Wis., says: "It is a joy to read a book of any size, resting easily in a rocking chair. Thousands will now have a new joy reading while resting."

With the Farrington every one can increase their capacity for mental effort.



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Think what this means! Comfort, enjoyment, greater mental and physical energies. Greater facility for the mechanics of reading and writing. **Genuine relaxation.** The Farrington allows you to assume a comfortable position when reading, writing, etc.

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Used with detachable metal legs for Reading in Bed by sick, invalid or crippled patient in home, hospital or sanitarium. Used on beach or in the camp for eating, cards, etc.

Ideal Gift Usable in so many ways, it will give many years of joyful service. Beautifully finished. Light weight (less than 48 ozs.) sturdily constructed, portable, folds to 1 inch. Size 12x18 inches. A handsome piece of furniture adjustable to any position.

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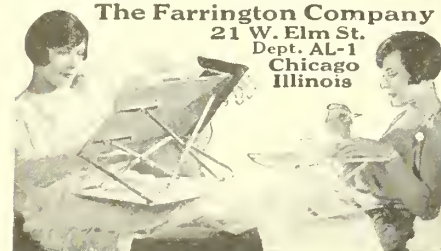
1. Natural Finish.....\$6.50
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The Farrington Company
21 W. Elm St.
Dept. AL-1
Chicago
Illinois



The Murder of Captain Walsh

(Continued from page 58)

hadn't ought. Walsh had plenty to worry him Thursday night without letting the only man he could trust get out of his reach. You see, sir, I checked up on you. I happened to know the old Thirty-fourth Headquarters Troop was having a dance Thursday night in Le Mans. I called on the telephone and found you were right there with your own outfit. You didn't leave the Y till three o'clock."

"Two fifty-five," corrected Fayette.

"And the shot Malines heard out in his garden was at two. That right, mister?" Hardesty whirled on Janise.

"Two?" Janise faltered. He spoke again hurriedly. "Oui, oui, at two in the morning!"

"You dirty bum! He killed Walsh early in the evening with the gardener's shovel, men! Even a cop could see that. And right quick thought of an alibi. Your cousin . . . what's his name? No difference. You ran out to his house and went to bed. Never pays to have too much alibi! Soon as they all was asleep, out you sneaked and came back. You searched the body for Malines' bid. Left the pockets wrong side out! Must of been kind of cold work handling a dead man out there that time of night?"

The accused man shuddered.

"And then, at two o'clock, you shot him with his own pistol. Held it close, where I could see the powder burns. He didn't bleed. What you think a cop would examine first? Blood! Well, there wasn't any blood. That proves he was dead some time before. You didn't think about his wearing a money belt. You couldn't find the bid so back you ran to your cousin's and woke up bright and early and told what a nice night's sleep you had. Too much alibi."

Janise wiped the sweat from his face. Malines rose with dignity.

"Do you mean that this man *paid* the Corporal Schmidt to take out my bid?"

"That's it, mayor. Wasn't that original! How much you give him, bo?"

Janise faltered.

"Better tell!" Hardesty threatened.

"A thousand francs!" the shoe man whispered. "Enough! He should not have told!"

"But he did. I guess he had a conscience. Too bad. He had a conscience and was left-handed. You see I got the thousand francs right here, Frenchie, every centime. I found it in his cap."

"It is mine!"

"Ho! What a sweet idea! You see, gentlemen. Mister Janise was pretty angry to know a clerk could squeal. Schmidt didn't have a chance. All he could do was throw a chair. And that didn't hit Janise. Plutarch, take this man away. He gives me a pain. I don't want to look at him. There ain't any glory in solvin' a case where the murderer sticks the gun in the wrong hand. Might as well put up a sign. Take him away! I got to get back to town."

Plutarch moved slowly around the table. He said nothing. But as he jerked Janise through the door, he kicked him. French fashion, three expressive pokes.

Hardesty stretched and rose to his feet.

"Good night, mayor," he said. "Sorry I had to disturb you. If you'll join me, sir," he turned to Lieutenant Fayette, "I'll overlook it not being military. The buvette's just across the way from here, and it so happens I got a good drag with that lady."

If You're Thinking of Living

(Continued from page 45)

factor consistently accompanied by excessive blood pressure in this whole group, although heavy dentistry also shows high ratios. But while only one man in twenty of the whole group had high blood pressure, one in eight of the overweights had it. A considerably greater proportion of fat men showed enlarged hearts and pulse above ninety. Sugar and albumin in the urine (diabetes and inflammation of the kidney) were present in a much larger proportion of the overweights than among the men of normal weight. Of the heavyweights, three out of four had serious impairments of some sort calling for systematic medical or surgical attention; of the normal weight group, only one in five had serious impairments.

If you wish to get your share of the

longer life allotted to Americans you will not let yourself get much overweight. If you find your weight climbing above where it should be—and tables of standard weights are so generally published that nobody has an excuse for not knowing what he should weigh—the burden of getting it down is squarely up to you. Less food and more exercise are the two important factors in weight reduction. And the person who employs them is not likely to overdo materially. If he had a tendency to eat too little or exercise too much he would not have become an overweight in the first place. However, it is not advisable to undertake a campaign of rigorous reduction, either by dieting or exercising, or a combination, without consulting a doctor. If indulged in wrongly, they may

do more harm than good. Self-judgment cannot be depended upon.

It was an astute old farmer who said that pigs would live longer if they did not make hogs of themselves. It is the advice to take off a little flesh that is first given to the man who wants to prolong his life. However, there is also such a thing as the craze for reduction with the dangers of malnutrition and the possibility that life may be abbreviated by inability to resist disease that is associated with poor nutrition. It is therefore best to find out by observation your optimum weight for good health and to keep as near this weight as possible by suitable diet, exercise and rest. The craze for reduction among women has been so popular that it will not be hard for the average business man to find a suitable reduction diet in the restaurant, the cafeteria or the home.

The examination of the group of men previously mentioned disclosed that a large proportion of them commit errors of diet, work too long hours, take too little exercise and complain of fatigue. Nearly two-fifths of these men consume too much protein—meat, eggs, cheese, fish and the like—drink insufficient water and too much coffee and tea. Almost half of them commit other errors of diet. Over one-third of them use an excessive quantity of tobacco. More than one in four works too long hours. Three out of five take too little exercise. These are the two age groups with which we are most concerned, including the men between twenty-five and forty-four.

It does not require anything more complex than common sense to point out the remedies for these conditions. Meat or eggs three times a day is too much protein; so is a large helping of beefsteak followed by a liberal second. It does not require a tremendous amount of self-control to refrain from meat or eggs or the like at one meal a day, and to use moderate quantities at the other meals. No great genius is required to make yourself drink a glass of water with each meal and a glass of water between meals, making a total of six glasses a day. One on awakening and one before going to bed help out the total. Most of us like coffee and tea, but it is no trick to hold yourself to two cups a day—say one with breakfast and one with dinner. Holding yourself to eight or ten cigarettes a day, or say four pipefuls or three cigars—this may take more will power for some men than all the rest put together. Yet if a man makes a habit of pausing just long enough, as he reaches for his cigarettes, to ask himself, "Do I really need this one?" he will find himself smoking half as much as he did before and with no more effort than this.

Getting exercise seems to be the greatest single difficulty that American men meet in their personal hygiene. We must be getting physically lazy. When a (Continued on page 62)

WALK-OVER SHOES



Walk-Overs are made in three grades—Custom, Standard, and Special. This is the Plymouth, a Standard Grade shoe at \$10.

Shoes of fine appearance and Pullman Comfort...

When wearing these Walk-Overs with the built-in Main Spring* Arch, a man puts his best foot forward wherever he goes.

Concealed in the shoe, the built-in Walk-Over Main Spring* Arch waits to give gentle but firm support when tired foot muscles start to sag. Yet until it is needed, the wearer never realizes that the Arch is there. Made of tempered spring-steel, it is light as air.

If you have never seen the style, felt the comfort, of these shoes on your own feet, you owe it to yourself to try on a pair.

Write for our interesting booklet, "The Correct Shoe Wardrobe," by William Arnsworth Wilson. It describes the shoes that every man should have to be well-dressed.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*As seen in
Vanity Fair*

This nonchalantly seated man, as seen in December "Vanity Fair," is wearing the Carlton—a smart Walk-Over shoe of black calf, priced at \$12, which should be part of the shoe wardrobe of every well-dressed man.

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Curable through HOME TREATMENT

PROFESSOR MAURICE SCHOLDER, the internationally renowned specialist on ailments of hair and scalp, who has heretofore treated patients only at his Clinic, now offers a course of Home Treatment to any sufferer who is unable to come to his Clinic. Professor Scholder's Home Treatment System is based on the principle of individual analysis, diagnosis and prescription. In other words, each case is individually analyzed and treated. This diagnosis and prescription, together with his secret formulas and individual treatment, account for his uniform success in stopping loss of hair, and actually growing strong, new hair, in cases where less gifted and less experienced practitioners have failed completely.



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The newspapers in this country and abroad have proclaimed Professor Scholder as the marvel of his profession. Now, in his advancing years, Professor Scholder is not content to call a halt to the accomplishments of a long and honorable career. He is retiring gradually from treating patients at his Clinic and is devoting three days a week to treating patients by his Home Treatment System. His successful cures are numbered in the thousands and among his grateful patients are men and women of highest prominence.

Send a Sample of Your Hair for Analysis



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One of Prof.
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PROFESSOR SCHOLDER will accept no case that is incurable. To enable him to determine the condition of your hair, send a few of your hairs (ordinary combings will do) in an envelope with this coupon. You may also add any details which you think will help Professor Scholder with your case. He will then subject your hair to his laboratory tests and send you a report as soon as the analysis is completed. There is no charge made for this analysis and report.

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Professor Scholder:

I am enclosing a few specimens of my hair for your analysis with the understanding that you will tell me what to do to save my hair and renew its growth. This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name

Address

City State

If You're Thinking of Living

(Continued from page 61)

physician orders a man to take exercise, the patient will put up a type of specious reasoning that would convince anyone who had not had the same experience a hundred times before.

"But doctor, I *do* get exercise," the patient protests.

"How much?"

"Well, I walk a good deal."

"How much?"

"Why, I walk to the office every morning"—or "to the station" if he happens to be a suburban resident.

"How far is that?"

"Six blocks."

"Is that all?"

"No-o-o. I walk around a good deal downtown."

"As much as five miles? That would be about an hour and a half if I'm any judge of pace."

"No. I guess maybe I walk a half an hour a day in my business. I get an awful lot of exercise around my yard, too."

"What did you do last week?"

"Well, I mowed the lawn."

"Fifty-foot lot?"

"Yes."

But why go on? You know exactly how it is when some energetic fellow tries to get you to join the golf club or take up tennis again. You probably do the same thing, stall the same way, and continue to get too little exercise.

A man who plays golf during the week-end is not getting enough exercise. He must play a little during the middle of the week, too, or do something that is equivalent, in order to keep himself from getting logy. Once-a-week exercise is not sufficient. Overdoing once a week and doing nothing between Sunday and Saturday is quite as bad as getting no exercise at all. Moderate exercise once a week is better than getting none at all. But moderate exercise two or three or four times a week, not enough to bring exhaustion but enough so a man knows he has had a work-out, is the proper amount—assuming that he is not so fortunately situated that he can get a little every day. It must be properly distributed.

Then there is the question of enough sleep. Few of us get enough sleep. We have all heard of eight hours as a good night's rest. So we start to bed about eight hours before we have to get up to go to work again. Then we count this as getting eight hours of sleep. Actually, of course, it figures out to around seven. Then we short-change ourselves still more one or two evenings a week—and tell people we must be getting old because we no longer have the pep we used to have. It is not simply the lack of pep. This feeling of fatigue is a symptom that we need more rest, that our bodies are in a sub-standard condition because

we are not getting it. Of course, doctors themselves are perhaps the worst offenders when it comes to getting enough sleep. But they don't deny that ten hours a bed every night would mean the prevention of a large share of human ailments. The eight- or ten-hour sleeper is likely to get more than his share of the years by which life has been lengthened.

Then there's the question of periodical medical examinations. When the young men of the country were in uniform a few years ago, most of the enlisted personnel regarded either as red tape or as a joke the careful medical supervision they received. Practically everyone has laughed with the training station gob who used iodine to paint "Good morning, doctor!" on his abdomen and surprised the near-sighted medico who came squinting along the front rank of exposed anatomies. It's a good story, whether or not it happened. But far more significant than its humor, it truly symbolizes the attitude of the men to medical supervision. Why see a doctor, if you're well?

Sick call appealed as a chance to gamble, with relief from irksome duty if the man won and an issue of unpleasantly strong little pills if he lost. Lots of fun was poked at sick call in the wartime Army. But the organization behind sick call is a model for everyone to follow. Nowhere else is health work on so sound a basis as in the Army and Navy.

Next below it ranks the public-health work in some exceptional cities, at best a poor second. If health work in the community where you live could be organized as the Army is, with periodical medical examination compulsory on every resident and the authorities empowered to see their orders carried out, your own chances of longer life would be materially increased. You couldn't help yourself.

The periodical examination is perhaps the most important step for anyone to take in safeguarding his own health, beyond the common sense procedures of diet and general hygiene already outlined. The examination itself is of no benefit unless the doctor who makes it and the patient who takes it go one step further. The examination is neither expensive nor painful. If, after it is completed, the doctor explains carefully to the patient in understandable terms just what his examination has disclosed—and if, then, the patient goes ahead and carries out the recommendations—it works wonders in the patient's future health and resulting peace of mind.

And it is not as though the individual were not interested. He is. If you don't think that health is an interesting subject of conversation to the per-

son affected, listen to someone on a diet describing what he or she can have and what not, and what results have already been noted. Or eavesdrop on the summer afternoon porch squad at a resort hotel.

After the insurance company already referred to had had its first six thousand policyholders examined—this was before the larger group on which we have drawn for statistics—it waited between five and six years and then analyzed its experience with death claims out of this group. The company's experience had indicated that of this group, 303 would have died within the period. Instead, only 217 had died. There was, therefore, a saving of almost one-third in the mortality, traceable directly to the examinations. These people, warned of their impairments, had taken sufficiently good care of themselves so that only a little more than two out of three died who would have died without the examination. Their increase in working efficiency and happiness, due to better health, cannot be measured. But if the individual were yourself, you would measure it as of considerable importance.

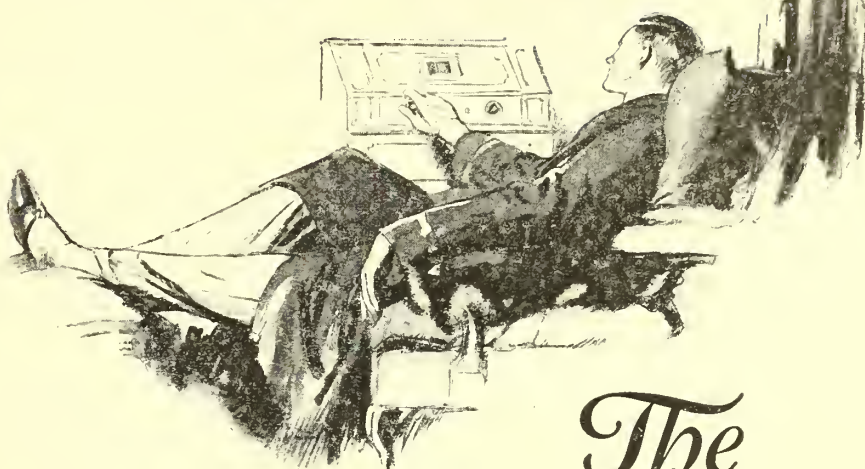
Besides the pleasure of longer and happier life, there is the economic side to consider. Statisticians have computed the cash value of a human life, basing its value on the earning power of the individual whose life it is. Take, as two typical classes, the earnings of the man who, during his period of raising a family, makes about \$2,500 a year, and the man who makes \$5,000. At forty, the \$2,500 man's life is worth \$25,795; the \$5,000 man's \$45,670. So, considering only the financial side of the obligation to his family, a man is not being wise when he takes chances with throwing away his life before it has produced what it can for his dependents.

If an ailment comes between periodical examinations—bear in mind, we recommend that you select a regular interval for examinations, such as the first day of June every year or some other time which suits your convenience, not that you simply have yourself examined once and forget about it—then the thing to do is to get it taken care of immediately. Care of the health is simple, as long as everything goes right. When something crashes through the natural defenses, though, care of disease becomes a highly technical problem. Common sense dictates that under these circumstances, a competent technical man be given the problem to handle—in other words, a good doctor.

None of this advice is thrilling or surprising. Taking good care of yourself is not a particularly adventurous task, though it pays the best dividends a man or woman can ask—good health, happiness and longer life. But let's summarize these prosy principles, just to see once more what they look like:

1. Watch (Continued on page 64)

Living on



The Shoulder blades

"Want to go out tonight, honey?" "Let's stay with the fire. What would you like to hear?" And with a turn of the wrist they are in a concert hall a hundred miles away.

"LIVING on the shoulder blades" some indignant authority has called this modern life of ours. It's true. But we weren't built for it—and so sluggish intestinal muscles have become a universal problem.

That is why millions of men and women have hailed a delicious little mint flavored tablet as one of the greatest triumphs of the modern laboratory.

Feen-a-mint—apparently just a bit of chewing gum. You chew it two or three minutes at bedtime, until the flavor is gone.

That is all. Yet notice

how you feel next morning! Fresh—buoyant—clear-eyed, for the deadening poisons of constipation are gone. And gone with no violent "flushing" of the system—with no injury to the digestion—with none of the unpleasant after-effects ordinary laxatives may have for you.

Follow the example of millions of intelligent men and women, and try Feen-a-mint tonight yourself. Your favorite druggist has it.

Made only by Health Products Corporation, Newark, N. J. Branches in Toronto, Canada—London—Frankfort, Germany and representatives in all principal countries.



Your Child's Cold Needs this Double Treatment

DON'T "dose" a child for a cold. Medicines taken internally so often upset the little one's delicate digestion. Modern mothers use the external treatment—Vicks VapoRub.

You simply rub Vicks over the throat and chest at bedtime and it acts two ways at once!

(1) It is vaporized by the body heat, and inhaled direct to the inflamed air passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing.

(2) At the same time, it is absorbed through and stimulates the skin like a poultice or plaster, thus helping the vapors inhaled to break up the congestion.

In millions of homes for more than 20 years Vicks has been found effective for the colds of all the family—for grown-ups as well as for children.



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H. & H. SALES CO., 81 Bowery, Dept. P63, New York, N. Y.

If You're Thinking of Living

(Continued from page 63)

your weight; control it by not eating too much and not exercising too little.

2. Sleep enough—get eight hours of actual sleep regularly and more when you can.

3. Use a common-sense diet. Don't eat too much of any one sort of food; drink enough water.

4. Hold yourself to a moderate allowance of tea, coffee and tobacco.

5. Have a periodical medical examination, a health audit—then carry out the recommendations which result.

6. Ventilate properly every room you occupy, because the only good air is fresh outdoor air. Do not sit in drafts. The evidence for and against them is not perfect, but some three thousand years of medical experience indicate that sitting in a draft is usually followed by trouble.

7. Spend some time out-of-doors every day. Men were not house animals in the first place, and we are becoming civilized away from a healthful existence.

8. Do not dissipate, because dissipation may seem like recreation, but it is not rest.

9. So many foods have been sophisticated by modern process of manufacture that vitamins are difficult to secure. The natural foods, including milk, cereals, the leafy vegetables,

fruits, eggs and water contain the essentials for a healthful diet.

10. Investigation has shown that regular action of the bowels is conducive to good health and is the basis of what people call pep or vigor. This should be a habit at a certain time each day.

11. Heart disease and kidney disease have been shown to be associated frequently with infections of the teeth, tonsils and adenoids. Colds and sore throats should be given prompt and particular attention.

12. When any critical condition arises, get competent medical advice immediately.

Certainly these are simple commandments of health. Certainly they are none of them irksome.

"Will they assure me my share of the added years of life?" you ask. Nothing can assure them. One can only take precautions and know that he is increasing his chances thereby.

But it is conservative to say that if any group of people would follow these rules for a few years, they would increase the average life span of the group by eight or ten years.

That answer ought to suit you.

Dr. Fishbein is editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

A Personal View

(Continued from page 41)

which the result of the Red boastings had made ridiculous.

The confraternity of men who fought for stable, sane democracy and the right of really free speech realized anew a common interest against that Bolshevik lunacy which turned tail in face of the reunion of courage of the battlefield and of principle. No broken heads, no knifings, the order of veterans in peace. If all American tourists behaved as well as the Legionnaires—but that is not to be expected of them. They did not have lessons in deportment in the training camps or under John J. Pershing.

All For Peace

NOT A SINGLE WORD, not a note, at Paris glorified war. It was a great and real peace conference. Again, let us quote General Pershing's words: "Those who, like the men of the Legion, know what war is, are wondering why the nations may not yet learn to deal with one another by following the same code of honor we demand among individuals; why theft and violence on the largest scale are less wicked than petty stealing; why

prejudice and passion are more excusable in ten million than merely in one." Let the FIDAC carry on!

FOR THE FIRST time the eyes of the nation were on the Legion in the headlines day after day. Newspapers that

Now They All Know Us

gave other conventions half a column gave this columns. Nothing like turning on the revealing

limelight as a public test.

The Legion from being a fraternal organization, to many Americans, became a great national institution. It was discovered—in this busy land of such varied interests pressing for attention—to many people who were too old to be in the War or who have grown up since the War.

The Paris visit even recalled to many that there was a War and what a wicked business war is, reminding them what a good thing it is to keep out of war. There was a stirring of memories of the days when we were straining our eyes "over there" for battle news and fearing casualties and all our effort was at high pitch.

It was the way that the Legion stood

for the service of ten years ago that inspired the thought that the soul of the A. E. F. had gone into it just as on the day when our troops first marched in Paris "Lafayette, we are here" fitted the occasion and became immortal.

THE REAL CHARACTER of the Legion was also discovered to many men who served. I have in mind one veteran

who said to me: *Always Room For More* "An article you wrote about the Legion and then what I read from Paris gave me a new view. I had been busy with my work and bringing up my youngsters.

"The Legion seemed to me an organization for the veterans to get together and have a good time. That was all right. But I had had enough of that war. I wanted to forget it. Now I find that the Legion is a great business. I understand what it means. Heavens knows, I never want to see another war, not even a little one, but now, as we had to have that one, I am getting a little proud of my part in it when I know I didn't win it all alone, though I got my share of the rough stuff.

"And what I got out of it, the training and character out of the discipline and unity, I find is what the Legion is trying to preserve and make useful. The soul of the A. E. F. in it—that's great. The Legion is a power and can be a greater with more of us in it. I'm joining."

Many other non-members must be having the same thought. It is a reward for all who have labored to keep the Legion in character and carried the Paris plan through, and who have kept on "telling 'em" but not telling great numbers with the effectiveness that the dispatches from Paris told them.

IT IS TIME to realize responsibilities as well as to be a little eloquent. The Legion is the same to members as before the Paris Convention, but not the same to the general public. In order to hold the esteem and

To Live Up to It

place it has won with the elders and those who have grown up since the War we have to keep it on the same lines and growing stronger as we ourselves grow older. As the man who was presented with twins said, "I've got a double blessing at one deal to live up to and work for."

It means just this, keeping the soul of the A. E. F. and of the training camps' fellowship always there. It means a big vision for America and a world vision all the way up from posts to national headquarters. The more powerful we are the more vital the wisdom to use that power rightly. The best way to make the Legion mean more to us (Continued on page 66)

This Habit Pays Dividends

Of those you see in a dentist's waiting room only a very few are there of their own accord. The others are seeking relief from pain. As a simple health measure, let your dentist prevent trouble. It is far easier than correction. See him at least once every six months.



Pyorrhea's grim record is 4 out of 5

Stealthy in its attack and ruthless, Pyorrhea poison always wins if let alone. Forming at the base of teeth it seeps through the system. Health is ravaged. And very often it causes such serious troubles as rheumatism, neuritis, anemia, facial disfigurement and nervousness. Its price is paid by 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

To Be The Lucky One

Never pit health against this foe at such uneven odds. Provide protection. See your dentist at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, daily.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's for the Gums, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, safeguards precious health. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course. It firms gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay and keeps them snowy white.

As a simple preventive measure that pays dividends in good health, use Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll like the taste of Forhan's.

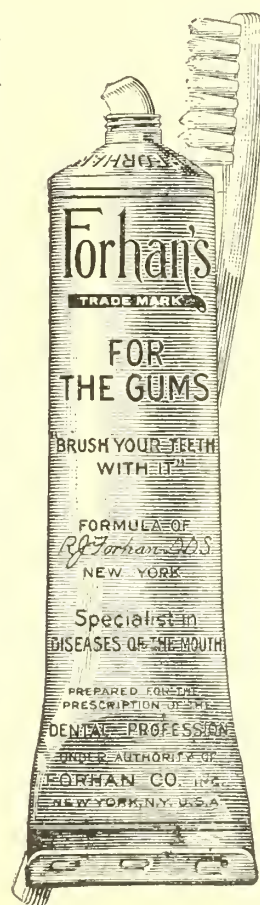
Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Forhan's is insurance against Pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of this serious trouble.

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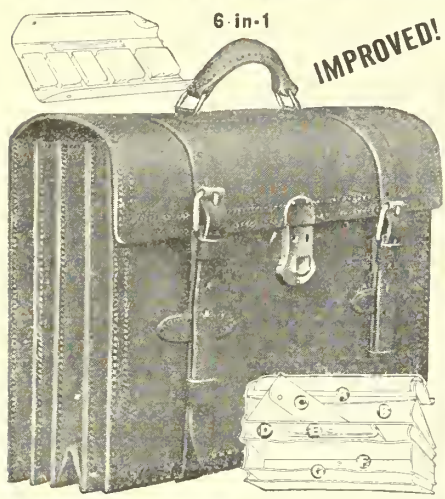
Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. 35c and 60c, all druggists.



Forhan's for the gums

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A Personal View

(Continued from page 65)

is to make it mean more to all the young people who are now growing up.

I AM WRITING THIS from Washington, where Paris also had its effect. Said an official: "How are you ever going to keep the Legion out of politics, now, when its power is becoming so great and temptation of ambitious men will be so strong to catch the veteran vote?"

The Same Old Fear
I suggested to him that he have some office seeker go to a post meeting and ask that the members vote for him because he was a Legionnaire.

Naturally every presidential candidate would like that Legion vote. So would a lot of us like the money in the United States Treasury, and anyone stands about an equal chance of getting even a small part of it.

The only vote any Legionnaire can deliver is his own. He cannot be even sure of one from the Auxiliary. When he gets the idea that he can deliver others he will lose a few thousand to every one he gains; or else we cease to be the same Legion. We did not serve in uniforms as Democrats or

Republicans; and we are not in the Legion as Republicans or Democrats, but as citizens. That power which tempts candidates was created by keeping the Legion free from partisan political influences.

Certain Little Minds, which were not in on the brave times of '17-'18, were unhappy to see others having such a good time in Paris.

Straining Little Minds They extracted crumbs of comfort from any little newspaper item or report of the exaggerated action of an individual as characteristic of the whole.

Is THAT THE right naval phrase? It means tootle-too when the Admiral comes aboard. We have our first naval man for national commander. It was high time. Also, the first man from the Atlantic sea-board.

If any man has been trained for the job it is Commander Spafford. He was a pioneer in formative days; and his interest and devotion have been unflagging. Watch the Legion ship sail!

Pipe the Sides

The A. E. F. Comes Home

(Continued from page 40)

the New Jersey Departments of the Legion and during the past year served as Chairman of the Legion's standing Committee on Aeronautics. Rev. J. Monroe Stick, of Maryland, whose name had also been presented for the office of National Chaplain, withdrew in favor of Rev. Mr. Wilson before the roll-call vote had been completed, and made the motion declaring National Chaplain Wilson's election unanimous.

Immediately after the elections, Past National Commander Milton J. Foreman of Illinois conducted the beautiful ceremony of presenting to Howard P. Savage, retiring National Commander, the colors of The American Legion and the badge of Past National Commander. As he presented the colors, Mr. Foreman declared:

"They come to you dowered with the affection of a million men who know you. They come to you dowered with friendship which shall increase as time goes by. These men have watched you in the past year. You are the same Howard Savage that they elected in Philadelphia. In spite of the high and deserved honors which you have received, the same simple, direct, energetic man is still there. There is no trait of spotlightishness in you, and we glory that the cross-section

of the American people gave us a National Commander like you."

IF the American people are not air-minded, the American Legion is. Every one of the twenty thousand Americans who made the pilgrimage to Paris was tremendously impressed by aerial developments abroad, particularly in commercial passenger traffic between the principal cities of Europe. Most Legionnaires took at least one air journey while in Europe, paying for the trip scarcely more than they would have paid for train journeys of equal length back home. Legionnaires who had left home thinking of the airplane as an experimental transportation medium, to be used in its present stage of development only by army, navy and government mail flyers, found themselves nonchalantly flying from London to Paris in comfortable many-seated passenger planes. Those who got into Germany found airplanes in such common use that German traveling salesmen, hardened by frequent use of planes, slept and snored in their seats of the big planes roaring from Berlin to Cologne. Other Americans, pressed for time, saved precious hours of traveling in Italy by flying from Rome to Venice. One and all, the Legion-

naires who traveled about Europe before the convention came to Paris convinced that the United States is not apace with other countries in flying for the ordinary man.

The feeling of the Second A. E. F. was reflected by the enthusiasm with which the Paris convention adopted the resolution submitted by the Legion's standing National Defense Committee calling for the establishment of a separate government department of air to be headed by a new member of the President's Cabinet. The resolution was as follows:

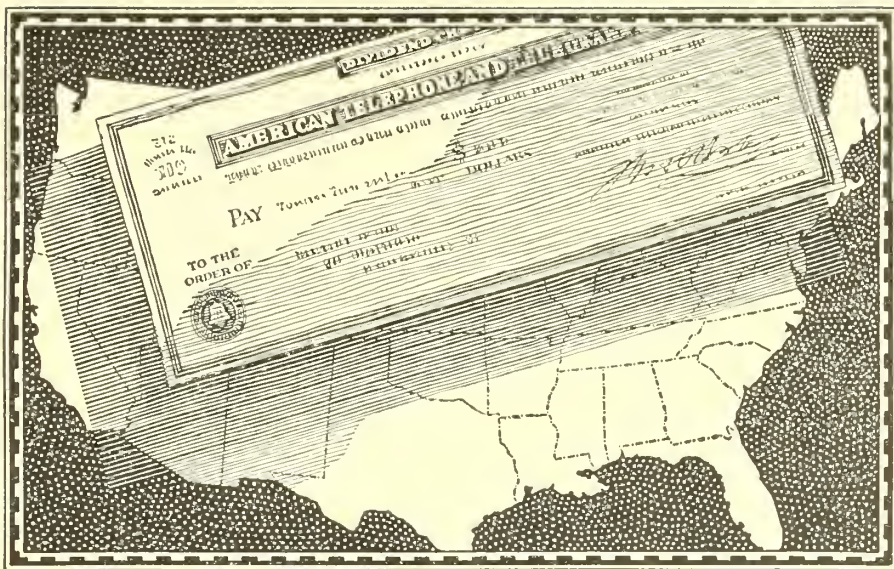
"We, the standing Committee on National Defense of The American Legion, favor the organization of national aeronautics as soon as warranted into a separate department of national defense headed by a cabinet secretary."

This resolution was approved by the convention after Brigadier General William Mitchell led a fight from the convention floor to have the phrase "as soon as warranted" stricken from the resolution, arguing that its inclusion seemed to indicate that the organization of a separate air department is not warranted at this time. General Mitchell was a member of both the standing Committee on National Defense which formulated the resolution and of the convention Committee on National Defense which approved it and passed it to the convention for decision. Brigadier General Roy Hoffman, chairman of both the standing and convention committees, defended the resolution as it stood. After a warm debate, the convention sustained General Hoffman's viewpoint, a roll call resulting in 622 votes in favor of the intact resolution and 299 for the elimination of the phrase "as soon as warranted."

Later, however, when General Mitchell presented the report of the convention Committee on Aeronautics, the convention approved the recommendation that the separate air department be established "as soon as possible." This was done after it had declined to approve the recommendation of the Committee on Aeronautics in favor of "the immediate creation of a Department of National Aeronautics."

The adoption of the similar resolutions presented by the Defense and Aeronautics Committees left no doubt that the whole convention was unanimously agreed on the main principle involved.

The presentation of the recommendations of the convention's committee followed almost a year of study of the problem of national aeronautics by the standing Committee on National Defense appointed by National Commander Howard P. Savage, a committee composed of the nation's foremost authorities on national defense and flying. David Shillinglaw of Illinois, a member of the Defense Committee, explained to the convention the committee's stand. (Continued on page 68)



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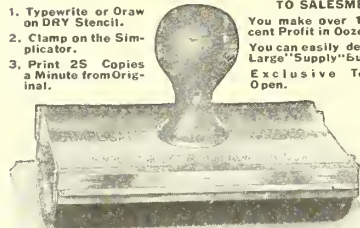
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The A. E. F. Comes Home

(Continued from page 67)

"The Legion does not want to go on record for anything unless it is sure it will be adopted," he said. "We believe in being conservative. Our Congress is carrying out the recommendations of the Morrow Board, and that will last for about three years. Three years will go by very fast. Perhaps after another year, after consideration by the National Defense Committee, we will favor going ahead at once with a separate air department, but we want to be sure that we want it now before we strike out of the resolution this phrase 'as soon as warranted.'"

General Mitchell, speaking from the platform, declared:

"Today it is known that every nation in Europe and in the world is organized with a separate air force which shall go directly to the centers of the hostile country and paralyze them so that war cannot be carried on by the other nation. . . . Every minute that we put this off, just so much are we losing in our national development.

. . . What we need is to get a Department of Aviation at once with a cabinet representative."

The report of the Aeronautics Committee as adopted contained these other recommendations:

"We favor the development of civil and commercial aviation, airways, airports and all necessary aids to air navigation throughout the United States and its possessions.

"We recommend an intensive and thorough program of training of younger men in all departments of aeronautics.

"We recommend the same aeronautical equipment as that provided for the regular service be furnished

for the use of the National Guard and Reserve units, and that in case of death or accident to flyers of the National Guard or Reserve Corps occurring in line of duty, the same compensation and allowances be paid to their beneficiaries as is provided for the regular services."

The convention also adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, that The American Legion foster and urge upon all towns and cities the institution of airports; that the advance of aviation in America be encouraged and promoted to the end that this newly developed field of commerce and transportation be recognized as American in its real advantages and as an ever-growing source of pride to Americans.

"That a very important aid to aviation can be rendered by the Legion throughout the States by placing the names of cities and towns on roofs of prominent buildings, and we recommend earnestly that this be accomplished as soon as possible.

"That the American Legion in every way possible stimulate the use of the air mail."

ENLARGEMENT of the Legion's activities for public and community betterment was directed in a series of resolutions adopted by the convention, the most important being as follows:

"It is the duty of the Legion, nationally and locally, to render service in time of peace comparable to that demanded in war, and to that end posts and departments are directed to endeavor to take an active interest in all matters of public betterment.

"The particular form of public betterment shall be left entirely to the indi-



Most of the official Legion ships found smooth seas. Here is a game of deck tennis on the S. S. Caledonia as she ploughed the gulf stream

vidual post, whether it concern itself with some civic undertaking or improvement deemed locally necessary or advisable, with the training, development and education of the youth of the community along general or special lines, with contributing to the well-being of its children, either generally or of particular classes especially needing aid; with the awakening of its citizens to a higher sense of obligation and of duty; with the greater observance of law and order on the part of the people; with the stimulation of the making of better homes for the exemplification of true American family life; or whatsoever the post deems most worthy of its endeavor for betterment of the city, town or village of which it is a part; but nevertheless it shall be the duty of National Headquarters to formulate an outline of what may be accomplished along various lines in the way of community service by the posts for their guidance in entering upon this work."

In keeping with this resolution, the convention indorsed a program for the conservation of natural resources, particularly of natural recreational playgrounds and lakes. It also urged that parks and playgrounds be provided for in all new real-estate allotments and extensions of city areas. An adequate system of good roads, suitable for use in military emergency, was also called for by a resolution.

Reiterating the Legion's support of the Boy Scouts, the convention directed that the incoming administration encourage the Boy Scout movement and aid "in actually organizing and maintaining it throughout the States, through the aid and assistance of Legion posts of all localities."

The convention also recorded its sentiment for the endowment of the American Legion School Award by posts and individuals in all communities, to assist in developing character among all school children by inspiring them with the ideals of scholarship, leadership and the other qualities for which Legion medals shall be awarded to outstanding students.

IN addition to reaffirming the Legion's support of the bill to give disabled emergency army officers the same retirement rights as possessed by other classes of disabled officers and of the Universal Draft Bill which would place industry, labor and fighting manpower on an equitable basis in war, the convention adopted a number of recommendations for amendments to the existing Adjusted Compensation Law and directed that the Legion use its legislative machinery to obtain passage of a law by Congress to give relief to the States stricken by this year's Mississippi River floods.

One of the most important recommendations on adjusted compensation was that favoring the elimination of dependency proofs by fathers and mothers of deceased (Continued on page 70)

LEAVE IT TO THE YOUNGER CROWD TO KNOW THE BEST!



IT is characteristic of this younger set to settle the cigarette question exactly as they settle their hard-fought games — on the sporting principle of "may the best win!"



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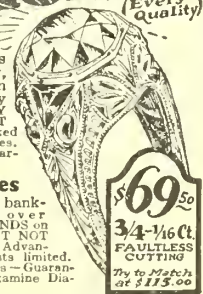
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The A. E. F. Comes Home

(Continued from page 69)

men. Another recommendation urged legislation to help a large number of claimants deprived of payments through technical rulings of the Comptroller of the Treasury.

The flood relief recommendation recalled the active part taken by the Legion in rescue and relief work during the Mississippi River disasters and declared that "the problem of rehabilitation of flood sufferers should not be left to local relief organizations and State governments alone, but the direct responsibility of the whole United States should be recognized and funds should be provided by Congress to be quickly and effectively made available through Federal agencies." The resolution adopted urged that the Government also provide against the recurrence of floods and finally solve the problem of national flood control.

THE convention unanimously adopted an amendment to the section of the Legion's national constitution dealing with the expulsion of members. The amendment is as follows:

"No person who has been expelled by a post shall be admitted to membership in another post without the consent of the expelling post, except that where such consent has been asked for and denied by such post he may then appeal to the State Executive Committee of the department of the expelling post for permission to apply for membership in another post and shall be ineligible for membership until such permission is granted."

AMERICAN Legion policy on child welfare in the coming year was defined in the following resolution:

"This convention again renews and reaffirms its pledges and obligations adequately to protect and care for the needy and orphan children of service men and to support legislation and to lend our aid to the formulation of child welfare measures.

"We believe that such children should be maintained in the family wherever possible, using institutional care only as a last resort.

"That the billet system under National Headquarters control be terminated as soon as possible, so as to release money for home care.

"That each post maintain a permanent child welfare officer who will keep all records of conditions in his community which pertain to child welfare work and who may be fairly familiar with child welfare procedure.

"That the pamphlet on child welfare procedure be kept up to date and that each year one of these pamphlets be sent to each post.

"That the department co-operate to the fullest extent with the existing child

welfare agencies, avoiding the setting up of new child welfare machinery or duplicating efforts already established."

Another resolution adopted was as follows:

"In raising the endowment fund it was the general understanding of the public that the funds were being contributed for the expense of maintenance of children; that this impression was not only common to the public but common to Legionnaires; that it was the further understanding that the Legion pay all administrative expense; that, whereas fifty percent of the money from the endowment fund for child welfare is being used for administrative and operating expenses and only fifty percent is directly devoted to the support of children,

"Therefore, be it resolved, That the National Finance Committee of The American Legion be directed to so arrange that in the future all money for administrative expenses and operating expenses be obtained from other sources."

The adoption of these resolutions was followed by the tabling of a resolution expressing dissatisfaction with the Chairman of the National Child Welfare Committee.

The convention rejected a resolution which would have required distribution of income from the endowment fund for child welfare to the separate departments in proportion to their contributions to the fund. This resolution was rejected after a lengthy debate, in which proponents stated that the percentage of national funds spent for child welfare administration inspired their stand. Members of the National Child Welfare Committee, headed by Edwin Hollenback, Commander of the Pennsylvania Department, opposed the division of funds by States as unfair to the smaller and weaker departments needing child help the most. They also defended the policy of hiring trained child welfare workers to carry on the Legion's countrywide system, pointing out that funds expended went not to the chairman of the committee or members of the committee but to trained social workers. Mr. Hollenback declared:

"I have been interested in child welfare work in the Legion from its inception. I happen to be chairman of 'B' area, comprising eight States very thickly populated. I have heard around the rumor of fifty cents per dollar spent for overhead. Do you men realize what it means? Have any of you men and women here volunteered to serve to take care of children. I have given up business for two years to put over child welfare. It can't be done by volunteer workers without compensation. We are too big an organization to appeal to

people to give up their jobs and go out and volunteer to take care of children. Are we a small organization? We are the biggest thing in the world today. Why shouldn't we employ workers who in their hearts are sincere in the care of the child. We can't do otherwise. I am a director of the Children's Bureau of Philadelphia. I know what it costs to keep up investigation and take care of children. That is my job. And I don't receive any compensation. I never took a dollar from the Legion for the work I have done. . . . Keep that money intact and we will prove to you when we are done that we have done the biggest thing we ever did."

Past National Commander James A. Drain, president of The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation, explained that the corporation as trustee of the child welfare fund had convinced itself before approving use of income that it was being spent wisely. He declared his belief that there has not been unwisely spent any considerable sum of money and that most of it had been wisely spent. He added:

"As to the principle of whether you have the right, under your promise to the American people, to spend all of it for administration or to spend all of it for direct aid, I say to you that that depends on what will do the most good to the most children."

BY the adoption of a resolution by the Paris convention, National Commander Spafford was requested to appoint a special committee to consider all complaints and criticisms directed at the France Convention Committee. The resolution urged that the committee consist of not less than nine members chosen from as many representative sections of the country as possible, and that the committee have full powers to investigate every complaint and to report to the National Commander, continuing its activities as long as necessary.

The motion for the adoption of this resolution was seconded by Samuel W. Reynolds, of Nebraska, a member of the France Convention Committee, who stated that it was in complete accord with the wishes of the entire France Convention Committee.

At the meeting of the National Executive Committee held in New York City on October 18th, National Commander Spafford announced the appointment of the following to serve on the special committee: Edward M. Stayton of Kansas City, Missouri, chairman; Dennis Haverty of Massachusetts, Maurice Cahill of Iowa, Harry Johnson of Montana, Joseph Lieberman of New Mexico, Ralph T. O'Neil of Kansas, Lucius McK. Crumrine of Pennsylvania, James Cotter of New Mexico, and E. W. Winegar of Michigan.

THIRTY-SEVEN resolutions making recommendations for legislation or changes in governmental and Legion administration (Continued on page 72)



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The A. E. F. Comes Home

(Continued from page 71)

for the benefit of disabled men and their dependents were adopted by the Paris convention, among them being fourteen resolutions for additional hospitals or for more beds in existing hospitals.

The hospital construction advocated is as follows:

North Chicago, Illinois, N. P., 400 beds; Hot Springs, Arkansas, G. M., 400 beds; Tucson, Arizona, T. B., 100 beds; Philadelphia, G. M., 1,000 beds; Hines Hospital, Chicago, G. M., 625 beds; Louisville, Kentucky, N. P., 250 beds; Georgia, N. P., 400 beds; St. Cloud, Minnesota, N. P., 200 beds; Fort Snelling, Minnesota, G. M., 200 beds; Ohio, N. P., 200 beds; Southern New England, G. M., 500 beds; South Carolina, N. P., a survey to determine number of beds; North Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia, a survey to determine present needs.

The subjects of other resolutions adopted were as follows:

In the Legion's national administration of rehabilitation there shall be no further reduction in the field service without the approval of the Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee and the National Commander, and the convention recommends serious consideration, by the National Executive Committee, at its next session, of any recommendation by the National Rehabilitation Chairman for an addition to his force.

Requesting Veterans Bureau contract with the Mayo Clinic for treatment of special cases.

Opposing sale of land at National Soldiers Home, Sawtelle, California.

Requesting reconstruction of burned buildings at Sawtelle Soldiers Home and the construction of additional fireproof barracks to house all veterans who are members of this home.

Recommending a suitable building be erected for women members at the National Soldiers Home at Sawtelle.

Requesting that construction of United States Marine Hospital at Detroit, for which money has been appropriated, be expedited.

Requesting control of National Military Homes be transferred from the Board of Governors to the control of

the United States Veterans Bureau.

Recommending removal of all time limits for filing claims for compensation, establishment of dependency and the submission of evidence in cases filed against the United States Veterans Bureau.

Protesting against delay in payment of Adjusted Service Compensation death claims.

Requesting reorganization of the United States Veterans Bureau's co-operation service, placing officials directly under the local regional manager instead of under the Claims Division.

Requesting United States Veterans Bureau to establish officers in regional offices to secure positions for disabled unemployed men.

Requesting legislation to the end that the United States Veterans Bureau pay all costs regarding beneficiaries' estates.

Requesting the organization of a Medical Corps in the United States Veterans Bureau—a repetition of a resolution of last year.

Instructing the Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee to select a suitable test case involving non-lapse of insurance under Section 395 of the World War Veterans Act and to arrange for suit against the United States on it.

Requesting more liberal interpretation of permanent and total disability provision in government insurance policies so as to bring them on a par with the old line insurance companies.

Recommending that the United States Veterans Bureau continue its contract with The American Legion Hospital at Battle Creek, Michigan.

Requesting maturity of Adjusted Compensation Certificates at the age of 65.

Requesting amendment of Section 202, Paragraph 7, World War Veterans Act, providing for interest at the rate of 3½ percent per annum on moneys withheld by United States Veterans Bureau in insane cases where there are no dependents.

Commending the United States Veterans Bureau's general efficiency and co-operation with The American Legion.



Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Boechat of Buffalo, New York, at the grave of their only son, John A. Boechat, in Bony Cemetery

Recommending that all veterans suffering from active tuberculosis be given a rating of not less than temporary total disability.

Recommending that compensation awards in arrested tuberculosis cases be independent of any other rating and not concurrent therewith.

Recommending temporary total compensation where hospitalized tuberculous beneficiary is held to be quiescent.

Recommending the inclusion of chronic constitutional diseases in the presumptive conclusions of Section 200, World War Veterans Act.

Protesting against undue economy in the United States Veterans Bureau.

Requesting immediate hospitalization for pulmonary tuberculosis veterans of all wars whenever requested.

Recommending revision of regulation 349, U. S. V. B., to either modify or abolish "findings of fact."

Recommending increased compensation payable as result of U. S. V. B. new rating schedule be retroactive to June 7, 1924.

Recommending revision of Schedule of Ratings of the Veterans Bureau with particular reference to the pre-war occupation of student.

Recommending total and permanent disability rating for cases of leprosy and the inclusion of this disease in the presumptive features of Section 200, World War Veterans Act.

Recommending the limiting of deduction of over-payment of compensation to twenty-five percent monthly.

Recommending an increase in compensation for insane ex-service men now confined in hospitals, who have no dependents, from \$20 to \$30 per month.

Recommending that rating boards be directed to give claimants the benefit of the reasonable doubt and to consider lay as well as medical evidence in all cases.

OTHER resolutions adopted at Paris include the following:

Condemning attacks on the Supreme Court and efforts to weaken, change or subvert the Constitution by other than constitutional means.

Urging immediate action to bring to justice radical alien elements engaging in seditious propaganda or acts of violence and demanding immediate deportation of undesirable aliens.

Looking toward the possible revival of a Junior World Series of baseball games under Legion auspices.

Urging suitable steps be taken by the Legion to have Armistice Day observed as a legal holiday.

Indorsing the plan of the Department of France to erect in Paris "a building which shall stand as a lasting monument in the land where the Legion had its birth."

Urging assistance for Russian refugees who fought for the Allied cause during the World War.

Urging that the Legion negotiate with the Govern- (Continued on page 74)

They Sleep

Hey, Buddy! They're sleepin' where grasses are green,
Where poppies blow proud overhead.

Hey, Buddy! Our comrades are restin' serene
In the ranks of the glorified dead.

We've offered your prayer at the crosses out there,
As larks trilled their praise from above;
And over the sod ever hallowed by God
Waved the Star Spangled Banner you love.

Hey, Buddy! We've seen 'em and told 'em you grieve
For days when you shared in their lot;

But they're on a detail from which there's no leave;
Nor yet turmoil, nor powder, nor shot.

Hey, Buddy! They're drowsin' where grasses are green;
Hey, Buddy! Our comrades are restin' serene.

They Sleep!

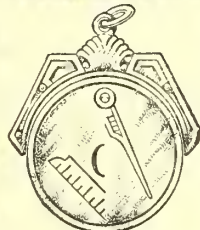
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The A. E. F. Comes Home

(Continued from page 73)

ment to procure a change in the type of government headstone furnished free for graves of service men so that this stone will conform to regulations of cemeteries which now refuse to admit them.

THE most unusual session of an American Legion national convention ever held was the ratification convention held in New York City on October 18th, the day after the landing in New York of National Commander Savage and the large number of delegates who had accompanied him on the good will tour of Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and England. The ratification convention was necessary to legalize the actions taken by the national convention in Paris. The American Legion is an organization chartered by act of Congress, and as such must be governed by business sessions held within the continental limits of the United States. In advance of the Paris convention it had been ascertained that the requirements of the law could be met if decisions made at Paris were later ratified by the convention delegates at a session held in the United States.

The ratification convention was held in a large banquet room of the Hotel McAlpin, with the roar of New York's traffic contrasting with the stillness of the Trocadéro. Most of the delegates attending it had just landed in New York from returning official Legion ships. Commander Savage presided. National Adjutant James F. Barton acted as secretary of the convention.

It had been anticipated that the Paris convention actions would be approved by the adoption of a resolution, but as its first action the ratification convention rescinded the action of the Paris convention in increasing national dues from \$1 to \$1.25 and assigning the added revenue to The American Legion Monthly. Lester F. Albert, of Idaho, submitted a resolution which pointed out that the resolution adopted at Paris contained no enacting clause setting a definite time when the increase in dues should become effective and stated further:

"It is apparent that if said resolution is effective as to the per capita tax for 1928 there would follow great hardships and confusion for the reason that membership cards and due bills have already been distributed and many payments made thereon in good faith, and the collection of the remaining small balances on such payments would be exceedingly difficult; furthermore, unless such balances were collected it would be necessary for posts and departments to make them up out of their treasuries, which, owing to lack of funds or already established budgets, would be impossible in many cases, and

"Whereas, for these and many other reasons the immediate enforcement of this resolution would be embarrassing, impracticable and detrimental to the best interests of the Legion, therefore

"Be it resolved that it is the sentiment of this convention that said resolution shall not apply to the per capita tax for the year 1928, and the National Executive Committee is hereby instructed to so construe said resolution."

The delegates then adopted a resolution declaring all the actions of the Paris convention ratified with the exception of that increasing the dues, and another resolution referring the question of increase of dues to the incoming National Executive Committee with the request that a report be submitted at the May meeting of the committee, so that delegates to the San Antonio convention could be instructed by their departments.

National Commander Edward E. Spafford then took the gavel from Past National Commander Savage and delivered an address in which he declared that one of the main objectives of the coming year will be the passage of the Universal Draft Act, a measure for the drafting of capital and labor as well as fighting manpower in the event of another war or national emergency. Commander Spafford said:

"If it is possible for The American Legion to put through Congress its Universal Draft Bill, there will be no wars for our future generations. It is entirely possible for us to put that through and, at the same time, ask Congress for assistance in meeting our brothers of the world, meeting them face to face, and saying to them, 'Peace be unto you.' They will know that when we are talking to them that there is no nation or collection of nations that can defeat America if we are ready and go in with a united front.

"Let labor and capital be conscripted at a sacrifice, as well as men. Let there be no more of one man serving for thirty dollars a month risking his life in battle and another man risking his clothing at thirty dollars a day.

"The Legion does not wish its support of this bill to be interpreted as a military gesture. Since the Legion knows so much of war, it is the most ardent exponent of peace, an honorable peace be it always understood. But such support of pacifism does not mean to beat swords into plowshares. Adequate preparedness is the best insurance of peace."

IMMEDIATELY following the ratification convention in New York City, the National Executive Committee held a meeting at which it re-elected National Adjutant James F. Barton after he had been nominated by National Comman-

der Spafford. The committee elected Bowman Elder of Indianapolis as National Treasurer, to succeed Robert H. Tyndall of Indianapolis who has been National Treasurer since the Legion's founding days. It also elected Scott W. Lucas of Illinois as National Judge Advocate, to succeed Robert A. Adams of Indianapolis who had served as National Judge Advocate seven years. Eben Putnam of Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts, was re-elected National Historian.

The National Executive Committee authorized the National Commander to appoint a committee of three to make a study of American Legion trust funds and report at the committee's meeting in January. It also authorized a study of a proposal that the Legion indorse a building and loan plan to help members finance building of homes. It requested the National Commander to appoint a special committee to consider the advisability of publishing an official American Legion history of the Paris convention.

The committee adopted resolutions thanking the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army and the American Library Association for the generous and extraordinary service these organizations rendered to the Second A. E. F.

Other actions of the committee were the approving of the awards of national trophies and the filling of vacancies on a number of national standing committees.

AT the ratification convention held in New York City on October 18th the convention delegates were informed that the latest membership report showed that the Legion had 713,000 members, a gain of more than 25,000 over the preceding year. At the same time the ratification convention of The American Legion Auxiliary received a report showing that the Auxiliary had gained 27,000 members over its total for the preceding year. Gains were also recorded by the Forty and Eight and the Eight and Forty.

It was announced in New York that the Department of Alabama had been awarded the Hanford MacNider Trophy, given annually to the department attaining the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership. The Alabama Department won the honor with a percentage of 142.22.

The Franklin D'Olier Trophy, awarded annually to the department obtaining the highest percentage of the eligible service men of its State, was won by the Department of Florida, which is estimated to have enrolled 33.19 percent of all World War veterans living in Florida. The Department of Florida earlier in the year had been awarded the Henry D. Lindsley Trophy, presented annually to the department enrolling by March 1st the highest percentage over its preceding year's membership. By March 1, 1927, it had enrolled 90.62 percent of (Continued on page 76)

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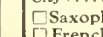
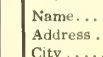
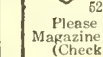
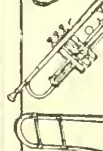
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How the Second A. E. F. went to France. Deck-chair fatigue aboard the official Legion ship Caledonia in mid-Atlantic

The A. E. F. Comes Home

(Continued from page 75)

the membership it had on December 31, 1926.

The Department of Canada won the North Carolina Trophy, offered to that department outside the continental limits of the United States which attains the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership. Canada reported a percentage increase of 312.13. Canada also won the John R. Quinn Trophy, conferred on the department having on June 15th the highest percentage of membership as compared with its membership average of the four preceding years, and the John G. Emery Trophy, which is awarded annually to the department having the highest percentage of membership thirty days before the convening of the national convention.

The Department of California won the Frederick W. Galbraith Trophy at Paris for having present and participating in the parade California members of the Legion and Auxiliary representing a larger travel mileage than that recorded by any other State delegation. California's drum and bugle corps also won a similar honor in competition with all Legion musical outfits at Paris.

It was announced that a large number of States are competing for the honor of winning the James A. Drain Trophy, which will be awarded this year for the first time to that department which has shown the most consistent service to the community, State and Nation. Briefs setting forth the records of the departments have been submitted to a jury which will later announce the award.

Twenty-nine departments were awarded silver honor plates, for attachment to department colors, for having attained this year more than 100 percent of their membership of the preceding year. The

departments are: Alabama, 142.22; Indiana, 138.89; Kentucky, 130.88; Illinois, 120.99; Louisiana, 116.59; New Jersey, 116.36; Tennessee, 116.28; Arkansas, 113.04; Connecticut, 111.69; Texas, 110.94; California, 109.85; Georgia, 109.54; Vermont, 107.37; Michigan, 107.31; Florida, 107.04; Washington, 106.41; Pennsylvania, 106.31; Oklahoma, 105.33; Arizona, 104.52; North Carolina, 103.84; Nevada, 103.68; New York, 102.55; Montana, 102.48; New Hampshire, 102.19; New Mexico, 101.72; Wisconsin, 101.25; Missouri, 100.83; Minnesota, 100.58, and Virginia, 100.28.

An interesting sidelight of the membership figures announced at the ratification convention in New York City was the report showing that the Department of Illinois early in October had passed its 1927 membership goal of 70,000. It had set this goal for itself at the Philadelphia national convention, as a sign of regard for National Commander Howard P. Savage, of Illinois. Illinois is the largest department of the Legion for 1927, and its record has only been exceeded once before in Legion history, in 1921 when the New York Department had 75,000 members. New York this year had 62,000 members and Pennsylvania 57,500.

THE Paris convention approved the choice of San Antonio, Texas, as the Legion's 1928 national convention city, and the National Executive Committee set the dates as October 8th to 11th. The convention declined to approve a proposed amendment to the Legion's national constitution which would have required hereafter the choice of each year's convention city two years in advance. It declined to ap-

prove this proposal after representatives of a number of cities which desire the 1929 national convention declared the adoption of the resolution would be unfair to them, inasmuch as they had come to Paris unprepared to back up their claims with the full information and guaranties which are usually given to influence the choice of a convention city.

The convention was told that Miami, Louisville and Detroit were contending for the honor of winning the 1929 convention, while Boston, Los Angeles and Seattle are among the cities hoping to win the 1930 meeting.

SPECTATORS who saw the Paris convention parade, Americans not members of the Legion and the French citizens alike, were amazed by the number of bands marching, their strength, their costuming and their music. That parade was a revelation to the American who had never seen a national convention parade of The American Legion in an American city—the parade which each year gives to the United States its greatest national pageant. It seemed that most of the bands which had taken part in the convention parade of other years had come to Paris, and to the man who remembered them each of them seemed to be numerically as large as ever. The beautiful uniforms of other years were supplemented by new musical organizations which came up in 1927.

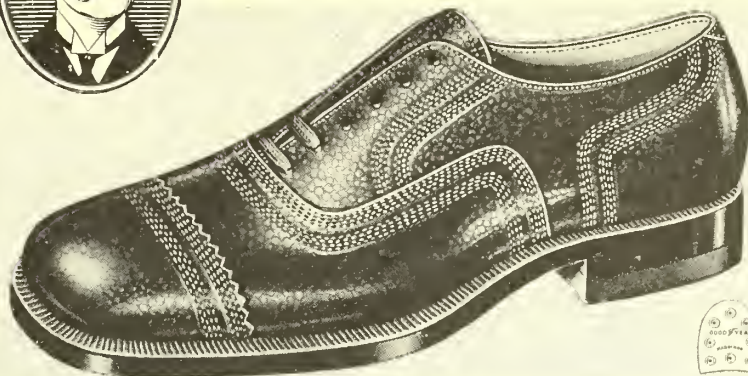
Almost all uniforms showed unmistakably that their designers had gained inspiration from the American Army's uniform of wartime. There were puttees and wrap leggings, shoulder belts, bellowed coats and flaring breeches, rain-in-the-face caps and shining doughboys' helmets. But it was the coloring that gave real distinctiveness to the marching bandsmen and trumpeters and drummers. Florida sent bands and drum corps garbed in brilliant orange and dazzling white. The Stetson Band of Weymouth (Massachusetts) Post wore scarlet uniforms, and so did the official band of North Carolina. There were black uniforms with rainbow trimmings, blue uniforms, purple uniforms—uniforms of every color and in every variety of military style.

Most of the bands represented departments and scarcely a department marched without a musical outfit of some kind behind its banner. The Iowa legislature had provided a large appropriation to send a whole flock of Iowa musical organizations to Paris and the Iowa cities which were the homes of these organizations had supplemented the State contribution with other funds. So once more Sioux City, Waterloo and Fort Dodge won the musical recognition they had received in other years. So also did Racine, Wisconsin, Miami, Florida, and a host of other cities. Clearfield, Pennsylvania, was musically as strong in (Continued on page 78)



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The A. E. F. Comes Home

(Continued from page 77)

Paris as it had been in Philadelphia the year before.

Monahan Post Band of Sioux City, Iowa, won the first prize of \$1,000 in the Paris convention band contest, and second prize of \$500 went to the official band of the Ohio Department which had as its nucleus the band of Franklin County Post of Columbus, Ohio. The third prize of \$250 was awarded to the Weymouth (Massachusetts) Post band.

The drum corps of Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, Florida, won first prize of \$1,000 in the drum corps contest. The drum corps of Kankakee (Illinois) Post received second prize of \$500 and third prize went to the Legion drum corps of Erie County, New York. The contest was very close with the corps from Racine, Wisconsin, and Charlotte, North Carolina, pressing the winners.

A prize of \$100 was awarded to The American Legion Quartet of the Illinois Department in a contest in which many departments were represented.

WHEN three thousand American women marched down the Champs Elysées with their husbands and their fathers and their sons, the vast crowd of French spectators marveled at the additional evidence of the importance American women hold in everyday affairs. And to the Frenchman and his wife and daughters, The American Legion Auxiliary all during the convention week in Paris became more and more interesting. Distinguished speakers addressing the Auxiliary's national convention held in the magnificent ballroom of the Hotel Continental, men like General Pershing and Sheldon Whitehouse, Chargé d'Affaires of the American Embassy in Paris, told of the wonderful impression created by the marching representatives of the almost three hundred thousand American women who compose the Auxiliary. The American Legion Auxiliary, as the largest patriotic organization of American women, made one of the deepest impressions which the French people will retain of American Legion convention week.

In addition to the colorful business sessions of the Auxiliary held in the Hotel Continental, there were formal dinners, receptions, teas, social visits to French châteaux as the guests of French hostesses, and numerous other affairs which made the convention the most delightful ever held by the Auxiliary. Madame Poincaré, Madame Jusserand, Madame Fech and other foremost women of France helped entertain the visitors. National Commander Savage told the convention that what he had witnessed of the Auxiliary's activities in Paris confirmed the belief he had always held that the wisest thing the Legion had ever done was to take wom-

en into partnership. He predicted big membership gains in the Auxiliary.

Throughout the whole convention, the Auxiliary Unit of Paris Post of the Legion gracefully led in the many special entertainments it had helped arrange. And this unit, composed of the wives and mothers, sisters and daughters of the thousand members of Paris Post, was praised for the way it has carried on all those hundred and one practical works which make the Auxiliary the true helpmate of the Legion and the friend of the disabled man. Delegates heard of the school the Paris Unit has conducted for the children of Legionnaires and of the inspiring examples of help given to American families stricken by illness and misfortune.

General Pershing in his address to the convention urged that the Auxiliary continue its work of combating the enemy within America's gates, those who have been trying to take advantage of the tender emotional nature of American women to make them instruments of pacifistic and ultra-radical propaganda. The convention adopted a series of resolutions pledging support of the Legion's national defense program and opposition to subversive and defeatist forces. It pledged itself to take the leadership of a second women's National Defense Conference in 1928 to consolidate the gains brought about by the defense conference held last year under the auspices of the Auxiliary and the Daughters of the American Revolution. It urged all Auxiliary departments, units and individual members to use every effort to protect the young people of the country by contacting the principals of high schools and asking their co-operation in checking on the speakers who are to appear before the high school students. It pledged the Auxiliary to do what it can to induce all citizens to vote on election days. It pledged itself also to fight atheistic influence and to encourage the use of the Bible and promote a deeper reverence for the Scriptures. It urged that Congress adopt an official flag code of the United States. It adopted a resolution expressing opposition to the growing tendency of the Federal Government to take over and exercise responsibilities properly belonging to the individual States, condemning as an evil the system of bureaucracy which is threatening to nullify local self-government.

The convention approved the report of the Auxiliary's rehabilitation committee, which told of the work done for men in hospitals and for the sufferers from the Mississippi River flood. Flood relief activities of the Auxiliary must be continued for eighteen more months, the committee reported. The convention also approved plans for child

welfare work in 1928 to be carried on largely by departments in harmony with the national program of the Legion and the Auxiliary. It decided that the system of making and selling poppies under Auxiliary auspices should also be continued, this plan providing funds with which all branches of the organization are enabled to carry on work for children and the disabled.

Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley, retiring National President, in her report to the convention praised the flood relief work of the Auxiliary and the Conference for National Defense held under Auxiliary auspices. She told also of the placing of a memorial tablet by the Auxiliary on the memorial amphitheater in Arlington Cemetery overlooking the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

The solidarity of the women of the Auxiliary and the women of France and Great Britain were attested by addresses delivered by Lady Edward Spencer Churchill of London, head of the women's branch of FIDAC, and Madame Avril de St. Croix, President of the French National Council of Women, and other speakers.

Mrs. Irene McIntyre Walbridge of Peterboro, New Hampshire, was elected National President of the Auxiliary after spirited but friendly balloting, the other candidates being Mrs. J. E. Barcus of Indianapolis, and Mrs. Boyce Ficklin, Jr., of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Walbridge received 262 votes on the first ballot, Mrs. Barcus 103, and Mrs. Ficklin 210. Mrs. Barcus then withdrew from the race and the final ballot gave Mrs. Walbridge 333 votes and 251 for Mrs. Ficklin.

National Vice Presidents elected were: Mrs. Frances S. King of Rawlins, Wyoming; Mrs. Bessie Stuart Smith of Chicago; Mrs. William C. Speakman of Wilmington, Delaware; Mrs. Waverley Townes of Petersburg, Virginia, and Mrs. Belle G. Simpson of Juneau, Alaska. Mrs. Lawrence V. Benet, of the Paris Unit of the Auxiliary, was elected as the Auxiliary's Vice President for the women's branch of FIDAC.

The new National President reappointed Mrs. Lucy Boyd of Indianapolis, as National Secretary, and Miss Emma Hadorn of Kansas, as National Treasurer.

THE playground and honor society of The American Legion, La Société des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, born of the doughboy's whimsical memories of the French railways of war-time and the French way of operating them, had a comparatively quiet time in Paris, contrary to expectations. Instead of the full measure of horseplay which has in other years characterized the Forty and Eight conventions, there was in Paris a succession of business meetings and official ceremonies which left no time for the roistering boxcar processions and public parading of candidates for (Continued on page 80)

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The A. E. F. Comes Home

(Continued from page 79)

initiation. The society congratulated itself on having ended the most successful year in its history, a year characterized by a substantial membership gain and by successful completion of many new activities, most of them directly in furtherance of the Legion's own main programs.

The ballroom of the Hotel Palais d'Orsay, in which the Forty and Eight meetings were held, was crowded with blue-chapeaued voyageurs during the business sessions and at the meetings when National Commander Savage and the women of the Forty and Eight's feminine counterpart, the Eight and Forty, were received as guests of honor. A joint banquet with the Eight and Forty attended by five hundred persons and the initiation of many candidates at the Trocadéro in a dignified ceremonial without the usual boxcar-riding accompaniments were high spots of the Forty and Eight program for the week.

Another noteworthy event of the Forty and Eight week was a garden party tendered by the society to four thousand French war orphans. This fête was held in the Invalides. French and American bands played and a large number of prizes were distributed to the children who took part in games.

The Forty and Eight formally paid a tribute to France's Unknown Soldier when Charles A. Mills, of Miami, Florida, retiring Chef de Chemin de Fer, placed a wreath on the tomb beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

Reports presented to the Forty and Eight convention showed that up to August 20, 1927, the society had turned over to The American Legion child welfare fund \$17,680. The convention voted to continue its home aid child welfare activities during the coming year. It also authorized a good will contribution of \$1,000 to the Shriners' hospital for crippled children in Chicago, which has given substantial and generous help by caring for a number of children admitted under Legion and Forty and Eight auspices during 1927. It formally presented the sum of \$5,000 to the fund for French widows and orphans established under the leadership of Madame Foch.

The convention voted to undertake as a major Forty and Eight activity the extension of The American Legion School Award plan which originated in Pennsylvania. Under this plan Forty and Eight voituers and Legion posts encourage the development of education and character among school children by awarding medals to the members of grammar school graduating classes displaying to the greatest degree scholarship, leadership and other qualities. The Forty and Eight's national action favor-

ing this plan followed the establishment of a school award trust fund by the Pennsylvania branch.

Voiture 220 of Chicago, Illinois, was awarded the Charles A. Mills Trophy for rendering in 1927 the greatest service for the promotion of Legion aims and ideals. This award was given in recognition of the Chicago voiture's national poster contest, conducted among artists who are World War veterans, to produce a poster to be used in the Legion's national membership campaign in the coming year. It was announced that the contest was the most successful of its kind ever held by any organization, more than one thousand designs being submitted. The winner of the contest was J. M. Mitchell, of New York City, who received the first prize of \$1,000 offered by the Chicago voiture. General Pershing, National Commander Howard P. Savage and a number of notable artists served on the jury of award. Second prize was awarded to Chester C. Brattan, of Chicago, and third prize to William Heaslip of New York City.

The convention honored the Illinois branch of the society for obtaining the greatest number of new Legion members in 1927, and it was announced that Forty and Eight efforts in Illinois helped that State keep the pledge it made to National Commander Savage that his native State would enroll 70,000 Legionnaires in 1927. Voyageur William C. Mundt of Bloomington, Illinois, won the individual membership-getting trophy by enrolling 729 Legionnaires during the year. Herbert E. Clark of Norfolk (Virginia) Voiture enrolled 338 Legionnaires, winning second place in the contest.

A resolution of condolence was adopted when the convention received a cable message announcing the death of Robert Murphy of Nora Springs, Iowa, former Chef de Chemin de Fer. Mr. Murphy died of pneumonia.

The convention adopted several important amendments to the Forty and Eight's national constitution. One specifies that membership shall be obtainable only upon voluntary application. Another provides for the revocation of a voiture's charter for obscenity, vulgarity or drunkenness at a wreck or promenade. A third provides that members who have not paid dues by February 1st of each year shall be suspended and those who have not paid by October 1st shall be expelled, subject to reinstatement only by a majority vote of the voiture.

Pelham St. George Bissell of New York City, a lawyer and graduate of Columbia University, was elected Chef de Chemin de Fer, national head of the Forty and Eight. He had made conspicuous records as head of the New York County Voiture and the New York State organization of the Forty and Eight and in the national affairs of the society. He served in France with the Seventy-Seventh Division. Sous Chefs

de Chemin de Fer elected were Dr. Charles T. Gilden, Jr., of Pennsylvania, Frank Merrick of Ohio, Stafford King of Minnesota, Lester F. Albert of Idaho, William Parks of Oklahoma and J. R. Sullivan of Connecticut. Paul McGahan of Washington, D. C., was re-elected National Historian and N. Carl Neilson of Washington, National Treasurer. Lawrence J. Lemieux of Mississippi was elected Conducteur National; William Carpenter of Michigan, Aumonier Nationale; R. P. O'Reilly of Illinois, Drapeau Nationale, and A. V. Hall of Ohio, and M. J. Liford of Pennsylvania, Gardes de la Porte Nationaux.

Chef de Chemin de Fer Bissell announced the reappointment of Charles W. Ardery of Seattle, Washington, as Correspondant National. In recognition of his services for the Forty and Eight Mr. Ardery was presented with a gold badge.

The ratification convention of the Forty and Eight was held at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City on October 18th, following the ratification convention of the Legion. The trophies which had been awarded at Paris were presented to the winners and all actions which had been taken at Paris were legalized by the adoption of a resolution. Chef de Chemin de Fer Bissell stated that the Forty and Eight in the coming year would continue its policies of the past, with special emphasis on the work of increasing the Legion's membership and child welfare activities.

GRATIFIED by receiving for the first time in its history formal recognition from The American Legion Auxiliary, La Société des 8 Chapeaux et 40 Femmes held its national convention in Paris at the Hotel Palais d'Orsay and made plans to repeat in 1928 the fifty percent membership gain it made in the past year. Mrs. Freda S. Kramer, head of the society this year, told the convention of the many ways the society helped both the Auxiliary and the Legion, recalling particularly child welfare and flood relief activities. The convention voted to present \$100 to the Verdun memorial fund and announced the society would spend \$500 each year for child welfare work in France. All members attending the convention were guests at the joint banquet of the Forty and Eight and Forty held at the Hotel Palais d'Orsay. Thirty-five new members were initiated during the convention.

Mrs. Walter L. Davol of East Providence, Rhode Island, was unanimously elected Chapeau National. She has long been one of the most active national leaders in the Auxiliary. Six Sous Chapeaux National were elected: Mrs. Frances Laughlin of Orlando, Florida; Mrs. Alyce Gill of San Francisco, California; Mrs. Marian Doob of Oak Park, Illinois; Mrs. Frank Nesbit of Paris; Mrs. Hazel Dudgeon of Welch, West Virginia, and Mrs. Mary E. Kolhos of Washington, D. C.

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Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 13)

Look what them dumb damned soldiers have done to our ninety-foot sticks!"

Spike trotted three paces to the front and then, shutting his eyes, he shook his head and whined like an eager wolf. Boiling slugs of rich sulphuric vocabulary vibrated from his lips like live steam from a superheated boiler at the instant of its explosion.

The cause of Spike's anguish was evident even to the railroader—"They're cuttin' 'em up!"

"Nursin' them ninety-foot sticks three thousand miles across the country, only to have 'em sawed up into short stuff by the Army!" Spike had resumed his trot. In three strides he shifted into a gallop, but when he got nearly to the sweating crews about the unloaded timber his gallop slowed to a walk and in his attitude, the droop of his shoulders, could be read discouragement and a surrender to hopeless odds.

Of the ninety-foot stuff, cut now into short sections, not a stick remained intact. Efficiency!

"Where's the boss

Quartermaster?" In a dull voice Spike put the question to an idle soldier.

"Down there by the boat," the soldier answered.

Facing the Quartermaster colonel, Spike exploded one question in that officer's face. "What the hell's the big idea of choppin' this stuff up into kindling?"

Thereafter for a space of ninety seconds, laboring mightily to control a fatal impulse to bust the colonel in the nose, Spike had the big idea outlined to him along with a gratuitous oration relative to military dignity, the insignificance of civilians, outraged pomposity and Who was Who in the Army.

Then, regaining a frazzled fragment of his justly celebrated military dignity, the popping fat colonel condescended to impart a wheeze relative to the Habit of Obedience. "I have orders to load this timber on the *Starvonian*, sir! It cannot be stowed in ninety-foot lengths, and therefore I have cut it up into thirty-foot sections. I will sign your receipts for this timber, sir, and that will end our official relationship."

Mastering himself with no small difficulty, but sensing the wisest course, Spike kept his mouth shut and reached for the crumpled documents which were buttoned in a pocket inside his vest. When the Quartermaster colonel's signature, which meant cash compensation to King Timber, Inc., had been affixed to the receipts, not trusting himself in further contact with the officer, Spike

spoke quickly to his two companions. "Come along with me."

Indulging their criticism of the event, Jimmy and Rags followed Spike at a rapid pace back to the caboose wherein the trio had traveled from Chicago to New York. In the caboose, Spike folded the signed receipts for the mutilated timber and put them in an envelope bearing the printed address of the Seattle office of King Timber, Inc.

He handed the sealed envelope to Jimmy the Ink.

"Shove that in a mailbox, Jimmy, and when you see the Old Man in Seattle tell him I went on ahead. If that colonel bird is a sample of the Regular Army talent it's a cinch the hundred million folks at home will need

some ordinary average human beings to play their game in France . . . So long, kid,"—Spike

held out his hand to Jimmy the Ink—"Keep 'em rollin', Rags,"—he laid his hand on the railroader's shoulder—"That Engineer outfit don't know it yet, but they've

hired a brand new hand!"

Jimmy the Ink, reverting to a poker phrase that had cost him something less than a million dollars, burst out with a declaration of his personal program.

"Wild man, I see that and raise you one. Spike, them Engineers have hired two hands!"

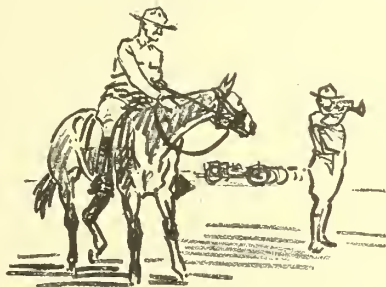
Rags, the railroader, following a calm and contemplative four seconds, stood for the raise and did his bit before the draw. "Three and out!" he exclaimed. "I'm riding with you two sawbucks for the run. The military stuff has got railroadin' ruined anyhow—and besides that I'll save me the price of a suit of clothes by gettin' into a uniform."

"Let's go!"

Within the hour, the last three men to join the Regiment before it sailed, Spike and Jimmy and Rags, clearing the medicos, had signed on with the Engineers and had taken the oath that made them a part of the advance ripple of the first wave that sailed to France.

THE *Starvonian* cleared at eight o'clock that night.

Eight o'clock and all was well with the Regiment—save that one Corporal Badger, the adjutant's dog, and the Demon Rum were strolling blithely hand in hand somewhere in New York when the ship sailed—and that the medicos, beginning a record of error, diagnosed a first-class case of smallpox as the measles—and that a member of the guard, (Continued on page 84)



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THE AMERICAN LEGION

National Headquarters

INDIANAPOLIS

Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 83)

studying his newly acquired .45, splashed a bullet through the deck above him and wondered, pop-eyed, how it happened—and that less than twelve percent of the Regiment answered the first false alarm which summoned them to the boats—and that no ammunition had been taken aboard for the two anti-sub guns with which the *Starvonian* was equipped; and that eighty percent of the rations for the Regiment had been left on the dock—and that the ship suddenly appeared to be infested with mascots and military mannerisms.

Colonel Ross, listening to his adjutant's report, smiled to the bitter end of that West Pointer's snappy recital, and then with true philosophic calm he poured himself a slug of likker three sizes larger than his usual nightcap and started on a prow through the ship.

INCLUDED in the enlisted personnel of the Regiment were a hundred old timers who had worked along the West Coast on various jobs with Spike and Jimmy the Ink, but so far Spike had encountered none of his former construction mates.

Leaning against the ship's rail while she steamed down the calm waters of the harbor, Spike's mood changed with each passing minute. Once, remembering the great organization which he had served so well, he questioned the wisdom of his course.

Then, set against this, he saw as well as one man could a brief flash of the great enterprise of destruction which lay ahead.

Well, intelligently, in return for what the dear great land had meant to him, he would give all of his brain, all of his strength, all of his power, his force, his skill, gladly and freely, playing the game to the finish, whatever that finish might be . . . "Private Spike Randall" . . . He smiled in the darkness, thinking of the extensive authority over other men which he had enjoyed under the direction of Old Man King. Railroads and camps and mills, projects of King Timber—pioneering half of these enterprises, Spike Randall had blazed the trail, marching through against heavy odds—"because the Old Man leaned on me." Spike reached for a cigarette and lighted it. "He'll be sore as hell at first, then he'll call me a damn fool, then he'll see the point . . ."

Abruptly out of the darkness, "Douse that cigarette! You're under arrest. Come with me."

Three decks down, in a little area roped off against a bulkhead and guarded by a dozen superfluous soldiers, was the first guardhouse that Spike had ever seen.

Spike looked at his watch. "Not so bad. Hour and forty minutes—and pinched."

When the formalities of incarceration had been accomplished, Spike smiled at a group of his fellow prisoners. "What are you in for?" he asked the nearest man.

"Spittin' on deck, jailbird. Why did they soak you?"

"Lighting a cigarette."

It appeared that Victim Number Three had failed to salute an officer. "He wasn't one of the Gang, though. He was our regimental adjutant that come from West Point. He's a regular nut on salutes."

Number Four had been detected in the act of looking at the luminous dial of his new wrist watch on the open deck where peeking periscopes might observe his deed.

Felony and high crime—but the discomforts of the guardhouse were none the less real.

At nine o'clock, prowling along under the dim light of the shaded electric bulbs, came the colonel of the Regiment. Sighting the culprits, the countenance of Colonel Ross assumed a mask of severity, but deep in the colonel's kindly eyes there twinkled a kindling light. "A good man to have for your friend when the real trouble comes along," Spike reflected.

Ten minutes after the colonel had disappeared, a brisk young officer wearing the single silver bars on his shoulders came pacing along on the regimental commander's trail. "Where'd the colonel go?" he asked one of the guards.

In an effort to remember all of the complex ritual concerning relationship between officer and enlisted man, the guard began to perform tricks on the rifle. Before the calisthenics got violent, "Nix on that sign language, old man—which way did the colonel go?"

"Down that way, Lootenant." The guard held his rifle with one hand and pointed in a non-military manner with the other. He forgot about the manual.

"What are these men doing in here?" the lieutenant asked.

"They're in jail, sir," answered two other guards simultaneously. "This is the guardhouse."

"What are they guilty of, I mean? I'm Officer of the Day, tonight—that's the reason I'm interested."

Beginning the chorus of confession, the spitter explained his case in two words. "I spit."

At the end of the inventory of crime, "I lit a cigarette," Spike admitted.

The lieutenant smiled and then, hali to himself, he indulged in what might have developed into a hearty laugh except that it was terminated at its inception by the quick words of a general pardon. "What the hell! Not guilty—report to your company officers for company discipline. All out! Tell the sergeant of the guard to let me sign the book. Play the game next time, and keep out of trouble. You're in the Army now."

When the pardon-bearing officer had resumed his pursuit of the colonel, "That's a B Company loot," one of the transgressors announced. "He used to be a railroader but he's in the bridge game now."

"He's in the Army now, you mean, just like you and me. Remember what he said, if you want to duck the grief."

Ducking the grief is a grand thing in theory but mighty difficult in practice. Recounting his experience to Jimmy the Ink and Rags, Spike wound up his story with a warning to the young. "Play the game," he advised. "It's the only way to sidestep the military mess. You're in the Army now."

Up ahead, not so very far, great gobs of grief lay waiting—rich, luscious disaster to be suffered or sidestepped in a military manner by Spike and his shipmates, depending on the way the cards might drop from the stacked deck of Lady Luck.

(To be continued)

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 50)

bidding for all those prizes. In fact he knows a lot of them are, because he saw them taking pictures in Paris, on the battlefields and in the cemeteries and had a chance to tell them first hand about the Monthly's contest. Cameras were defendu in the first A. E. F., while the war was on, but one might have imagined, seeing the Second A. E. F. along its thousand trails, that every former doughboy or Sam Browne belter had served at least a little while in the photographic section of the Signal Corps in 1917, '18 and '19. The Step Keeper himself has had fair luck with non-intricate cameras and has experimented occasionally with the Graflex and other sizable picture-taking contraptions, but he is just a rear-rank picture taker. Those photographers of the Second A.

E. F. made him realize just how rear and how rank he was, because most of them were carrying obviously complicated and expensive cameras and they were taking nonchalantly pictures under all sorts of lighting conditions. And one and all they seemed to know what they were doing. The Step Keeper is mighty anxious to see how those pictures turned out.

The warning against carrying surplus baggage hadn't discouraged the camera owners. On every sunny day aboard ship they haunted the decks, snapping one another at deck games or passing in review. Every ship's captain was photographed until he began to feel as camera-hardened as President Coolidge or Charles Augustus Lindbergh. Thousands of films (Continued on page 86)

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- \$100—1st prize
- 50—2nd prize
- 25—3rd prize
- 15—4th prize
- 10—5th prize
- 5—Each for the next ten best

In addition to the cash prizes, the Monthly will pay \$3 for each picture submitted in the Competition which does not win a prize, but is considered good enough to publish.

All prizes and payments will be awarded on April 16, 1928.

Every Post in The American Legion has a chance to win the big prize. A Post Photographer is as necessary as a Post Historian—in fact, the two jobs go together. Get your Post Photographer on the job, try to win for your Post a prize in the Monthly's Photograph Competition.

Every individual Legionnaire who knows how to use a camera effectively has a chance to win a prize for himself. If his Post isn't participating in the Competition, he can make a bid for a prize on his own account.

Photographs will be judged on the degree of interest to Legionnaires and on their photographic excellence. There are no restrictions on the choice of subject—any picture with an American Legion interest, direct or indirect, is worth submitting if it is sharp and clear. A study of photographs which have already appeared in the Keeping Step Department will indicate in a measure the types of pictures which are worth submitting.

Photographs should be mailed flat—not rolled or folded. They should be on glossy paper, preferably. Postage should be sent if return of photographs is desired. Each picture should bear on back the name and address of the sender, whether a Post or an individual Legionnaire. Each photograph must also be accompanied by adequate caption or explanatory data.

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Indianapolis, Indiana.

_____, 192____
Please enter the attached photograph (or photographs) in the Monthly's Prize Photograph Competition.

My Post is _____
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Town _____ State _____

If this entry wins a prize
or is accepted, please make award or payment to { me personally.
my Post.

My name is _____
Street or R. F. D. _____
Town _____ State _____

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 85)

preserved the memories of the concerts by the Legion bands and drum corps on the decks. Every Legion ship carried the little sons and daughters of Legionnaires, many of them dressed in uniforms, and the picture makers had them posing all during the voyages.

PERHAPS the photographic high spot of the Second A. E. F. was reached on the return voyage when six-year-old Jay Ward of Pennsylvania, who had been adopted by resolution as the convention's official mascot, gave a "seeing" for all the photographers aboard the Cunard liner *Scythia*. Jay's father and mother received so many requests from the photographers that they had their son put on his convention parade uniform and mount the forward hatch to give everyone with a camera a fair chance to get pictures. At that a lot of the photographers had a hard time because there were so many of them that they had to line the four sides of the hatch in relays, and other cameras were clicking from the adjoining higher decks. Fully a hundred persons took still pictures of Jay and twenty or more motion picture cameras were in action. Somebody sighted in the crowd Abian A. Wallgren, "Wally," the Monthly's cartoonist, and Monsieur Wallgren, with a day's edition of Scandinavian whiskers on his face, went through the bombardment beside the convention's mascot. The mayor of the ship, President of the *Scythia's* cage of Lion Tamers, Legionnaire Edward R. McSweeney of Boston, also had to pay the photographic penalty of shipboard fame. Jay Ward's father asked all the picture-makers to send prints later, mailing them in care of the Monthly. All right, *Scythia* photographers, send in those pictures right now, if you haven't done so already.

THE Step Keeper can't make any promises, but he'll use his influence, if any, to have Wally reward suitably the *Scythia* camera toter sending in the best picture of him. We've long wanted to let the whole outfit have a look at ex-Marine Wallgren on his favorite element. Wally swears, however, that he is going incognito to the Legion convention in Paris in 1937 if there is one, because one can't very well draw pictures and engage in one's favorite amusements at the same time. Peace fled from Mr. Wallgren and endless work descended on him the day somebody discovered he was on shipboard and had the happy thought he might draw a little cartoon in the back of his Legion Identification Certificate. The man who had that inspiration exhibited his Wally-ornamented booklet, and right then the crowd formed on the right, in good old chow-line fashion. One book after another was handed to Wally. In seven days of the voyage he decorated

most of the identification certificates, the undecorated ones belonging to a few pilgrims suffering from seasickness.

THE number of motion picture cameras carried by Second A. E. F. pilgrims was surprising to anybody who hadn't realized how action reels are supplementing or supplanting snapshots. The Step Keeper hopes that some of the movie makers will send in enlargements of the most striking scenes from their reels, because these enlargements ought to stand good chances of winning prizes in the Monthly's contest.

Every Second A. E. F. voyageur was impressed by the new possibilities of the small motion picture camera and projector, using special narrow-width film, as a means of recording and reproducing local events at comparatively small expense, particularly when owned and operated by Legion posts. They were impressed by the showing of special narrow-width reels of World War film on all the Legion boats—film which was specially prepared by the Eastman Kodak Company to provide entertainment on the official ships but which are now purchasable in five reels at comparatively small cost for home or post clubhouse projection.

The war films were shown usually in ships' dining rooms, with Legion bands or drum corps supplying incidental music, supplemented by the spontaneous singing of all the old wartime songs by the Legion audiences. The pictures showed scenes on practically all battlefronts—Chateau-Thierry, the Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne. Incidentally, in providing these films for the Second A. E. F., a notable service was performed for future history. And that is a little story in itself.

WHEN somebody got the idea the Legionnaires going back to France would appreciate seeing the motion pictures made by the Signal Corps photographers during the battle days, it was thought no great difficulty would be experienced in getting the pictures if the War Department would consent to release them. Some of the pictures already had been prepared for public distribution since the war by the Signal

Corps, but these were in standard width reels suitable only for showing on the big and expensive projectors of the kind ordinarily used in theaters. Besides they represented only a comparatively small part of the enormous number of reels made during the war, most of which had been placed in storage in the rush days of the army's return.

When actual work of assembling the film of the Second A. E. F. began, it was discovered that the task had been undertaken providentially, because many of the stored reels of wartime were beginning to deteriorate and, if allowed to remain in superheated and cramped storage during Washington's hot seasons, would certainly have been destroyed. The Signal Corps had been unable to care for the reels properly because of shortage of personnel, lack of suitable storage space and insufficiency of governmental appropriations.

The imperilled film, millions of feet of it, was taken to the laboratories of the Eastman Kodak Company at Rochester, New York, where experts conducted the work of salvaging and restoring it as well as making the selections for the five reels of special Second A. E. F. film. Duplicate master film was made of all the precious wartime motion pictures, so that the government's reels have been saved for the historians of the future.

ONCE more the Army finger prints have helped an American Legion post identify a man who otherwise might have remained forever in a nameless grave. When an unidentified stranger thought to have served in the World War died in the Michigan State Hospital at Kalamazoo, Joseph B. Westnedge Post saved him from the dissecting room of a medical college and gave him burial in the Legion plot in a Kalamazoo cemetery. Then the post forwarded photographs of the man and his finger prints to the War Department at Washington, the records office of the Canadian Army and the headquarters of FIDAC in Paris. Through these efforts the buried service man was identified as Charles E. Crane, of the 184th Overseas Battalion of the Canadian forces.

RIGHT GUIDE.

Changing the Guard

(Continued from page 56)

spent in training camp in France. Christmas Day of 1918 had been spent on the Rhine. That Christmas Day of 1919 was scheduled to be a tranquil one for the Tyndall family in Indianapolis.

But Tyndall had gone to The American Legion's first national convention in Minneapolis. At Minneapolis in November, the delegates from all sections of the country selected Indianapolis as the Legion's National Headquarters city. Later came to Indianapolis for a few days Commander Franklin D'Olier and the National Executive Committee.

One day National Commander D'Olier called Tyndall by telephone and said:

"You have just been elected National Treasurer of The American Legion."

There was something almost whimsical in the idea at that moment. The Legion was just finding its legs. As a spontaneous movement it was growing rapidly, making up in enthusiasm what it lacked in experience and system. Newly-formed departments and posts in many cases were in the hands of men untrained in organization methods. No uniform system (Continued on page 88)



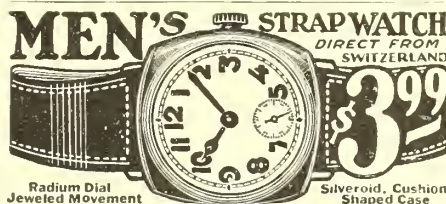
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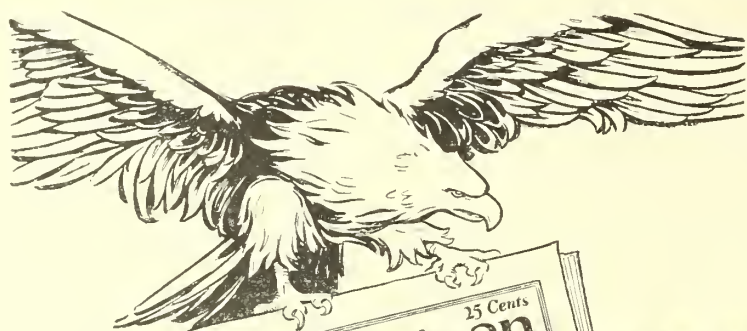
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Changing the Guard

(Continued from page 87)

of membership reports was in successful operation. It was quite difficult to distinguish between paper membership and actual membership. Getting reports from department and post officials dealing with finances was like trying to get a property report following a battle.

But the thing that definitely blighted Christmas of 1919 for Bob Tyndall was a telegram. It said: "Must have \$50,000 at once or suspend publication before Christmas." It came from the general manager of The American Legion Weekly in New York City.

Tyndall got the money, and the magazine, which had been carrying the tremendous weight of unprofitable distribution inevitable in the Legion's organization days, was saved for a month or two from reorganization. There were other telegraphed appeals for funds also—and somehow Tyndall managed to find the money.

On January 1, 1920, The American Legion owed the sum of \$404,000, and Tyndall, checking up all thinkable items, rated its doubtful assets at \$157,000, mostly unpaid national dues in the hands of post officials.

To make a beginning of the problem of the financial rehabilitation of the organization, Tyndall had hired as his assistant—he, himself, never has received a salary for his Legion service—one of his former sergeants who was a bookkeeper. This man and a girl stenographer founded the office which has since grown into the National Treasurer's office of today.

It is impossible here to tell how the Legion's financial affairs became more extended from year to year, how each year found those affairs steadily advancing toward the financial soundness and assurance of today, how the office kept pace with the growth of the Legion in numbers and importance. The desk, typewriter and adding machine of the original office in cramped quarters donated by the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce have become the spacious, well-arranged, perfectly-equipped and orderly offices in the present-day National Headquarters, a \$600,000 monumental building on Indianapolis's World War Memorial Plaza. In personnel, aspect and methods, the office today is much like a small bank.

And today, as Mr. Tyndall retires as National Treasurer, The American Legion is free of debt. It has special funds totaling nearly \$6,000,000 at its disposal to insure continuance of all activities. In addition to the \$1 of national dues paid by each member—25 cents for operation of National Headquarters and 75 cents as subscription to The American Legion Monthly—the organization receives revenue from The American Legion Endowment Fund of \$5,000,000, which income is used solely for carrying on the Legion's work for disabled men and women of the World War and

the orphaned and needy children of veterans; income from a \$525,000 trust fund donated by the Y. M. C. A., and income from the Overseas Graves Endowment Fund of \$160,000. Among special sources of revenue, the National Emblem Division produces a net profit annually of almost \$50,000.

The sound financial position of the organization is due largely to the system which has been developed in the years since 1920. For many years the Legion has operated on a budget system, controlled by the National Finance Committee. The members of this committee at present are three Legionnaires conspicuous for their financial ability in private business: Wilder S. Metcalf of Topeka, Kansas, President of the Liberty Life Insurance Company; Leonard P. Ayres, nationally-known bank official and statistician of Cleveland, Ohio, Vice President of the Cleveland Trust Company, and Edward M. Stayton of Kansas City, Missouri, member Board of Control of the Kansas City Public Service Company.

Mr. Tyndall's retirement is related to his extensive private interests. For several years he has been associated with Carl Fisher, founder of the Indianapolis Speedway and one of the country's foremost real estate development experts. After carrying through a 3,500-acre project at Miami Beach, Florida, involving among other things the erection of five hotels, three golf courses and four polo grounds, the Fisher companies, of which Mr. Tyndall is Treasurer and Vice President, are engaged in developing a 9,500-acre sport center at Montauk Beach, at the tip end of Long Island, in the New York City suburban area.

Mr. Tyndall, outside his banking and real estate and Legion affairs, has two interests which help supply an estimate of his personality. His vigor is attested by his hobby, polo—not as mild a game as golf for a man in his 50th year. National defense, however, is his overwhelming incidental interest. He is Major General commanding the 38th National Guard Division, and each year he spends a lengthy training period with his division at Camp Knox, Kentucky.

Tyndall's Legion career has been paralleled largely by that of Robert A. Adams. Through their eight years of service they had been closely associated, although Adams's duties required close day-by-day attention to the legal affairs of the organization while Tyndall had been able to entrust active management of his office to his assistant, Glenn D. Crawford.

Adams had a fortunate background for his legal work with The American Legion. Rejected when he applied for admission to an officers' training camp immediately after the United States entered the World War, because of a serious physical disability, an after-effect of typhoid fever which seemed to render him certainly unfit for active service, he sought to enlist in most of the established Indiana military units but always

encountered medical examinations which barred him. After helping organize selective service boards in his home city, he furnished an example of consistency by getting himself accepted, with the aid of medical officers not quite so finicky, as the first man on the rolls of the war-created 334th Infantry of the 84th Division.

He served as an enlisted man with his division at Camp Taylor and in time was given a commission. Then the medical officers got on his trail and, at a time he was expecting to start overseas, he found himself out of the Army, discharged for his physical disability. This was in March of 1918. There were new physical examinations—the decision shouldn't be inquired into too closely—and Adams got back his commission. He sailed as a casual in May to join the 31st Heavy Artillery Brigade, which was just heading into action. He reported to his commanding officer at Clermont-Ferrand. He went to the front with his outfit in July, 1918.

After serving in the Aisne-Marne and the Oise-Aisne offensives, he moved with his brigade to the Meuse-Argonne sector on September 26th. The outfit was continuously in action in the Argonne until the Armistice.

After a period in hospital, Adams, at that time a Captain in the Judge Advocate General's department, was assigned to G. H. Q. at Chaumont. Here for seven months he reviewed court martial cases, an average of four cases a day—the closest kind of work, involving usually approval or disapproval of sentence.

Rounding out fourteen months with the A. E. F., Adams returned to the United States and found the Judge Advocate General's Office of the War Department in Washington waiting for him. Older men in the department were being given discharges to permit them to return to long-neglected private practices. It was up to younger officers to take hold and carry on while the after-the-war rush lasted. For four months, Adams, with the rank of Major, served in Washington as a member of the Clemency Board. Then he returned to Indianapolis and met his old friend who wondered if he had been out of town—

Impressed for Legion legal service by Tyndall, Adams found plenty of action in the newly-opened National Headquarters in Indianapolis. Lemuel Bolles, then National Adjutant, found pouring in upon him communications from all parts of the country raising puzzling problems of membership eligibility. He handed them to Adams and wished him luck.

Adams, after studying all official Legion actions affecting membership, proceeded to disentangle the eligibility problems. In spare moments he gave advice to heads of all the then new Legion departments and answered with opinions letters seeking information.

At first Adams was an officer without official title. (Continued on page 90)

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**The American Legion Monthly
Indianapolis, Indiana**

Changing the Guard

(Continued from page 89)

There was some question as to the proper title, but the Second National Convention at Cleveland settled it by designating the office as National Judge Advocate and making it elective by the National Executive Committee.

Membership eligibility gradually was definitely established, although there never has been a time in eight years when Adams's desk has been free from inquiries on this subject, many of them raising points never brought up before. In 1920 the interpretation of the Legion's constitutional clause on political neutrality began to be important. It has remained one of the most important subjects with which the Judge Advocate deals. Consistently Adams has ruled that the letter and spirit of the Legion's declarations, the original clause and subsequent amendments, shall be obeyed. Not only shall the Legion not lend itself to the advancement of any candidacy, but also, to keep the organization free from public criticism, no holder of Legion office shall be a candidate for or an incumbent of a remunerative elective public office. Just what constitutes a remunerative office, an elective office and a public office—these are questions on which Adams has had to pass time and again.

There are many other duties of the Judge Advocate. He must take steps where necessary to prevent or stop the misuse of the Legion emblem—and there have been countless cases of unauthorized use, in advertising and for other commercial purposes. He has had to prepare contracts for the widely expanded divisions of National Headquarters and for such bodies as the National Finance Committee. He has also been legal advisor on problems arising out of the business affairs of the Legion's national publication and in the administration of the organization's trust funds.

The Judge Advocate has at times had to act as umpire when differences of opinion arose among departments competing for national membership trophies. One puzzling case hinged on whether or not several hundred membership cards received at the Indianapolis post office on a Sunday, when the post office was closed, should be counted in a contest.

At meetings of the National Executive Committee the Judge Advocate is required to rule on a dozen and one problems which involve an absolute knowledge of all Legion law. And Legion law at this time has become almost as highly specialized as Marine law. The national convention frequently tests the Judge Advocate's ability—at any moment he may be called upon to give an authoritative opinion while the whole convention, keyed up by debate, is waiting for his ruling.

Judge Advocate Adams has sought to impress all Legion posts conducting fairs and carnivals and other business enter-

prises of similar character with the necessity of incorporating to protect themselves in case of death or injury to spectators or damage to property. He has pointed out that in the absence of incorporation, members of a post usually are equally liable for damages sustained if a court awards a judgment.

A study of the work of the National

Judge Advocate reveals just how far-reaching and how complicated the Legion's activities have become. The Legion's building in the World War Memorial Plaza in Indianapolis, with large offices and assembly rooms covering four floors, is the business and legislative center of an organization of three quarters of a million men.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 54)

"The only mention about us I have seen to date was in a recent issue among 'Bursts and Duds.' Oh yes, I read and enjoy them, too.

"Seriously, though, I would like a story by or about former Yeomen (F) during their service days. What do you think about it?"

We thought enough about it that, as we usually do in these cases, we passed the buck right back to Comrade Wolf and asked her to tell the Gang something about the Gobesses, or what have you? And also to send us some snapshots of unusual phases or incidents of that branch of service. So far, although she promised she would, Comrade Wolf has failed to produce. The invitation is open to any and all Legionnaires who may have served in what we might call the "feminine branch" of service—nurses included. It's up to them to come across.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column in this department, we stand ready to assist in locating service men whose statements are required in support of claims for compensation, hospitalization, insurance and similar matters. Queries and responses in these cases should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., and not to this department. The committee wants to hear from the following:

CHAPMAN, Walter, formerly with 151st F. A., discharged May 10, 1919, at Camp Dodge, having served as surgeon, disappeared from St. Paul, Minn., in May, 1923.

DEXTER, Arthur, former pvt., M. G. Co., 57th Inf., since discharged, worked as a dental mechanic and prosthetic dentist. Is 6 ft. tall, 215 lbs., dark brown hair, mixed grey, brown eyes, dark brown mustache, tattoo mark on right arm.

DIXON, H. F., formerly of Co. F, 138th Inf., would like to hear from former buddies, Oscar Christenson, John J. Mitchell, Wm. T. Maness, and Wm. R. Smith, all of the above outfit.

Co. C, 307th AMM. TRAIN, 82d Div.—Former comrades of Corporal James A. Filkins.

HOWE, Warren L. Former comrades who rode on troop train from Camp Lewis, Wash., to the Presidio on Jan. 29, 1919, and who can furnish information relative to accident which occurred at Portland, Ore., where troops had been detrained for exercise.

Co. M, 49th INF.—Former members of this outfit remembering Harry D. Gloth.

ISHAM, Floyd I., wants to locate Dr. A. B. Schwartz, formerly a 2d Lt. in Medical Corps who served with U. S. troops on Inter-Allied Armistice Commission, Hiesberg, Germany, and who formerly lived at 721 Carroll ave., St. Paul, Minn.

JONES, Christopher M., executed application for adjusted compensation, which was returned to him for correction, in care of American Legion, 232 Chamber of Commerce bldg., Port-

land, Ore., and which he never claimed. This application is now held in files of the Adjutant General's Office pending knowledge of man's present whereabouts.

KLEIN, Daniel, formerly with Supply Co., 130th Inf. Believed to be now in Chicago.

Co. C, 28th INF.—Former members of this outfit who can assist Perry C. Landis with affidavits in connection with his compensation claim.

FIELD HOSP. No. 161.—Geo. C. LITRELL who was operated on for appendicitis Apr. 20, 1918, at Field Hosp. No. 161, St. Aignan, France, is anxious to locate Colonel Brown, a Miss Lowe, a nurse in the hospital, and Dr. LAHEAD, a Naval officer who paid him while in hospital.

U. S. S. Minnesota.—Information desired from former members of this ship, up to Feb. 14, 1918, who remember William Franklin LYNCH, usually called Franklin, who was a seaman 2/cl, ill with pneumonia and transferred to the U. S. S. Solace, or the night nurse in the surgical ward or any of the apprentices at the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth, Va., from Feb. 14, 1918, to Mar. 20, 1918, at which hospital he was suffering from empyema, and who can recall LYNCH making application for War Risk Insurance.

MCDONALD, Chas. A., blind veteran, is anxious to get in touch with Sergeant of Headquarters Det., 329th Labor Bn., who treated him at Is-sur-Tille in 1918.

226th AND 255th AERO SQUADRONS.—Members of these outfits acquainted with Patrick Lawrence O'Dea.

CAMP UPTON, N. Y.—Present address desired of the doctor on duty at this camp about Nov. 8, 1918, assigned to inspection before embarkation of Army Service Corps officers, who trained in Brockton or Boston, Mass.

CAMP DICK, DALLAS, TEXAS.—N. H. RATHER of Honey Grove, Texas, wants to hear from Kid DAVIS, James STANSFIELD and Joe HASETT in connection with accident which occurred at Camp Dick in October, 1918.

SULLIVAN, Joseph Francis, formerly of Co. K, 32d Inf., whose last known address was 502 Michigan ave., Gladstone, Mich.

Co. D, 61st INF.—Clarence B. TAYLOR, former pvt., wants to locate Lieut. HOGAN, 1st Sgt. ROAN, RAY, HANSON, and GAGE, and Privates THOMAS, TAYLOR, CATHYLIN, and COCKRAN of this outfit.

107th MOBILE ORDNANCE REPAIR SHOP.—Former members remembering Hosea WELLS, who was knocked unconscious by shell explosion while on wood detail near Brabant.

WILLMS, Glenn R., disappeared in 1925. Last known address: 1432 South Logan st., Denver, Colo. Is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weighs about 175 lbs., 31 years old, dark brown hair streaked with grey.

95th Co., SIXTH REG., MARINE CORPS.—Former buddies of Guy Wise who remember his making application for government insurance while at Quantico, Va.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 37.—Herman J. Worst desires to locate former members of this hospital.

MILLER, George Sidney, former pvt., Co. E, 45th Inf., discharged from Army Feb. 14, 1919, giving as future address J. D. Bell Mfg. Co., Rockford, Ill. Whereabouts since then unknown.

EVERY so often we read of some well-known canine mascot of the old service outfits of the World War going west—ten years is quite a span in a dog's life. There is, however, at least one of these mascots still responding to roll call, according to Adjutant S. McCann of Flushing (Ohio) Post of the Legion. It (Continued on page 92)

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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

Merry Christmas

(Continued from page 21)

"I'm from police headquarters," he added.

Henry moved on across the park. He strolled down Fifth Avenue to Washington Square. Opposite the Brevoort he saw an elderly woman. She was shabby, gaunt, hungry-looking.

"I beg pardon, madam," he said to her, "but this is Christmas Eve, and I've decided to invite someone to join me at dinner. It seems criminal that anyone should go hungry tonight."

"Very commendable," replied the woman, "and I should like to accept your kind invitation. But the Bureau of Vital Statistics has stationed me here this evening to make a record of the number of beggars I discover. So far there are none. Sorry, sir."

Wasn't there any more poverty in New York, Henry asked himself as he moved on. Of all the hurrying people he had seen since leaving his apartment, none seemed loitering, idling, save the two to whom he had spoken, and they were far from idlers.

He wandered across Washington Square, down Thompson Street. From tenements, from cafés, there came only sounds of gayety. He turned east, found the Bowery. Surely, he told himself, here he would find a guest. Snobbery had begun to drop away from him. No matter how dirty, how shabby anyone might be, he would still ask him—or her—to dine with him.

But two rebuffs had rendered him timid. He saw no one idling. As on Fifth Avenue, those abroad seemed hurrying to definite destinations. Chagrin and shame crept into his thoughts.

Because he had a million or two, he'd had an idea that everyone else was poor. There was no poverty in this city tonight. Next week there might be want, but not tonight. The great charities, public and private, had taken care of misery tonight. No furtive, slinking figures assailed his glance. The restaurants were busy, he could see. Tenements had holly hung in the windows; glimpses of Christmas trees could be had. The world had no need of him tonight, he decided, and with this decision came bitter regret.

If, a week or so ago, he had made arrangements to entertain a lot of needy folk tonight, he'd be now presiding at a feast. His heart would be warmed by the consciousness of a good deed. As it was, he was miserable, alone.

And he could do nothing to alleviate his misery. He had not the courage, now, to accost another person, if he should happen to see one who looked possible.

He retraced his steps toward Gramercy Park and then, in the lobby of his apartment house, an idea came to him. He had perfunctorily given money presents to his employees. It would cheer his holiday if he could give his em-

ployes—any of them—a gift that wasn't money.

In his pocket—he was most methodical—he kept a small address book. He thumbed it rapidly now. But only one of his employes lived in New York. The rest were out on Long Island, or in Jersey, or commuted to Connecticut.

"Sally Hendricks, East Thirty-third Street."

Good-looking girl, now that he thought about her. More than good-looking, almost beautiful. Sweet nature, too. How about a little trifle in diamonds—no, too harsh for youth—in pearls, say? And on this Christmas Eve there were still stores open. On Twenty-third Street he found a jewelry shop.

This string of pearls, now, very fine, well-matched, only seven thousand dollars, sir. But Henry, of course, hadn't that much money in cash. Nothing like it. Besides, how would a young lady feel about accepting such a gift from her employer? She would refuse it, perhaps indignantly.

No, a trifle, just a trifle, something about five hundred dollars. Well, here was a very pretty little ring. The stone tiny, but perfect; the jeweler's guarantee went behind it. Henry took it.

The snow was falling heavily now, and his patent leather shoes were soaking. But he wanted no taxicab. Somehow, to carry this gift through the storm seemed to enhance his enjoyment. Then a thought blackened his joy. Suppose she weren't home.

But she was. Wide-eyed with surprise, she stared at her caller.

"Why, Mr. Curtis!" she cried.

Pretty? Almost beautiful? Dog-gone it, she *was* beautiful. That little furry thing about her neck, and the pretty silk dress. Maybe it didn't cost much, but—chic, doggone it, chic.

He blushed in embarrassment. "Got the blues, Miss Hendricks, the blues. Lonesome. Couldn't eat dinner by myself. Thought I'd ask someone to share it with me. Thought I'd pick up an utter stranger. But no one is poor in this town. Thought maybe—you—knowing me—unconventional—brought you a present," he blurted out.

My gosh, what an idiot he was! This lovely girl probably had a score of beaux, was probably waiting for one now. Why, there was dinner, a small turkey smoking on the table, vegetable dishes and—two chairs.

"I'm sorry—see that you're expecting a guest," he said.

"Not expecting," she said, "hoping. Silly thing, hope, isn't it?"

She moved rapidly to the table, picked up a card that stood by one plate and put it in her tiny make-up box.

"Won't you dine with me?" she asked. (Continued on page 94)

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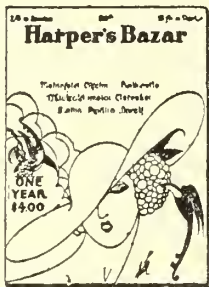
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Merry Christmas

(Continued from page 93)

"But — but — your guest — if he comes —"

"No one else will come," she said confidently.

Doggone it, she was exquisite when she blushed.

Henry Curtis came to instant decision. Let the chef and butler resign their jobs in rage if they willed. He sat down.

"Hope you'll like my cooking," she ventured, "and — and — here's something for you."

She gave him the tie she had painstakingly knitted. Henry Curtis looked at it. He paid from eight to fifteen dollars for his cravats, but this — why, this was the most beautiful tie he'd ever owned. He handed Sally the little box. She opened it. She cooed in ecstasy.

"I've always wanted a diamond," she said. She sobered. "Of course, I can't keep it, but — I'll wear it tonight." Her smile thrilled him.

That dinner! There was even — marvellous girl — a cigar to top it off with. Henry Curtis forgot his wet shoes, forgot everything but the luxury of the moment.

"You must keep that ring," he finally said.

She nodded a smiling refusal and handed it to him. He caught her hand and held it. He forced the tiny circlet on the third finger of her left hand.

She tried to smile again. "That's the engagement finger, Mr. Curtis."

"Why — er — so it is," he stammered. "I don't suppose you could very well wear it there, could you?"

"I don't suppose so," she replied.

"Looks well there, though," he said.

"It's a pretty ring," she replied.

"On a pretty hand," he stated.

"I didn't know you could pay compliments," she told him.

"Never could. Never talked much to women — girls, I mean. But your hand is pretty," he declared firmly. "So are you," he added daringly.

"When did you find that out?" she coquetted.

"Just now. No, I'm crazy. Always known it. Didn't realize until this minute —"

"Are you flirting with me?" she asked.

"Never flirted in my life. Wouldn't know how — Miss Hendricks — Sally —"

She shook her head. "It's been lovely having you, Mr. Curtis, but now —"

"I'll bet that young man — the young man you expected — is due now," he said jealously.

She shook her head.

"I didn't expect anyone, Mr. Curtis," she said. "I — the thought of eating Christmas dinner alone — I couldn't bear it. So I pretended. I even — though my pretense was only of one guest — put a name card by one plate, and — that's all."

"A name card. You poor little darling. Why, Sally—I—you poor dear, I—you beautiful thing—I love you."

There! He must be crazy. This girl, his stenographer, in love with another man, would naturally accept her millionaire employer. But he was a man of honor. He'd stick to his word. She was in his arms. Her lips were on his own.

Oh, kindly God above, let him die now, in this moment of exquisite bliss! For it couldn't last. She'd marry him, marry him for his wealth, and—what joy could come of such a union?

Gently he pushed her from him.

"My dearest child," he said softly. "I love you. I will always love you. But—you can't care for me. Love came to me suddenly, unexpectedly, but it couldn't have come the same way to you. Your young man—whom you expected for dinner—marry him."

"I intend to," she replied joyously. From her little case she drew forth a card. She handed it to Henry Curtis.

Oh, angels, sing! Oh, revellers, lift your voice in the carols of Yuletide! On earth let there be peace and good will toward men.

For the card bore the name of Henry Curtis.

Unarmored America

(Continued from page 17)

upon the cost of premiums of the insurance policy of national defense, but far more important is it for us to keep our eyes upon the question of whether the insurance we are buying really insures us. After all the question of the cost of a horse is less important than the question of whether the horse is alive or dead; the goods come first, the price tag later. A blind purchasing policy is as bad for nations as for individuals.

With this consideration in view the cure for our absence of comprehensive national defense policy appears to be comprehensiveness. The four legs of the table of national defense cannot be ordered separately. The four legs of national defense are—Navy, Army, aviation (if considered separately), and industrial preparedness. The only way to make them adequate to support the table is to compare them, one with the other. When they come from separate shops they may be too long or too short, too spindly or too gross, too decorated or too plain. And today, without adequate means for planning and performing as a whole a national defense we are engaging in a wasteful unbusinesslike makeshift.

It is emergency that discloses what real efficiency must be. The evolution of the machinery demanded by the emergency of the World War drove nation after nation and, finally, nation in relationship to nation into war councils in command of all the forces. Whatever theories one may hold if efficiency is sought, why distinguish between war and peace? Mussolini has laid down his entire and efficient rehabilitation of Italy not upon any theory or ism or label but upon his firm belief that the war disclosed what mankind does for efficiency when emergency arises, and he conceived that emergency requiring ideal organization may arise in peace as well as in war. No one doubts that in some cases there are other considerations which make mere efficiency undesirable, but it is difficult to see why efficiency in national defense, based upon a unity and in-

telligence of national defense policy is objectionable. A Council of National Defense with a large civilian representation of the highest standard and kept alive by increasing functions and powers, if good in war is good in peace time and will help to insure the continuance of peace. It is good to prevent the haphazard appropriations for Army and Navy, which bear no relation one to the other and certainly are not made by those who make them with any scientific regard for our necessities of defense, or for the way the world is arming or for the future, or for a sound American business policy of paying-as-we-go to keep up our insurance on a precious property of self respect and possessions increasing every day.

To sum up:

Nothing yet has developed in the world which provides security against war except adequate forces of national defense.

Our present forces are not adequate to meet our increased property and our increased risk in the light of our position in the world.

This is because the volunteer citizen soldiery and the sufficient appropriations to keep up to the hopes of the National Defense Act have not been forthcoming.

And it is because, even were they forthcoming, we would still need a Navy strong enough to defend our shores, our possessions and the Panama Canal and we have allowed a bad business policy not only to permit our Navy to slip into some inadequacy but have failed to provide currently for its maintenance and rebuilding.

The requirement of the time is for the making of a comprehensive American defense policy by a review of our needs in the light of world conditions of today.

Our insurance policy for security—and pacifism—needs a complete review.

This is the last of a series of four articles by Mr. Child on the problems of national defense.

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The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*

November 24, 1927

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Dear Fellow Legionnaire:

In spite of the fact that some 20,000 or more Legionnaires and members of their families assembled in Paris last September to attend the Ninth Annual Convention of The American Legion, there are advertisers who seem to have the impression that Legionnaires still wear khaki shirts, spiral puttees, or middy blouses, and are looking for soft jobs.

This type of advertiser is apt to ask: "Is the Legionnaire married?", "Does he own an automobile?", "Is he a home owner?", "Does he earn any money?", "Is he worth advertising to?" You and I can answer these questions to our own satisfaction, but invariably Mr. Advertiser possesses a Missourian instinct of show me.

For this reason, every now and then, you may receive a letter or questionnaire asking for information that you may consider private and personal and nobody's business but your own. Just remember that I only ask for this information when we need facts for the "show me" advertiser. And also remember that we never pick your name intentionally. The names are always selected at random.

I want to thank those who took the time and trouble to answer the questionnaire that was mailed to 10,000 Legionnaires last August. More than 3,500 replies were received and they gave a mighty good picture of how Legionnaires are progressing in civil life.

When, in the future, I may call on you to take the time and effort to supply information or to complete a questionnaire, I want you to appreciate that this is considered the most effective means of getting the sales ammunition necessary to satisfy Mr. Advertiser that advertising in your publication, The American Legion Monthly, is profitable and will stimulate the sale of his product.

Very sincerely yours,

J. H. Davis

ADVERTISING MANAGER.

PRODUCTS ADVERTISED IN THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY ARE WORTH WHILE



The Traveler. The aristocrat of safety razors. In Gold Plate, \$10.00. In Silver Plate, \$7.50. Genuine leather case.

A Gift that is personal ~ a Gift that is practical

THE ideal Christmas gift has three qualities—it is personal, it is practical, and it is the finest thing of its kind.

Certainly the Gillette is personal—a man learns to like his Gillette razor just as he learns to like his favorite pipe or his favorite tobacco.

Surely it is practical—there's a lifetime of daily service built into every Gillette.

And there is no other razor used by

so many men (70,000,000 Gillettes have been made and sold) as the razor which originated the self-shaving habit. A long-established favorite—for years the standard of comparison—Gillette razors and Gillette blades were never as fine as they are today. Your choice among a variety of Gillette models, all appropriately packaged for the Christmas season.

Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

The New Improved
Gillette
SAFETY  RAZOR

The Bostonian. In Gold Plate, \$6.00. In Silver Plate, \$5.00.



The New Standard. In Gold Plate, \$5.00. Genuine leather case.



The Tuckaway. Compact, space-saving. In Gold Plate, \$5.00.



H A V E A C A M E L



Camel has a world of friends . . .

IT HAS earned them, you may say. But Camel is proud, just the same, to have more friends than any other cigarette ever had. And they're the best friends any smoke could have. Particular, fastidious and loyal. They've made up their minds after comparing Camels with other brands. Modern smokers, millions strong, who do their own thinking, are voting straight for Camel every smoking hour.

Camel's elected on quality. The choicest

tobaccos and a blending that gloriously liberates all of their subtle goodnesses. This is the cigarette that reveals a smoking pleasure complete in every way.

You will do more than simply enjoy Camels. You will revel in their unexpected smoothness, in their famous mildness and mellowness. Camel will make a friend of you by the finest contentment any cigarette could give.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.